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NOTE: This chapter is very similar to the first chapter of the Philosophers stone. The parts written in bold are the additions.

Chapter 1 – The Boy Who Lived

10th August, 1980

Somewhere in England in a house which no one knew about and couldn't be found even if they knew about it, a man was working diligently in his very own personal laboratory concocting a potion and humming quietly. He was about 5'10", had brown eyes and dirty long black hair which fell just below his shoulders. If one had to guess his age, they'd say he was around thirty years old. But it was his eyes that were most striking. They seemed to radiate with unbounded knowledge and wisdom. Any person who dared to call themselves an intellectual wouldn't even measure up to the knowledge this man's mind held.

His laboratory was a circular one surrounded by doors at regular intervals. In the center of the room was a five leveled book shelf which held a large number of vials filled with potions instead of books. There were so many vials, that one would wonder how could a shelf like that possibly hold so many potion vials! ... Such were the wonders of magic.

On the right side of the shelf stood the man carefully adding ingredients into his potion and on the left side were a number of odd looking instruments. Some were shaped like a tree, some like a rock, and some just flat with a number of wires sticking out of them and so on.

From the door behind the man, piles and piles of books seemed to be pouring out of a door in the corner, some looked ancient and some no more than a few days old.

But the most striking object in the room was a small squared item. It was black in color and was made from a stone. A very rare stone called the onyx stone. The small stone artifact had a number of beautiful runes carved into it which gave it an even more exotic look

then it already had. And if you looked at it closely you'd clearly see that it had a pale blue aura surrounding it.

It was such a beautiful object and yet it could be easily overlooked for it was carelessly lying under the large pile of books and would not be seen unless you knew where to look for it.

All of a sudden one of his instruments with the flat base and wires sticking out started vibrating. Out of the many thin wires two began to lengthen and start to glow. One was a fiery red and the other was purest white.

The man looked up startled and stirred his potion five times in an anti-clockwise direction and placed a charm on it. He then moved over next to the instrument and prodded it twice with his wand causing the wires to entwine around each other before fading back to their normal metallic color and shortening back to their original lengths.

"Interesting," the man muttered. "Fire and ice you say? Would have never seen that coming... Well, I better tell Pen or she'll be furious with me... Better hide the potion before that. Wouldn't want her to cheat now would we."

He waved his wand and immediately the potion sunk into the floor, out of sight.

He took a deep breath and yelled, "PEN! Hey Pen, get down here!"

"What is it!" came a muffled voice through the roof.

"I've got something interesting to show you!" he yelled again.

Silence

Suddenly a woman fell through the ceiling like it wasn't there at all. She landed gracefully on her feet and gave the man an annoyed glare.

She was about the same height as him, had waist length red hair and bluish green eyes which radiated the same sense of knowledge and power as his.

"What is it?" she said, "I was just about to finish you know."

"Sorry, sorry but this little baby showed me fire and ice," he said pointing to the instrument.

"Really!" she said suddenly looking deeply interested, "Been a long time since that has happened don't you think?"

"It was earth the last time Pen," he said with a chuckle.

"And this time fire is mine," she said suddenly. "You can have the water or ice or whatever but fire is mine."

"Sure, sure, fire will get along with you perfectly considering your personality."

She smacked him on back of his head and sat in his lap and muttered, "Idiot."

"So when do we bring them here?" she asked him.

"When the time is right," he said wrapping his arm around her shoulder.

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31st October, 1981

It was nearing midnight when an old man suddenly appeared in the middle of a street called private drive. Nothing like this man had ever been seen on Privet Drive. He was tall, thin, and very old, judging by the silver of his hair and beard, which were both long enough to tuck into his belt. He was wearing long robes, a purple cloak that swept the ground, and high-heeled, buckled boots. His blue eyes were light, bright, and sparkling behind half-moon spectacles and his nose was very long and crooked, as though it had been broken at least twice. This man's name was Albus Dumbledore.

Albus Dumbledore didn't seem to realize that he had just arrived in a street where everything from his name to his boots was unwelcome. He was busy rummaging in his cloak, looking for something. But he did seem to realize he was being watched, because he looked up suddenly and saw a cat sitting near the entrance of one of the

houses, which was staring at him from the other end of the street. For some reason, the sight of the cat seemed to amuse him. He chuckled and muttered, "I should have known."

He found what he was looking for in his inside pocket. It seemed to be a silver cigarette lighter. He flicked it open, held it up in the air, and clicked it. The nearest street lamp went out with a little pop.

He clicked it again - the next lamp flickered into darkness. Twelve times he clicked the Put-Outer, until the only lights left on the whole street were two tiny pinpricks in the distance, which were the eyes of the cat watching him. If anyone looked out of their window now, they wouldn't be able to see anything that was happening down on the pavement. Dumbledore slipped the Put-Outer back inside his cloak and set off down the street toward number four, where he sat down on the wall next to the cat. He didn't look at it, but after a moment he spoke to it.

"Fancy seeing you here Professor McGonagall."

He turned to smile at the tabby, but it had gone. Instead he was smiling at a rather severe-looking woman who was wearing square glasses exactly the shape of the markings the cat had had around its eyes. She, too, was wearing a cloak, an emerald one. Her black hair was drawn into a tight bun. She looked distinctly ruffled. "How did you know it was me?" she asked.

"My dear Professor, I've never seen a cat sit so stiffly."

"You'd be stiff if you'd been sitting on a brick wall all day," said Professor McGonagall.

"All day? When you could have been celebrating? I must have passed a dozen feasts and parties on my way here."

Professor McGonagall sniffed angrily.

"Oh yes, everyone's celebrating, all right," she said impatiently. "You'd think they'd be a bit more careful, but no - even the Muggles have noticed something's going on. It was on their news." She jerked her head back at the house with a number four on its door. "I heard it. Flocks of owls... shooting stars... Well, they're not completely stupid. They were bound to notice something. Shooting

stars down in Kent - I'll bet that was Dedalus Diggle. He never had much sense."

"You can't blame them," said Dumbledore gently. "We've had precious little to celebrate for eleven years."

"I know that," said Professor McGonagall irritably. "But that's no reason to lose our heads. People are being downright careless, out on the streets in broad daylight, not even dressed in Muggle clothes, swapping rumors."

She threw a sharp, sideways glance at Dumbledore here, as though hoping he was going to tell her something, but he didn't, so she went on. "A fine thing it would be if, on the very day you know-Who seems to have disappeared at last, the Muggles found out about us all. I suppose he really has gone, Dumbledore?"

"It certainly seems so," said Dumbledore. "We have much to be thankful for. Would you care for a lemon drop?"

"A what?"

"A lemon drop. They're a kind of Muggle sweet I'm rather fond of"

"No, thank you," said Professor McGonagall coldly, as though she didn't think this was the moment for lemon drops. "As I say, even if You-Know-Who has gone -"

"My dear Professor, surely a sensible person like yourself can call him by his name? All this 'You- Know-Who' nonsense - for eleven years I have been trying to persuade people to call him by his proper name:

Voldemort." Professor McGonagall flinched, but Dumbledore, who was unsticking two lemon drops, seemed not to notice. "It all gets so confusing if we keep saying 'You-Know-Who.' I have never seen any reason to be frightened of saying Voldemort's name.

"I know you haven't," said Professor McGonagall, sounding half exasperated, half admiring. "But you're different. Everyone knows you're the only one you-Know- oh, all right, Voldemort, was frightened of."

"You flatter me," said Dumbledore calmly. "Voldemort had powers I will never have."

"Only because you're too - well - noble to use them."

"It's lucky it's dark. I haven't blushed so much since Madam Pomfrey told me she liked my new earmuffs."

Professor McGonagall shot a sharp look at Dumbledore and said, "The owls are nothing next to the rumors that are flying around. You know what everyone's saying? About why he's disappeared? About what finally stopped him?"

It seemed that Professor McGonagall had reached the point she was most anxious to discuss, the real reason she had been waiting on a cold, hard wall all day, for neither as a cat nor as a woman had she fixed Dumbledore with such a piercing stare as she did now. It was plain that whatever "everyone" was saying, she was not going to believe it until Dumbledore told her it was true. Dumbledore, however, was choosing another lemon drop and did not answer.

"What they're saying," she pressed on, "is that last night Voldemort turned up in Godric's Hollow. He went to find the Potters. The rumor is that Lily and James Potter are - are - that they're - dead. "

Dumbledore bowed his head. Professor McGonagall gasped. "Lily and James... I can't believe it... I didn't want to believe it... Oh, Albus..."

Dumbledore reached out and patted her on the shoulder. "I know... I know..." he said heavily.

Professor McGonagall's voice trembled as she went on. "That's not all. They're saying he tried to kill the Potter's son, Harry. But – he couldn't. He couldn't kill that little boy. No one knows why, or how, but they're saying that when he couldn't kill Harry Potter, Voldemort's power somehow broke - and that's why he's gone.

Dumbledore nodded glumly.

"It's - it's true?" faltered Professor McGonagall. "After all he's done... all the people he's killed... he couldn't kill a little boy? It's just

astounding... of all the things to stop him... but how in the name of heaven did Harry survive?"

"We can only guess," said Dumbledore. "We may never know."

Professor McGonagall pulled out a lace handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes beneath her spectacles. Dumbledore gave a great sniff as he took a golden watch from his pocket and examined it. It was a very odd watch. It had twelve hands but no numbers; instead, little planets were moving around the edge. It must have made sense to Dumbledore, though, because he put it back in his pocket and said, "Hagrid's late. I suppose it was he who told you I'd be here, by the way?"

"Yes," said Professor McGonagall. "And I don't suppose you're going to tell me why you're here, of all places?" "I've come to bring Harry to his aunt and uncle. They're the only family he has left now."

"You don't mean - you can't mean the people who live here?" cried Professor McGonagall, jumping to her feet and pointing at number four.

"Dumbledore - you can't. I've been watching them all day. You couldn't find two people who are less like us. And they've got this son - I saw him kicking his mother all the way up the street, screaming for sweets. Harry Potter come and live here!"

"It's the best place for him," said Dumbledore firmly. "His aunt and uncle will be able to explain everything to him when he's older. I've written them a letter."

"A letter?" repeated Professor McGonagall faintly, sitting back down on the wall. "Really, Dumbledore, you think you can explain all this in a letter? These people will never understand him! He'll be famous - a legend - I wouldn't be surprised if today was known as Harry Potter day in the future - there will be books written about Harry - every child in our world will know his name!"

"Exactly," said Dumbledore, looking very seriously over the top of his half-moon glasses. "It would be enough to turn any boy's head. Famous before he can walk and talk! Famous for something he won't even remember! Can't you see how much better off he'll be, growing up away from all that until he's ready to take it?"

Professor McGonagall opened her mouth, changed her mind, swallowed, and then said, "Yes - yes, you're right, of course. But how is the boy getting here, Dumbledore?" She eyed his cloak suddenly as though she thought he might be hiding Harry underneath it.

"Hagrid's bringing him."

"You think it - wise - to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?"

"I would trust Hagrid with my life," said Dumbledore.

"I'm not saying his heart isn't in the right place," said Professor McGonagall grudgingly, "but you can't pretend he's not careless. He does tend to - what was that?"

A low rumbling sound had broken the silence around them. It grew steadily louder as they looked up and down the street for some sign of a headlight; it swelled to a roar as they both looked up at the sky – and a huge motorcycle fell out of the air and landed on the road in front of them.

If the motorcycle was huge, it was nothing to the man sitting astride it. He was almost twice as tall as a normal man and at least five times as wide. He looked simply too big to be allowed, and so wild – long tangles of bushy black hair and beard hid most of his face, he had hands the size of trash can lids, and his feet in their leather boots were like baby dolphins. In his vast, muscular arms he was holding a bundle of blankets.

"Hagrid," said Dumbledore, sounding relieved. "At last. And where did you get that motorcycle?"

"Borrowed it, Professor Dumbledore, sir," said the giant, climbing carefully off the motorcycle as he spoke. "Young Sirius Black lent it to me. I've got him, sir."

"No problems, were there?"

"No, sir - house was almost destroyed, but I got him out all right before the Muggles started swarmin' around. He fell asleep as we was flyin' over Bristol."

Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall bent forward over the bundle of blankets. Inside, just visible, was a baby boy, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet-black hair over his forehead they could see a curiously shaped cut, like a bolt of lightning.

"Is that where -?" whispered Professor McGonagall.

"Yes," said Dumbledore. "He'll have that scar forever." "Couldn't you do something about it, Dumbledore?"

"Even if I could, I wouldn't. Scars can come in handy. I have one myself above my left knee that is a perfect map of the London Underground. Well - give him here, Hagrid - we'd better get this over with."

Dumbledore put Harry on the ground and pulled out his wand.

"Albus what are you doing?" asked McGonagall.

"Nothing much Minerva just a few warming charms and some for his own safety," he lied smoothly.

What Albus Dumbledore was actually doing was, he binding a part of Harry's magic so that he wouldn't do any dangerous accidental magic and cause any harm to his Muggle relatives considering the amount of power the boy had. He did not want poor Harry to get into serious trouble for something he didn't have any control over. The spell he was performing on Harry was highly illegal and dangerous if done wrong.

He waved his wand in various patterns and started chanting in a different language under his breath. A few minutes passed since Albus had begun chanting and nothing seemed to be happening. He stopped chanting and touched his wand to Harry's forehead.

A second later a golden light began to glow around Harry and started growing larger and larger until the entire house and a few of the neighboring houses were covered in the light.

Suddenly the light began to withdraw was sucked into little Harry Potter's body.

"There, it's done," he said looking a bit tired.

"What have you done? Warming charms don't do that," she said looking suspicious.

"I just activated the wards that are going to keep him safe Minerva. The little display you just saw was just because of the nature of the wards. No harm can fall upon Harry as long as he lives with his blood relatives," he said.

"Oh right, sorry," she said looking embarrassed.

Dumbledore chuckled, "It's quite alright Minerva, I don't mind."

He then bent and picked Harry up, "Well Harry, time for you to join your new family," he said moving towards number 4 Privet Drive.

"Sir, could I say good bye to him?" asked Hagrid tears forming in his eyes.

"Of course Hagrid," said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling sympathetically and gave Harry to Hagrid.

"I'm going to miss you young Harry," he said wiping the tears from his eyes, "You be good and take care of yourself."

He handed Harry back to Dumbledore and burst out crying. McGonagall patted him on the back trying to comfort him.

Dumbledore meanwhile took Harry and placed him on the entrance to the house and pinned a letter to his blanket.

"Well we have no business being here, we might as well leave."

Hagrid and McGonagall nodded. Hagrid went back to the bike; kick started it and flew into the night. McGonagall turned back into a cat and vanished into a small alley.

Dumbledore stood just stood there waiting for them both to go. As soon as they had left, he pulled his wand out again and waved it

towards the house. A reddish blue light mixed with a little gold covered the house again before expanding out and simmering out of sight.

He then pulled out the silver put outer and clicked it once, instantly twelve balls of light flew back to each lamp making the street glow orange.

"Good luck Harry," he murmured and with a swish of his cloak he was gone.

Harry didn't know how he was going to suffer for the next few years of his life, he didn't know he was going to be bullied and beaten by his cousin, he didn't know he was going to live in a broom cupboard and he didn't know he was going to be the most hated person in Privet Drive.

He couldn't know that at this very moment wizards and witches all over the country were meeting in secret and holding up their glasses whispering, "To Harry Potter, the boy who lived."

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REVIEW! This is my first ever story!

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Chapter 2 – The Dream

Five years later

A boy with brilliant emerald green eyes, thick messy black hair, wearing broken spectacles with a lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead lay awake in the cupboard under staircase wondering how long it would be until he turned 6 years old.

He sighed and turned on his dirty mattress wondering if the Dursley's would give him a gift this year or would they even remember at all that it was his birthday!

Last year Uncle Vernon had given him a smelly old sock and the year before that a hanger saying it was much more than he deserved.

Just thinking about them caused his blood to boil and eyes darken in anger. What had he ever done to deserve such treatment he wondered? He knew it was not normal because he had seen the way they behaved with Dudley and he had seen how other parents show their children so much affection.

Was it because funny things happened when he was angry or scared? Or was it because they just hated him? But the bottom line was that he was stuck in this hell hole because his parents had been stupid enough to get drunk and die in a car crash. At least that's what they told him when he asked about his parents, but somehow... somehow he knew that they were lying.

Sometimes he would try to remember something about them but all he could remember was a flash of green light and intense pain on his forehead, right where his scar was.

A loud dong from the clock outside in the living room startled Harry and he realized that he had turned 6 years old!

Smiling darkly he snatched a spider that came too close to him out of the air and crushed it in his hands wishing that he could do the same to his dear uncle Vernon as a birthday gift. It would only be fair after all the torture he had to go through for as long as he could remember.

Yes, that's the only thing that described his life until today, torture. The Dursley's never beat him very badly but that didn't stop them from slapping him or insulting him whenever they felt like it. Occasionally when his uncle was in a really bad mood, he'd be punched in the face or get hit by a belt or even choked until his uncle realized that he could die if he didn't let go.

He was hit if he didn't complete his chores on time. He was back handed if he got a better grade than his fat cousin, he was punished if anybody asked the Dursley's about him. He was like the punching bag of the family whose only purpose was to be an outlet of frustration for the Dursley's.

But all that was going to change as he slowly drifted to sleep. The next day was going to be the turning point in little Harry Potter's life. Soon he was fast asleep dreaming about flying motor cycles and something else that would change his life forever.

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Tap tap tap. Tap tap TAP TAP!

"BOY! Wake up! You have work to do!... UP!" screeched his aunt Petunia.

Harry shot up from his bed with his heart pounding painfully!

What the hell was that! He thought.

He had the weirdest dream and it had all seemed so real! He tried to remember what had happened and could vaguely remember seeing some people taking to him, then there was that flash of green light and... and an evil voice laughing out loud in his head!

He heard his aunt scream and bang on his cupboard door again.

Ignoring the noise Harry slowly got up with a groan as his head felt like someone had just dropped a bag of stones on it. Or maybe Dudley had just whacked him with his new cricket bat while he was still asleep and he hadn't realized it.

He quickly went upstairs to the bathroom, washed up and got dressed. He then rushed downstairs before his Aunt could complain about his lateness again and made his way to the kitchen with haste to start cooking breakfast for the Dursley's which was difficult for him seeing that his head barely reached the kitchen counter.

"Use the chair you dumb boy," snapped Petunia watching him struggle with glee.

"Dudley broke it Aunt Petunia."

"Don't lie to me you miserable toe rag!" she said angrily and gave him a sharp slap.

Harry held his tears and anger inside feeling his cheek sting.

"There's no chair aunt Petunia," he said again.

She pursed her lips in anger. "Well go to your uncle then. He'll give you your chores for the day."

Harry nodded obediently and headed to the dining table where his uncle was reading the newspaper and Dudley was wolfing down yesterday's leftovers.

"Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia asked you to tell me my chores for the day."

"Well freak, today you have to mow the lawn and weed the garden do hear me?" said his uncle.

"Yes uncle Vernon." Harry replied in a monotonous voice as Petunia came in and laid the breakfast on the table.

Harry stared at his plate in disgust but did not complain. All he had was a quarter slice of ham and a piece of bread.

He had barely finished half his toast when Dudley began whining from the other end.

"Dad I'm not full," whined his cousin from the other end of the table whose plate looked like it was never even filled with food a minute ago.

"Give your food to Dudley boy," grunted Vernon.

"But I'm hungry!" cried Harry, not believing the injustice of the situation even though it was an everyday situation.

"YOU WILL GIVE YOUR FOOD TO DUDLEY OR BE LOCKED IN YOUR CUPBOARD FOR 3 DAYS WITHOUT FOOD," yelled Vernon. "Now get out and wash the car and remove the weeds from the garden!"

Fuming he pushed his plate towards Dudley and left the room. Slowly and angrily he went to the accursed garden. He could still feel his stomach growling for food, but there was nothing he could do about it. Still there was nothing new about this treatment he received from them. For as long as he could remember they had always he had to always fight for his food or going to the bathroom or bathing in hot water, but no they didn't care about him. Even if he died they wouldn't even realize it until they needed something from him.

He slowly went to the garage and picked up the tools required and started doing his work.

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It was noon when he stretched himself on the grass, his stomach aching for food and his head pounding because of the heat and humidity. He heard his aunt yelling for him to come inside for lunch.

He ran in quickly washed his hands and face and sat for lunch. He ate his pathetic excuse of a lunch and was about to leave the house to go and sit in the playground when his uncle called him back. "Go and mow the lawn. I want the grass should be completely even or it will be a week in the cupboard!"

Harry groaned in protest, but quickly shut up and left the room when he saw his aunt glaring at him. "Honestly she looks like a horse when she does that. Can't they at least give me a day off without having to work or wash that pigs clothes or something or the other! They always come up with something for me to do. Who makes a six year old work on their birthday anyway", he thought bitterly.

3 hours later he was sitting on the swing in the playground having finished all his chores for the day and thinking about what to do next. It was an alright day for once, without being too starved or back handed by Uncle Vernon.

He often sat alone in the playground when it wasn't occupied by Dudley and his group of friends. He didn't have any friends as everyone just saw him as the freak of Privet drive and which sensible parent would allow their child to mix with a freak?

Harry thought about what his latest dream was all about and sat trying to remember what had happened. It had started of well enough but turned scary and weird before he woke up. At first there were three men standing and talking and laughing and one of them looked just like him! He wondered if that was his father. He remembered that they were talking about him and him growing to be a strong... something. Then there was something about a wizard? How absurd, he thought. And then she came, a beautiful angel with red hair yelling at the men around and telling them to get out. He heard one of the men call the other Padfoot or something like that.

Then the dream changed and all he could hear was a woman screaming for help and a high pitched cruel laughter and lots of green light and then he saw the most horrible and disgusting face he had ever seen. It was scary and terrifying. The face pointed some stick at him and said something and after that all he could remember was the green light again and an intense pain in his forehead, exactly where his scar was!

Sighing he got up still deep in thought and started walking back to the house.

But the worst happened. He heard someone shouting out, "Hey freak!" It was one of Dudley's ugly friends.

"What you doing outside your cupboard four eyes!" his cousin yelled.

"Go away Dudley, I'm not in the mood right now," said Harry bravely.

"Aww, poor Harrykins is feeling sad..." mocked one of Dudley's friend's Julian and they all started laughing.

"Well why don't we play Harry hunting!" called out another. "YEAH!" they all yelled and started running after Harry.

Harry's heart sank and suddenly he was running for all he was worth, dreams all forgotten..., all he thought right now was how to get away from Dudley's gang and save himself before he got beaten up by them again.

Suddenly he tripped over an over grown plant and fell flat on his face. "Shit," was all that crossed his mind before Dudley's gang caught up with him. They all started kicking him and punching him while laughing out loud and yelling insults at him.

Harry felt like his body was literally on fire and all he wanted was for it to stop. He prayed that someone would come and stop them but nobody came.

He saw the couple from number 7 pass by and he looked at them with pleading eyes but they just looked at him disdainfully and walked past him. Harry felt anger rush through his body and felt enraged. He saw Dudley's leg come up towards his face and he closed his eyes and raised his hands in an attempt to catch his cousins leg and drop him while also expecting pain if he missed.

But the pain never came.

When he opened his eyes he saw Dudley surrounded by his friends moaning against the wall.

"What the hell did you do to him you freak! You're so dead now," yelled Piers Polkiss. "Come on gang lets take Dudley back home," said another and they slowly vanished from sight walking towards number 4 Privet drive.

Meanwhile Harry's mind was running at a million miles a second. "Oh no! Something weird happened again! Should I go back or not? Uncle Vernon is going to kill me!" Harry said to himself shivering in pain and fear. "Oh no, oh no, why does this happen to me only!... I hate you Dudley!"

He ran back to the park and sat there trying to calm himself and ignore the pain coursing through his bruised and battered body. "Ok calm down Harry, just calm down. You're alright, you're still alive

calm down now," he thought to himself. "Now think, what exactly happened. Okay first I fell flat on my face and Dudley and gang started beating me. Then I saw Dudley leg come towards my face and that's when it happened" he said out aloud.

Now that he was calm he realized that as Dudley's leg came towards him he felt a slight tingling starting from his chest and spreading throughout his body and then Dudley went flying back. What was that tingling he thought? Come to think of it, every time something unnatural happened around him he always felt a tingling in his chest. "Is it this tingling that causes these things" he asked himself.

Then he remembered his dream from last night and suddenly the words said in the dream became clear. "He'll grow up to be a powerful and strong wizard Padfoot."

That's what the man who looked like him had said! Was that was this tingling was? Did all these things happen to him because he was a wizard? Could he do magic!

"Wait, wait. What are you saying! Magic is not real. Didn't aunt Petunia tell you that!" he thought to himself. "But since when has she ever told you the truth," he asked himself again. "For all you know she might have not wanted me to know that I can do real magic and my parents might not have been drunks after all!"

Harry was trembling with excitement at this revelation and resolved to find a way to use this new found power of his!

Suddenly all the excitement he felt drained out of him and he was filled with fear. He knew he couldn't tell his aunt and uncle what he had just realized and he knew he was going to be punished for what he did to Dudley. He knew that he was going to suffer in the cupboard for a lot of time and be starved for a few days and if he was lucky his Uncle wouldn't beat the shit out of him, but since when has luck been on his side.

Slowly he walked back to the house mentally preparing for what was to come.

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He knocked on the door and waited for someone to open it. The door was opened by his aunt and when she saw who it was, she quickly yanked him into the house and yelled for his Uncle. He knew he was going to get it now!

"Vernon", she yelled. "Vernon he's back."

"Oh the little freak of nature is back is he," he heard his uncle say with venom in his voice. "I'll teach him a lesson for using his freaking unnaturalness on Dudley," he screamed. "Come here BOY."

Harry was terrified and tried to run towards his cupboard. "Oh no you don't, you're going to get it from me this time you freak!"

SLAP. His uncle slapped him hard sending him flying back. Before Harry could even recover he got another slap on his other cheek.

"You dare try to hurt Dudley!" he screamed and this time brought down his fist into Harry's gut.

Harry cried out in pain feeling something sticky gather in his mouth.

He got another slap and the blood came flying out of his mouth.

"Please Uncle Vernon, I don't know what happened. It was like magic," said Harry, tears leaking out of his eyes.

Petunia gasped and Vernon roared in anger.

His uncle then pulled out a bat from the corner and came towards Harry, his eyes rolling in madness. Harry was pleading for his uncle to let him go and saying over and over again that he was sorry and that it would never happen again, but all fell on deaf ears.

15 minutes later he was throw into the cupboard with his body aching horribly and barely conscious. He couldn't feel his left arm and he could actually feel his broken ribs move when he tried to turn on his tiny mattress. His knew his back was bleeding and he had lost a tooth for sure.

Harry suddenly broke down and started crying. He had never been beaten up so bad by his family and despite his hatred for them, he couldn't help feeling betrayed. By whom, even he didn't know.

"What did I ever do to get this, was I not a good child to my parents," he said, wiping the tears rolling down his chin. "But no I won't let them do this to me ever again. I am going to learn how to control magic and never let my self get beaten up ever again," he said fiercely. That said he slowly drifted out of consciousness and fell into painless, dreamless sleep for he knew come tomorrow he would start learning to control this amazing gift he had.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The next morning when Harry woke up he found the pain in his body was gone and his bones felt just fine as if they were never broken! He was amazed. This was just like the time when his hair had grown back after a horrible hair cut by his Aunt Petunia one night when he was four! He then realized this must have happened because he was a wizard and his magic might have healed him. He remembered yesterday's happenings and his eyes darkened in anger.

His cupboard door was suddenly yanked open and his Aunt stood there looking at him surprised that he looked completely fine. "Go upstairs and wash yourself, you won't get breakfast and you will stay in your cupboard till dinner time, do you understand?"

"Yes aunt Petunia," he said quietly.

This suited him just fine as he now had the whole morning and afternoon to learn how to use his powers, though he would not be getting any food anytime soon. He went and washed himself and took a piece of paper from Dudley's room and went back to his cupboard.

He decided to try to levitate the piece of paper by trying to use the tingling. He kept the paper in front of him and tried making it float by concentrating on the piece of paper and willing it to float in the air by using his mind. He remembered one of the martial arts movies which Dudley used to watch and remembered the techniques they used to use to focus their mind.

"Think of a place where you are completely at peace. Imagine yourself there and let your body relax."

That's all he remembered but it was enough.

After 2 to 3 hours of trying to make it float he gave up and wondered why it was not floating or rather moving. He hadn't felt the tingling too. Some time passed without success when he realized that he should first try to get the tingling sensation in his body and then try to make the paper float. So he closed his eyes and tried to make his body tingle by meditating. But after 15 minutes of meditation he still didn't feel anything. Now he was getting frustrated, when he didn't want it to happen he would feel the tingling but when he wanted to feel it he couldn't and he kept thinking why?

After a few minutes of silent thinking it struck him, the tingling was magic and if he was a wizard, magic would be flowing all through his body like chakra in those ninja cartoons. So if he wanted to feel the tingling then that meant he would have to reach out to the magic that was in his blood! So once again he closed his eyes and this time he tried to feel the magic in him.

But nothing happened. He kept trying for another hour but still there was no result.

He slammed his fist into the wall in frustration. He hit it again and again and again until there was blood dripping from his knuckles.

"Why isn't it working!" he cried in tears. "Why!"

The cupboard door was yanked open and his aunt dragged him out by his ear ignoring his screams of pain.

"What on earth are you thinking making such a racket!"

Harry just glared at his aunt with pure unadulterated hate through tear filled eyes.

Petunia felt a shiver a fear run down her spine as she Harry's eyes. No six year old should have that look in their eyes, she thought. But it is your fault isn't it petunia, said a nasty voice in the back of her head.

She ignored it.

"Go upstairs and clean yourself, you look filthy," she said and walked away.

Harry just stood there for a minute trying to calm down by taking deep breaths. He then walked upstairs quietly with renewed determination. He would learn how to use magic or he would die trying. Never again would he let the Dursley's humiliate him, never again would he let them treat him like a slave.

Never again.

A month later

He had done it. He had finally felt his magic. He felt completely at peace and felt as if he was floating in a place without rules. He felt floating peacefully until he saw a beautiful multicolored ice like ball shaped thing floating quietly in this space giving out a sense of peace and power, Harry was completely enamored by its beauty and kept moving towards it. As he moved closer and closer he couldn't see anything but the ball and felt like it was quietly calling him to it. Then when he finally reached it he slowly raised his hand and touched the ball.

The instant he did touched it, it started spreading everywhere rapidly and he felt like cold ice was spreading throughout his body giving him a sense of quiet power and calmness and then came the tingling. He then opened his eyes and with the magic flowing through his body he tried to make the paper float and lo behold the paper moved a little and floated slightly above his mattress, but then it suddenly fell and Harry was snapped out of his trance like state.

He felt so excited that he had finally done it! He had made the paper move! But what he hadn't expected was the waves of exhaustion which hit after doing that. He felt like he had just run across the whole London in less than 5 minutes! He laughed and was filled with a sense of accomplishment and victory.

But he then realized that he couldn't keep it in the air for more than two seconds and still felt so tired. "This is going to take a lot of practice and time," he said to himself giggling like a 3 year old girl. He lay on his smelly mattress thinking, the faster he learnt how to use his powers, the faster he could save himself from bullies like Dudley and be treated better by the Dursley's.

"Yes, life was going to be better," he thought happily as he drifted off to the world of happy dreams.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

Your reviews and comments are the forces which drive me!

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Chapter – 3 – The Letter

Another five years later

It was the crack of dawn when a pair of dark green eyes slowly opened, blinked thrice and looked around the room sleepily. Harry Potter then rolled of his bed and dragged him feet to the bathroom to bath before Dudley woke up and finished all the hot water.

Fifteen minutes later he came back to the room all freshened up. He sat by the window sill thinking about the last three years and to observe the majestic view of the sun slowly waking up from its little slumber.

Harry had been moved to the smallest room in the house over three years ago when he had finally learnt how to use and control his magic to a certain degree without get exhausted.

He had asked his uncle to let him move to the smallest room in the house as he felt the cupboard was becoming too small for him though as if it was every big!

His Uncle had gone purple in the face and tried to hit him for asking such an absurd question but found that his hand could not reach Harry as he was floating 4 feet above the floor! He was then thrown across the living room and landed unceremoniously on the floor, breaking a few tiles in the process. That had gotten his uncle and aunts attention and soon Harry found himself to be the proud owner of an actual room with a window and a bathroom.

Performing that piece of magic left Harry drained for a few days but he got what he wanted and it also made life a little easier.

That little incident was enough for the Dursley's to start being civil to him whenever they saw him or just outright ignore him, which suited him just fine. His last three and half years were relatively peaceful but that didn't stop his aunt from giving him chores, but he didn't mind as long as they were letting him stay in a room with a window and allowing him to eat proper meals.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

"Are you up!" came the demanding voice of his aunt Petunia. "Yeah, yeah I'm up, I'm up. Coming down in a minute," grumbled Harry.

"Well you better hurry, today's Dudley's birthday and I want everything to be perfect and I don't want you doing any of your... you know what!"

Today was Dudley's birthday! How could he forget! He knew he better be on his best behavior or else magic or no magic he would be living on the streets before he could even make the slightest form of protest.

He went downstairs to find all the Dursley's around a pile of presents all for his pig of a cousin named Dudley. He quietly sat on the table and ate his egg and bacon watching Dudley count his presents. His face fell. "Thirty seven," he said going red in the face "That's one less than last year!"

Aunt Petunia sensing a tantrum coming quickly said "We'll buy you two more presents while we're out today. How's that, popkin? Two more presents. Is that all right?"

Dudley thought for a moment. It looked like hard work. Finally he said slowly, "So I'll have thirty ... thirty..." "Thirty-nine, sweetums," said aunt Petunia.

"Oh". Dudley sat down heavily and grabbed the nearest parcel. "All right then."

Uncle Vernon chuckled. "Little tyke wants his money's worth, just like his father. Atta boy, Dudley!" he ruffled Dudley's hair.

The phone rang and Petunia answered it.

Harry looked at her interestedly as her expression went from joyful to crestfallen.

"Bad news, Vernon, Mrs. Figg's broken her leg. She can't take the boy," she said jerking her head in Harry's direction.

"Well what about your friend err... Yvonne," he asked.

"On vacation in Switzerland," she barked back.

"Well looks like we'll have to take the boy with us then, we can't leave him in the house. God only knows what will happen to the house if we do that," she said looking at his uncle.

Dudley began to cry loudly. In fact, he wasn't really crying- it had been years since he'd really cried- the last time he had cried was when Harry had blasted him back when they were six. But he knew that if he pretended to cry and wail, his mother would give him anything he wanted.

"Dinky Duddydums! Don't cry! Mummy won't let him ruin your special, special day!" she cried, flinging her arms around his large waist.

"I... don't ... want him... t-t-to come!" Dudley yelled between huge, pretend sobs. "He always sp-spoils everything!"

He shot Harry a nasty grin through the gap of his mother's arms.

Just then, the doorbell rang – "Oh, good lord, they're here!" said aunt Petunia frantically – and a moment later, Dudley's best friend, Piers Polkiss, walked in with his mother and sneered at Harry. As soon as he walked in Dudley stopped pretending to cry at once.

Half an hour later, Harry, who couldn't believe his luck, was sitting in the back of the Dursley's car with Piers and Dudley, on the way to the zoo for the first time in his life. His Aunt and Uncle had not been able to think of anything else to do with him, but before they'd left, uncle Vernon had taken Harry aside.

"Boy I don't want any of your freakiness happening around today, do you hear me! You keep your nose clean and we won't give you any chores tomorrow, do you understand?"

"Yes uncle, but only if Dudley manages not to push me around," said Harry firmly.

Vernon's face turned blue in anger but he gave a short nod and stomped back to the car beckoning Harry to follow him.

On the way to the zoo his Uncle kept complaining about rash drivers and youngsters on motorcycles making Harry remember his dream about the flying motorcycle and how his life had changed after that.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry had the best morning he'd had in a long time. He was careful to walk a little way from the Dursley's so that he could watch the animals in the cages without being pushed or whacked in the head by Dudley who would then claim it was an accident.

By lunchtime both Dudley and Piers were bored and they decided to have lunch in the zoo restaurant. After lunch they went to the reptile house. It was cool and dark in there, with lit windows along the walls. Behind the glass, all sorts of lizards and snakes were crawling and slithering over bits of wood and stone. Dudley and Piers wanted to see huge, poisonous cobras and thick man-crushing pythons. Dudley quickly found the largest snake in the place. It could have wrapped its body twice around uncle Vernon's car and crushed it into a trash can – but at the moment it wasn't moving at all, in fact it was fast asleep.

Dudley stood with his nose pressed against the glass, staring glistening brown coils. "Make it move," he whined to his father. Vernon tapped the glass sharply but the snake didn't budge at all. "Do it again," he ordered and his father rapped on the glass harder but the snake still didn't move.

"This is boring," said Dudley and quickly shuffled to a different window.

The snake suddenly opened its beady eyes. Slowly, very slowly, it raised its head until its eyes were on a level with Harry's.

It winked.

Harry stared. Then he looked quickly around to see if anybody was watching. They weren't. He looked back at the snake and winked, too. The snake jerked its head towards Uncle Vernon and Dudley, then raised its eyes to the ceiling and spoke to Harry, "I get that all the time."

"It must be really annoying." Harry murmured through the glass feeling a bit bewildered about talking with a snake. "Where are you from anyway?"

It nodded its head towards the sign board which read Boa constrictor, Brazil.

"Oh! How is it over there?" he asked.

"Never been there" the snake replied "I was born and grown in the zoo itself."

Harry exclaimed and replied "Oh that's sad, well I better get going before somebody sees me talking to you and freaks out cause I sure haven't heard of anybody ever talking to snakes before... .. bye then!"

"Adios Amigo... you are interesting one of your kind, I hope we meet again," the snake hissed back as Harry walked away towards uncle Vernon. He then saw Piers looking at him weirdly.

"You were talking to the snake weren't you? I heard you hissing at it," said Piers.

Harry just looked at him and slowly walked away pondering over what Piers had just said "You were hissing at." Was he speaking a different language or was Piers just pulling his leg like he usually did.

He heard his Uncle calling him and went back forgetting all about what Piers had just said to him.

-X-X-X-X-X-

A few weeks later

There was a horrible smell in the kitchen the next morning when Harry went in for breakfast. It seemed to be coming from a large metal tub in the sink. He went to have a look. The tub was full of what looked like dirty rags swimming in gray water.

"What's this?" he asked aunt Petunia. "Your new school uniform," she said. Harry looked in the bowl again. "Oh," he said, "I didn't realize it had to be so wet."

"Don't be stupid," she snapped. "I'm dyeing some of Dudley's old things gray for you. It'll look like everyone else's when I've finished."

Harry seriously doubted this, but thought it best not to argue. He sat down at the table and tried not to think about how he was going to look on his first day at Stonewall High. He sighed and decided to go practice summoning little bigger things like toys and big books to himself.

Dudley and Uncle Vernon came in, with wrinkled noses because of the smell from Harry's new uniform. Uncle Vernon opened his newspaper as usual and Dudley banged his smelting stick, which he carried everywhere on the table. He really was a spoilt brat.

They heard the click of the mail slot and flop of letters on the doormat. "Get the mail, Dudley," said Uncle Vernon from behind his paper.

"Make Harry get it."

"Get the mail, Harry."

"Make Dudley get it."

"Poke him with your smelting stick, Dudley."

Harry dodged the smelting stick and went to get the mail grumbling about pigs and jerks. There were three letters. A postcard from his Aunt Marge to Vernon, a brown envelope which looked like a bill and a thick letter with... his name written on it?

Mr. H. Potter

The Smallest bedroom

4 Privet Drive

Little Whinging

Surrey

The envelope was thick, made of yellowish parchment, and the address was written in emerald-green ink. There was no stamp.

Turning the envelope over, his hand trembling, Harry saw a purple wax seal bearing a coat of arms; a lion, an eagle, a badger, and a snake surrounding a large letter H.

"Hurry up, boy!" shouted Uncle Vernon from the kitchen. "What are you doing checking for letter bombs?" He chuckled at his own joke.

Harry quickly stuffed the letter down his pants knowing his Uncle would want to read it first and took the remaining letters to the kitchen and handed them over to his Uncle quietly. He then slowly walked back to his room to read his letter, wondering who on earth knew him out there!

Harry locked his room and pulled out his letter to read it not noticing the owl sitting just outside his window. He broke the seal and pulled out two thick parchments and began to read.

HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY

Headmaster: ALBUS DUMBLEDORE (Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorcerer, Chief Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, International Confederation of wizards.)

Dear Mr. Potter,

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of witchcraft and wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment. Term begins on September 1st. We await your owl by no later than July 31st.

Yours sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall,

Deputy Headmistress.

What the hell! Harry wondered. He took the other parchment and began to read that too.

HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

UNIFORM

First-year students will require:

1. Three sets of plain work robes (black)
2. One plain pointed hat (black) for day wear
3. One pair of protective gloves (dragon hide or similar)
4. One winter cloak (black, silver fastenings)

Please note that all pupils' clothes should carry name tags

COURSE BOOKS

All students should have a copy of each of the following:

The standard book of spells (Grade 1) by Miranda Goshawk

A history of magic by Bathilda Bagshot

Magical Theory by Adalbert Waffling

A Beginners guide to Transfiguration by Emetic Switch

One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi by Phyllida Spore

Magical Drafts and Potions by Aresnius Jigger

Fantastic beasts and where to find them by Newt Scamander

The Dark Forces: A guide to self-protection by Quentin Trimble

OTHER EQUIPMENT

Wand

Cauldron (pewter, standard size 2)

Set glass or crystal phials

Telescope set

Brass scales

Students may also bring an owl or a cat or a toad.

PARENTS ARE REMINDED THAT FIRST YEARS ARE NOT ALLOWED THEIR OWN BROOMSTICKS.

Harry was shocked... ... He could not believe his eyes! There was actually a school for wizards like him! Hell, there were more wizards and witches out there and here he thought he was the only one with such powers! He was trembling with excitement and read the letter again and again!

It was like a dream come true! Hold on, he thought suddenly. What was the part which said they await his owl no later than 31st July? "Do I have to write a letter to them or what?" he thought out aloud.

Suddenly he heard a taping noise on his window and spotted the owl outside. He jumped up from his bed and fell on his knees. He went quickly and opened the window with one hand and rubbed his knees with the other. The owl flew in and stood on his table and stuck its foot out.

Harry looked at it strangely and asked, "Do you want me send them a letter right now?" A hoot gave him all the confirmation he needed. He quickly took a sheet of paper and a pen and wrote:

Dear Professor McGonagall,

I received your letter and will be very happy to attend Hogwarts from the 1st of September. However I do not know where to get my uniform and the rest of the equipment.

I would be glad if you could send someone over sometime tomorrow so that I can go and buy my school items.

Thanking you

Yours sincerely

Harry James Potter

"Yep, that looks alright," said Harry re-reading the letter. He then rolled it and tied it to the owl which immediately flew out into the open sky.

He stared outside the window and suddenly started laughing. "I'm going to learn more magic! And who knows I might actually make friends for once in my life! And best of all, no Dursley's! What else could I ever want!" he said to himself, still giddy with excitement. All he had to do now was announce the news to the Dursley's and convince them to let him go, hopefully without him having to use his magic against them.

He took deep breaths, counted till ten and calmed himself down. He reached out to his magic and willed it to flow through his body feeling the rush of power that always came with it, knowing that he was going to need it if his talk with his Aunt and Uncle was to go well without him getting any major injuries.

Harry put the letter back inside the envelope and went downstairs. All the three Dursley's were sitting by the television set watching a movie.

"Ahem. Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon?"

He got no response, so in a still louder voice he said again, "Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia!"

"What do want boy," grunted his Uncle still staring at the T.V. "Erm I... umm got a letter today."

The reaction was spontaneous, immediately his Aunt gave a strangled gasp and his Uncle fell off the sofa while Dudley still stared at the television as if nothing had just happened.

"What did you just say," growled Vernon. "I got a letter today, accepting me into Hogwarts School of magic" stated Harry bluntly.

"Wha... wha... WHAT!" spluttered his Uncle.

"And," Harry said raising his voice a bit, "Somebody is coming to pick me up tomorrow." That said he handed over the letter to his

Aunt who didn't say a word but just stare at the envelope like in a trance.

"How dare you! HOW DARE YOU COME DOWN AND PRESSUME THAT WE WILL SEND YOU TO SOME CRACKPOT MAGIC SCHOOL AND LEARN HOW TO TURN US INTO GOD KNOWS WHAT! YOU WILL GO TO STONEWALL HIGH LIKE ME AND YOUR AUNT TOLD YOU, DO YOU HEAR ME!"

Harry just stood there waiting for his Uncle to finish his rant. "Are you done," he asked him.

"What?" asked his Uncle still huffing and panting after that rant.

"I said are you done yelling because no matter what you do I am going to go and if you try to stop me... well I'm sure you remember what happened almost three years back don't you Uncle Vernon and you Aunt Petunia," Harry said with the threat clear in his voice.

Both his Uncle and Aunt just stood there watching him with their mouths opening quite stunned and didn't know what to say. "Now you look here boy," growled his Uncle, but Harry just raised his hands and levitated the two adult Dursley's and said "You were saying dear Uncle."

Both his Aunt and Uncle were now terrified and were scared shitless at Harry feat of magic, but Dudley still hadn't realized what was going on as he was quite enjoying the movie he was watching. Harry just stood there waiting for his Uncle to say something while he started sweating slightly knowing that he wouldn't be able to hold on much longer.

"Alright, ALRIGHT," yelled his Aunt panicking and finally finding her voice.

"Petunia?" whimpered his Uncle.

"Please put us down and you can go to that...that freak school of yours!"

Harry smirked in victory and dropped the two Dursley's down. His Uncle now back on the ground got his courage back and came stomping towards Harry but found himself unable to move when

Harry raised his hands and pushed outwards towards him again making him slam into the wall. His Uncle crumpled into a heap on the floor moaning in pain.

"Tomorrow a professor will come to take me to buy some stuff. I'll leave on the 1st of September and you won't see me until next summer," Harry said looking straight into his aunt's eyes knowing that they would be really glad to get rid of him.

She quietly nodded her head and hurried to Vernon to see if he was alright.

Harry then turned and started walking back to his room, knowing that he had just won an important battle. He wiped the sweat dripping from his forehead due to all the magic he just did and went to lay on his bed, knowing that tomorrow would be the best day of his life!

All this while Dudley still sat on the couch watching his movie completely unaware that a conversation had just taken place behind him which resulted in his dad being almost knocked out cold. Talk about being blind to everything around you!

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

PLEASE REVIEW!

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Chapter - 4 – Diagon Alley

The next day Harry woke up feeling very happy and excited. Today was the day the witch, probably this Professor McGonagall was going to come and meet him! He jumped out of his bed, quickly washed up and changed. He wore a dark blue denim jean and an old gray t-shirt, one of the few clothes that actually fitted him trying to look decent and respectable. He tried to comb his hair but it was of no use, it never stayed flat and always stuck up at weird angles! It also never grew longer considering he hadn't had a haircut for like 6 years, which was quite a long time!

He then went downstairs to wait for his guest to arrive and cook himself some breakfast. On his way to the kitchen he glanced at the big clock in the living room and realized it was just 5.30!

He chuckled quietly not wanting to wake the Dursley's up. Thirty minutes later he made himself a plate of boiled eggs, toast and bacon and went out to the garden to enjoy the sun rise and have a nice peaceful breakfast.

He lay on the grass after finishing his breakfast and putting his plate away thinking where would he have to go to buy all the items he required, after all, all those times he had gone shopping with his Aunt Petunia he had never seen any shop in London which could even remotely have the all the stuff he needed to buy.

He remembered the one time a man with a pointed hat had suddenly come out of nowhere and given him a hug and hurried out of the shop they were in. But when Harry looked around for him, he was gone. He had vanished into the thin air! "He must have been a wizard too...", he said to himself. "I wonder why he hugged me though."

Then there was this other time when an old ugly woman with a hunch had waved at him merrily, but before he could go and talk to her, his aunt had quickly hurried him out of the shop and into a waiting taxi. "She must have been a witch too," he thought to himself and wondered if all witches were that ugly.

He sighed and looked up into the orange blue sky trying to count the number of clouds in the sky.

"I wonder where the school will be?" he said out loud again.

"I wonder..." he began but shut his mouth realizing that he could keep wondering but wouldn't get any answers until the Professor showed up.

Then a scary thought rose in his head, what if the Professor didn't show up! What if this was a well thought out prank by the Dursley's, what if it was all a lie! Many absurd thoughts began to run through his head when suddenly let out a frustrated yell.

"BOY, what the hell are you yelling for!" came the voice of his uncle. Harry winced, cursing his stupidity and realized that the Dursley's hated magic and didn't have the brains to pull off such a well thought out prank. Slowly reassuring himself that this was indeed real and no joke, he made his way back to the house to wait for the Professor to show up.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

It was nine 'o' clock and Harry was getting quite worried as there was still no sign of anybody looking vaguely like a witch or a wizard as he poked his head out of the window for at least the 10th time this morning.

He had seen Mrs. Figg who stayed next door come out and feed her cats which stayed in her backyard, he had seen the postman deliver letters to various different houses, he had see the milkman come and collect all the empty bottles and deliver new ones, but he had still not seen anybody come towards number 4 Privet Drive.

Walking back inside, he saw his Uncle and Aunt sitting in the living room looking quite nervous and dressed in their best clothes! Harry had to suppress a snort. Trust the Dursley's to try and show off to any human which turns up at their door step.

Then it happened. The door bell rang! He ran to the door, fumbled with the locks and quickly opened it. Outside stood the strictest looking woman he had ever seen. She had her black hair tied into a bun, she had square spectacles, her face had a lot of lines and she had the thinnest looking lips he had ever seen!

He stood there gaping at her not moving an inch. She cleared her throat and Harry snapped out of his trance like state. "Oh sorry... hmm... you are?" he asked her. The lady lips twitched in amusement and said, "I'm Professor McGonagall and you must be Harry James Potter."

"Oh yeah, yeah I am him, I mean I'm Harry Potter and you're the deputy headmistress of Hogwarts! Are you here to take me shopping! Where will we be going...? Are the shops in London or elsewhere.....? Oh wait, wait I'm forgetting my manners, please come in Professor, do you want something to drink?" Harry said all this in one breath unable to contain the excitement building inside him.

The Professor just stared at him after his long speech, but before she could say anything she was pulled into the house by Harry and lead to the living room where the Dursley's were seated.

"Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon, this is Professor McGonagall, she's the deputy head of Hogwarts."

"Hello Petunia, it's been a long time since I last saw you," said the Professor looking at his Aunt. Petunia just nodded her head unable to say anything.

"Do you want something to drink Professor?" Harry asked her again.

"Yes please, water will do just fine."

Harry practically ran to the kitchen to get her a glass of water. When he came back she was sitting comfortably on one of the sofas and both Dursley's were standing as far as possible from her. He quietly gave her the glass and watched her drink it.

"So when are we leaving? Will we go right now? How are we going to go? Where is the school? How big is it?" but he stopped when she raised her hand signaling him to stop. He watched her eagerly waiting for her to give him the answers that had been bugging him since morning.

She smiled at him and said, "My you sure have a lot of questions." Harry blushed and stared at his feet awkwardly wondering if she

was going to scold him. "Well don't worry; I've meet a lot many children who are just as eager as you are."

"Really!" he asked her.

"Yes, and to your previous questions we will first go to a Mr. Austin's house as I have to pick up another child and then we will go and buy your items. As for the school, it's in Scotland and as for its size.... Well you will have to see for your self."

"Now are you ready to leave," she asked him. Harry just nodded, his head still processing all she had just said.

"Mrs. Dursley, Mr. Dursley," she addressed his Aunt and Uncle, "I will return with your ward sometime in the evening. You will have to take him to King's Cross on September 1st for him to catch his train to Hogwarts. If he doesn't show up a teacher will be sent over to inquire as to why he missed his train. There will be a short Christmas vacation in which he can come back and visit you... or not. The year will end somewhere around June and he will have to return home for the summer break. If he breaks any school rules a letter will be sent to inform you about it and at the end of each term we will send you his progress report."

"Can't he stay at that school during the summer also?" questioned Uncle Vernon with a little hope in his voice.

"No Mr. Dursley he cannot," she said narrowing her eyes, "It is against the rules of the school. Now have I made myself clear?"

"Yes, yes you have, now take the boy and get the hell out of my house," sneered Uncle Vernon while Aunt Petunia just looked on.

Professor McGonagall looked at them both in disgust before turning around and called Harry to her. "Come on child, we have a lot of work to do."

"I'm not a child," Harry said annoyed.

"Yes, yes sure you're not," she said absently. "Now come on lets go."

She led him to a secluded corner at the end of the street. She removed a stick from within her clothes and stuck her hand out.

"What's that stick in your hand, Professor?" Harry asked her.

"This Harry is a wand which helps you do magic, you will be getting one too when we get to Diagon Alley."

"Diagon Alley? Is that where we will get the stuff we need to buy?"

"Yes Harry, now keep quiet for a while," she told him now getting irritated by the number of questions he kept asking her.

Suddenly there was a loud bang and a huge purple triple-decker bus with The Knight Bus written in large golden letters on its sides came out of nowhere and stopped right next to them.

"WOW!" that's all that came out of Harry's mouth.

"Welcome to the Knight Bus, emergency transport for the stranded witch or wizard. Just stick your wand hand and step aboard, we can take you anywhere you want to go. My name is Stan Shunpike, and I will be your conductor this lovely morning."

"Yes thank you very much Stan, now take us to Number 10, Gordon Street please," said the Professor stepping aboard and making her way to one of the seats pulling Harry along with her who was too stunned to move or talk.

"That will be 7 sickles Professor," said the conductor. Professor McGonagall then pulled out 7 silver coins from her pocket and handed them over to Stan.

"Was that money?" asked Harry looking on in interest, finally finding his voice.

"Yes, all will be explained to you once we get the other girl. I don't want to explain to her once again."

"Oh, so it's a girl we are going to get huh," he said out loud wondering what she would look like.

Suddenly the bus shot forward with a bang causing Harry to fall back into his seat. After about 20 seconds it stopped with another bang causing him to fall ahead and hit his face hard on the glass in front of him just as he managed to get back to his chair. "Your stop Mrs. Adams," Stan said to a lady at the back of the bus. She quickly got off the bus and emptied her stomach on the sidewalk.

Just before the bus started again, he quickly got back to his seat and held on to the sides as if his life were at stake.

McGonagall looked at him quite amused at his antics and just sat there quietly waiting for their stop to arrive. She looked at him again thinking about the amount of questions he kept asking her before they got on the bus. She could practically imagine him asking dozens of questions at Hogwarts during the classes. She sniggered when she imagined the look on Severus's face if anybody dared to ask him any question.

"What's so funny Professor?" Harry asked her.

"Harry, why don't you keep quiet until we get there, you look quite green at the moment." She was quite tired by his constant questioning and couldn't believe that he could still ask questions when he looked like he was about to puke any second!

About 5 minutes later the bus stopped with a jerk next to a street in a small alley which looked surprisingly like Privet Drive.

Harry fell out of his seat and quickly ran outside the bus clearly not wanting to stay inside for another minute.

The bus then vanished with another bang and he looked at the Professor and said, "We are NOT going on that bus again!"

McGonagall just gave him a stern look which clearly said mind your tone young man and walked out of the alley towards the house with a number 10 on its front door.

Harry quickly followed her as she made her way to the front door.

DING DONG.

Then came a shriek from inside and the door opened to reveal a tall man with blonde hair.

"Are you Mr. Austin?" asked Professor McGonagall.

"That's correct," he said.

"I'm Professor McGonagall and I am here for a Ms. Lillian Mary Austin," she said.

"Oh, come in, come in, you must be the teacher from that magic school! And who's the young man behind you?"

"This is Harry Potter and he's going to accompany me along with your daughter to do their shopping," she said.

"Alright then, hey Mary!" he yelled, "The teacher from that magic school is here!"

"Coming..., coming dad!" came the voice of a girl from the top of the stairs and she came bounding down to meet them. She was about Harry's height, had an oval shaped face with some freckles spread across her face, and had medium length black hair with a few red streaks in them. Her eyes had a sea blue color and she was wearing jeans with a red shirt. She was quite pretty in Harry's opinion.

"Hi," she said brightly to the Professor before sticking out her hand, "You must be Professor McGonagall, pleasure to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too Miss Austin, you certainly have better manners than this young man beside me," she said glancing towards Harry while shaking the girls hand.

"HEY, I have good manners too you know!" yelled Harry indignantly. Inside he was cursing himself for acting like an idiot. But then it didn't matter today. Today was different. He could act like the biggest moron on the planet and he wouldn't even care.

McGonagall just chuckled and turned to Mr. Austin and said, "Well sir, I'll be taking these two with me. We better leave now or we won't be getting back before nightfall. I'm sure you read all the rules and instructions on the parchment inside the school letter."

"Yes I have ma'am," replied Mr. Austin, "Well doll, I'll see you later, have fun and don't trouble the good Professor."

"Yes dad," she said, rolling her eyes at him, "Bye then, see you in the evening."

That done all three of them walked out of the house and moved towards the alley where the knight bus had stopped.

"How come you didn't explain everything to him like you did to my Aunt and Uncle?" Harry asked her.

"Because your Aunt and Uncle are lousy and disgusting people and I don't like them," came the curt response.

"Oh, right, I don't like them too," he said.

Professor McGonagall put her hand into her robes and removed her wand and a small cup. "We aren't going by that damn purple bus again are we!" cried Harry.

"No, we're taking a portkey and mind your language Mr. Potter," she said.

"What's a portkey and what bus?" Lillian asked before Harry could ask. He looked at her startled clearly forgetting that they had another companion now.

"Yeah, what's a portkey?" Harry also asked the stern Professor forgetting about the bus.

McGonagall just sighed loudly before muttering, "I'm getting too old for this, should get Severus or Hagrid to do this job now."

"Alright the both of you, I am getting quite tired of all these questions and I will explain everything once we get to Diagon alley. Now both of you touch this cup and don't say a word," she said before holding out the cup to them.

Both Harry and Lillian touched the cup and waited for something to happen. McGonagall then tapped the cup with her wand and counted till three. On three Harry felt a sharp tug below his navel and his world dissolved into a multicolored swirling vortex.

After a few seconds of being tossed and turned around both Harry and Lillian fell on top of each other completely disoriented while McGonagall landed on her feet. They were outside a dirty looking pub with a sign board which had the words 'The Leaky Cauldron' written on it.

Lillian was still on top of Harry trying to clear her head when she heard Harry say, "Err Austin, or whatever your name is, I know I'm good looking and all and you like the position we're in, but I'd really appreciate it if you got off me."

"Oh," she yelped and quickly scrambled to her feet and glared nastily at Harry.

Harry just smirked at her and got to his feet. "Hey Professor, where are we?" he asked Professor McGonagall.

She glared at him and said, "Potter, you should really learn to control that tongue of yours. This place is the Leaky cauldron and it's a wizarding pub and is invisible to muggles."

"What are muggles?" asked both kids together.

McGonagall took a deep breath and calmed herself before she lost her temper. She looked at them both and said, "I know you have a lot of questions to ask..,"

"You think!" Harry exclaimed; only to be at the receiving end of Professor McGonagall's glare, "That's one nasty glare," he muttered.

"As I was saying," she said still glaring at Harry, "before I was interrupted by Mr. Potter here, I will explain everything to you once we get inside. Mr. Potter, I suggest you keep your mouth shut for the next 20 minutes or I will turn you into a toad for the rest of your life."

Harry was about to retort but thought wisely against it.

"That's better," muttered McGonagall.

Lillian started sniggering when she heard the Professor's comment. Harry shot a glare at her and said, "What are you laughing about Freckles," snapped Harry.

"What did you call me Potter!" she asked narrowing her eyes dangerously.

"Nothing, nothing Austin, was just commenting about those dots on your face," Harry said airily waving his hands in the air.

"Why you little piece of shit, I'm going to strangle your damn neck," she said angrily, raising her hands.

"Temper, temper Freckles! We don't want the good Professor to turn us into toads now do we," he said pompously and was about to give another comment when Professor McGonagall's sharp voice cut throw.

"That's enough, the both of you. Now get in there and don't talk unless I tell you to," she said loosing hold of her temper.

Both Harry and Lillian glared at each other before quietly walking into the grubby pub.

As soon as they walked in almost everybody in the pub turned towards them and slowly the whole pub fell silent.

"Merlin's beard! It's Harry Potter!" exclaimed a woman sitting closest to where the three were standing. Everybody started muttering and people started walking towards them and started hugging and shaking Harry's hands. "So proud Mr. Potter, so proud," one said. "Such an honor!" said another shaking his head, another was crying and shaking his hand vigorously while another was hugging him tightly from behind!

For his part Harry was completely baffled at everybody's reaction to him and didn't know how to react. But he was saved when Professor McGonagall called out, "Ok that's enough, all of you, I'm sure Mr. Potter would love to talk to you all but we don't have much time." She looked around for the bartender and asked him for a private room. "Right away Professor McGonagall, anything for the boy who lived," said Tom the bartender and led them to a room at the other end of the bar.

When Tom went away Harry looked at Professor McGonagall and said loudly, "What the bloody hell was all that about!"

"Language Mr. Potter and what are you talking about?" said the Professor.

"What do mean what am I talking about? I mean all that back there! The hugging, the crying and all the congratulations! What was all that and why only me and why not her! I mean she's also new right?" he asked her still shocked.

"You mean you don't know!" she said looking at him with wide eyes.

"Know what?"

"They didn't tell you!"

"Tell me what! Look you aren't making any sense to me, so will you please explain to me what's going on," Harry shouted.

"You don't know how you got that scar do you?" she finally asked him understanding what was going on now.

"What do mean how I got the scar? I got it in the car crash when my parents died."

"WHAT!" she cried out.

"You mean that's not how I got it?" he questioned her.

"No," she spluttered, "I-I mean how? You don't know about your parents!"

"What are you talking about lady?" clearly losing his temper now.

Lillian meanwhile was just watching the both of them wondering what this was all about.

McGonagall finally pulled herself together and went back to her strict Professor stance. She gestured towards the chairs and told them both to sit down, muttering about stupid muggles and idiotic headmasters.

She took a deep breath and then began, "Many years ago there was a very evil wizard who wanted to take control of the wizarding world,

he began to kill anybody who stood in his way and gathered a lot of faithful follower's."

She took another deep breath and continued, "Anyway he wanted to get rid of all people who did not have a wizarding family..., people like you Lillian," she said nodding towards her. "Those were very dark times. Nobody was safe and people were dying everywhere."

"One night he came to your house Harry, he killed both your mother and father and then came to kill you. But he couldn't, he tried to kill you but could not. Somehow his powers broke and he just vanished! Some people say he's dead and some say he's too weak and powerless but still alive. Nobody knows what happened that night and that how you got that scar. That's why everybody wants to meet you and shake your hand. That's why you're famous in the wizarding world Harry."

After hearing this something painful was going on inside his head. He remembered the green light, he remembered the woman's screams and then he remembered the words the snake like man with red eyes had said. "Avada Kedavra," he whispered.

"What was that Potter," said the Professor her eyes widening.

"Avada Kedavra, that's what he said before turning his wand on me. Just after he killed my... mother," he said realizing the screaming woman with red hair was his mother.

There was complete silence for a while before it was broken by Lillian. "Professor what was his name? The man who killed Harry's parents."

"We don't say his name, but if what to know it was Voldemort," she said with a shudder.

"Voldemort?" asked Harry, "That's his name?"

"Yes, but everybody calls him You Know Who or He Who Must not Be Named," said Professor McGonagall.

"What were my parents names Professor?" asked Harry.

"You don't know!" McGonagall asked him her eyes going wide in disbelief.

"They never told me anything," he said bitterly, "To them I was a freak of nature and deserved to be fed to the dogs."

"Horrible those muggles, worst of their kind," she said looking at him sadly.

"Muggles?" questioned Lillian, "What are they?"

"Non magical people like your father and others who can't do magic," said McGonagall.

"Tell me about them Professor, my parents," Harry asked her. McGonagall let out a small laugh and said, "Well your father, James Potter was quite the charmer. He had a huge fan club of girls but he had his eyes fixed only on your mother, Lily Evans. He was always playing pranks on everybody while your mother on the other hand was a quiet and studious girl. God only knows how they ended up together, but I know that they were very much deeply in love with each other. You look exactly like your father but have your mother's eyes," she said.

"Lily and James," Harry said softly, "has a nice ring to it."

"Yes, yes it does," McGonagall replied.

She checked the time on her pocket watch and said, "Well we better get going, we have a lot of shopping to do."

She got up and they all went out nodding to Tom on the way and made their way to the door saying Diagon alley. They all moved through the door only to come up against a wall.

"Err... Professor? Is this supposed to be Diagon alley?" Harry asked her quite confused while Lillian looked around looking confused herself.

"No Potter, will you give me a minute!" she snapped back, but was pleased he was getting back to normal after the conversation they just had.

She pulled out her wand and tapped on a different colored brick three times. The brick she touched quivered – it wriggled and a small hole appeared which grew wider and wider until there was a large archway, big enough to fit all three of them together.

Both Harry and Lillian stood there with their mouths open, unable to believe what had just happened. "Welcome to Diagon alley," said Professor McGonagall with a small smile playing at her lips, "Come on go in now," she said gently.

"Wow," said Lillian still stunned and was looking around the busy street and the many different shops everywhere. Harry just shook his head in agreement staring at the different sign boards.

There were owl shops, cauldron shops, and a shop selling brooms and what not. He heard a woman say "Dragon liver, seventeen sickles an ounce, they're mad..." as they passed the apothecary which had a weird smell to it.

Soon they reached their destination; a snowy white dome shaped building towering over the others. It had huge bronze doors and dressed in scarlet and gold were the weirdest creatures Harry had seen in his entire life!

"What on earth are those things Professor!" Lillian said voicing his own question.

"That Lillian is a goblin and the building is Gringotts, the only wizarding bank in the wizarding world," the Professor replied.

The goblin was about a head shorter than Harry. He had a swarthy, clever face, a pointed beard and, Harry noticed, very long fingers and feet. He bowed as they walked inside. Now they were facing a second pair of doors, silver this time, with words engraved upon them."

Enter, stranger, but take heed

Of what awaits the sin of greed,

For those who take, but do not earn,

Must pay most dearly in their turn.

So if you seek beneath our floors
A treasure that was never yours,
Thief, you have been warned, beware
Of finding more than treasure there.

The message was very clear, don't even think about robbing the bank or you will pay dearly. A pair of goblins bowed them through the silver doors and they were in a vast marble hall. About a hundred more goblins were sitting on high stools behind a long counter, scribbling in large ledgers, weighing coins in brass scales, examining precious stones through eyeglasses. There were too many doors to count leading off the hall, and yet more goblins were showing people in and out of these. Professor McGonagall, Lillian and Harry made for one of the empty counters.

"Good morning," said McGonagall to the goblin. "We've come to take some money out of Mr. Potter's safe and exchange some Muggle notes for galleons."

"Please show the key and hand over the Muggle currency, madam," said the goblin.

McGonagall removed a gold key from her pocket and gave it to the goblin along with a thick wad of Muggle notes she had gotten from Mr. Austin earlier.

The goblin took the notes, counted them carefully before removing a sack of coins and giving it to the Professor. "That's 200 galleons and 15 knuts," he said. He then looked at Harry's key carefully before and said, "Very well all seems to be in order," handing back the key to Professor McGonagall, "I'll have someone take you down to the vaults. "GRIPHOOK!" he called out.

Griphook was yet another goblin who led the all to door and held it open for them. They were in a narrow passageway dimly lit with torches and had railway tracks running on the ground. Griphook whistled and a cart came rattling towards them. They climbed in and shot off at a tremendous speed.

Left, right, left, up down, left, left, there were so many twists and turns but it was impossible to remember. At one point Harry thought he saw a dragon but was sure he imagined it. He then realized that the cart seemed to know where it was going because Griphook wasn't steering.

Suddenly the cart came to a stop next to a door in the wall. "That was awesome!" cried Lillian, "Let's do it again!"

"Well am glad you enjoyed it because I sure didn't," came the shaky voice of Professor McGonagall.

The goblin took the key from the Professor and put it into the door. Suddenly a lot of clicking sounds came and the door opened with a lot of green smoke billowing out of it. Inside were heaps of gold coins, mountains of silver and columns of little bronze ones.

"This is all mine?" gasped Harry. "All yours," said McGonagall smiling.

"Now listen carefully the both of you, the gold ones are galleons, the silver ones are sickles and 17 sickles make a galleon and the little bronze ones are knuts, 29 knuts make a sickle," said McGonagall.

"You sure are rich Potter," said Lillian.

"Yeah, yeah I am," answered Harry happily. Lillian just rolled her eyes waiting for him to take his money so they could move out.

Another wild cart ride later they stood blinking in the sunlight outside Gringotts.

"Now that you both have got your money, remember to use it wisely and don't spend it on things you do not require. Miss. Austin, 200 galleons is a lot of money and it will easily last you at least 4 to 5 years at Hogwarts. You will have to leave the entire remaining amount at home after today's shopping but you may keep 30-50 Galleons with you when you come to Hogwarts for emergencies.

Well come on let's go and buy your wands first and then get your uniforms. Meanwhile I'll go buy your cauldron, potions ingredients, books and telescope. Come on now," Professor McGonagall said pushing them towards the wand shop recognizing

the glint in their eyes since they now had their money bags, realizing whatever she had just said about being careful with your money had flown right over their heads. She took some galleons from each of them and pointed them in the direction of the wand shop. "You both better behave yourselves, I don't want to come back and find the shop in ruins," she said giving them a stern look before making her way to the book shop Flourish and Blotts.

The shop was narrow and shabby. Peeling gold letters over the door read Ollivanders: Makers of Fine Wands since 328 B.C. A single wand lay on a faded purple cushion in the dusty window.

A tinkling bell sounded deep within the shop as they entered it. It was like an old library with boxes everywhere. The shop had a strange mysterious feel about it.

"Good afternoon Mr. Potter, I was wondering when I would be seeing you and a good afternoon to you too Miss. Austin." They both jumped and looked around only to find themselves staring at a pair of mysterious silvery eyes. "Well I suppose you might be here for your wands."

"Actually no, we're here to buy broomsticks," said Lillian sarcastically. Ollivander just chuckled and said, "Ah the youth of today, they have funniest sense of humor."

"Well lets start with you young man, which is your wand hand," he asked Harry. "Erm... I'm right handed, sir," said Harry. Ollivander then pulled out a box and said, "Birchwood and dragon heart strings, try it."

Harry held it in his hand but found it gone immediately as Ollivander muttered "No, no, no, here try this, yew and unicorn hair, quite an unusual combination," Harry took it and found it out of his hands again.

This continued for at least another 20 minutes when Ollivander looked up happily and said, "Tricky customer eh, not to worry we'll find the right wand for you...", he stopped suddenly and said , " I wonder, I wonder" He went to a corner bent down and pulled out another box. "Try this Mr. Potter, Holly and Phoenix feather, eleven inches, nice and supple." Harry took the wand and felt a slight

tingling sensation at the back of his hand which stopped after a while.

"No, this is not it either," Ollivander said looking quite disappointed. "Well we shall get back to you later Mr. Potter, I have to ask you some questions, but first lets find a wand for Miss. Austin here."

Harry was quite disappointed that he has not yet got a wand and was worried about what would happen if he couldn't get wand for himself.

Meanwhile Lillian was busy trying various wands. Half an hour later Ollivander straightened up looking positively gleeful, "Well two difficult customers in one day, what could be better!" His eyes then fell on the holly and phoenix feather wand which lying next to Harry. He looked at it long and hard for a few seconds then looked back at Lillian and asked her to try it. She took the wand and waved it, immediately she felt warmth spread within her and fire came gushing out of her wand setting Harry on fire!

"Ah..!" yelled Harry, "Put it out, put it out!" Ollivander quickly pulled his wand out and waved it towards Harry causing a gush of water to stream out and put out the fire from his clothes, leaving him uninjured.

Harry glared daggers at Lillian and yelled, "You did that on purpose! What are you trying to kill me?"

Lillian just giggled and said, "I didn't do it on purpose, I just felt so warm and nice, it was like a fire burning inside me."

Harry just huffed and muttered, "Yeah right." She rolled her eyes and started admiring her new wand.

Ollivander clapped his hand's happily and said, "How curious, how very curious."

"What's so curious sir," Lillian asked him. Ollivander stared at her with his mysterious silvery eyes causing her to gulp audibly, he then said softly, "I remember every wand I've sold Miss. Austin, every single one. It so happens that the phoenix which gave that feather in your core, gave another one, exactly the same in all properties and

proportions. What is so curious is that you should be destined for that wand when its brother gave young Mr. Potter his scar."

"You mean Voldemort has the other wand, the brother of this wand!" stuttered Lillian, while Harry just gaped at her.

"Do not speak his name! But yes he who must not be named did have the other wand, yew and phoenix feather, thirteen and a half inches, a very-very powerful wand and dangerous in the wrong hands. After all You Know Who did terrible... but great things, so I think it would safe to expect great and wonderful things from you too Miss. Austin."

"And now back to you Mr. Potter, Well do you both know what it means to have a wand?"

Both shook their heads indicating that they had no clue.

"A wand is a magical object which has the ability to reach out to your magical core and forcibly pull it out allowing you to perform magic. Every living being has a magical core even muggles else we cannot exist. But compared to muggles we have a magical core which is at least a 100 times bigger than what would be the size of a muggles magical core." He looked at them hard and then asked Harry a question, "Mr. Potter, have you every tried to reach out to your magical core?"

"What do you mean?" Harry replied unsure of what to say.

"What I mean is have you ever tried to see and feel the magic inside you and knowingly perform magic without a wand?" he asked Harry.

"Yeah, I have when I was six years old, though it took he about two years to use it properly, I can lock and unlock, summon things to me and levitate stuff, like watch." He raised his hands towards Lillian and lifted her about 3 feet into the air and then dropped her on her bum.

She gave a strangled yell when she fell back on the floor; she immediately got up and yelled at Harry, "What was that for you jerk! That's it you're going to get it from me." She started walking towards Harry but didn't find herself anywhere near him. Confused she

looked down to find herself, again, a foot above the ground. "Put me down you..... You... you moron!" she screamed at him again.

Harry just sniggered and put her down gently. She glared at him before turning away from him huffing in anger.

"Truly marvelous, absolutely wonderful, that to at the age of six! Mr. Potter do you know what you have just done!"

"Err... I did magic?"

"You have just done something which no other wizard or witch has ever been able to do, even though many have tried in the past. You successfully managed to call out your magical core and use it at will, which is considered impossible in the wizarding world, you being the lone exception." Ollivander said looking at Harry in awe.

"Oh, I didn't know it was such a big deal!" Harry said with wide eyes.

"You are an extremely powerful wizard Mr. Potter. No wand I have made will suit you since they are all designed to forcibly draw out the magical core, not co-exist with the will of the wizard. But still I think I have the right wand for you." Ollivander went to the back of his shop still muttering about magical cores and powerful wizards.

Lillian looked at Harry with a little more respect and said, "You really know how to do things with a bang don't you?"

Harry just looked at her, gave an arrogant smirk and said, "That's who I am Freckles, that's who I am."

Whatever respect she had just gained for him was all crushed in that very instant. "Stop calling me that stupid name, you stupid git," she hissed at him.

Harry just laughed and looked back at Ollivander who had just come in with a beautifully carved wooden box. He carefully laid it on the table and opened it.

Inside was the most beautiful wand he had ever seen. It was jet black with various inscriptions and designs carved on it in white. It had a slight hook at one end for the person to hold the wand. He looked at Ollivander looking for permission to pick it up.

Harry removed it from the box and firmly grasped it in his wand hand. For a moment nothing happened..., and then he felt what he had felt all those years ago, only this time it was so much stronger and the power he felt was so intoxicating, he felt like he was in heaven. The icy cold chilling feel rushed through him again giving him waves of pleasure. He closed his eyes and connected with his magic himself and felt more power rushing through his very veins giving him a sense of complete invincibility! Slowly the feeling died down but he could still feel the hum of the wand in his hand. It was like a missing piece of his soul had just been returned to him.

He slowly opened his eyes and was stunned by the sight that greeted him. Ollivander and Lillian were crouching behind the table and the whole shop was filled with ice! There was ice coming out of the floor, sticking out of the roof, hell there was even some snow lying around!

Ollivander and Lillian slowly came out from under the table looking at Harry with disbelief. Ollivander then spoke up, "Perhaps you would like to know what is so special about your wand and what makes you a very lucky wizard."

Harry nodded his head and motioned for Ollivander to continue. "Very well, your wand goes by many names, it is a legend among all wand makers and was last held by Albus Dumbledore, defeater of the dark wizard Grindelwald who had the wand before Dumbledore beat him and took it from him. It is called the death stick or the elder wand or the wand of destiny. It has a very dark history and nobody knows how old it actually is."

He looked at both Harry and Lillian, realizing he had their full attention he continued, "It is said to have been a gift by death himself to a wizard he deemed worthy of being its host. Both wizard and wand were happy to be in each others hands until the wizard was brutally murdered and had his wand stolen from him. For years people have looked for this wand and the ones that found it have always been killed or have had the wand stolen. Ever since that night when it's original owner was killed, the wand has never fully accepted anybody as its rightful owner, anybody at all that is until you came along. This wand has fully given you its allegiance and this is proof of it," he said gesturing around the shop, "Use it wisely young wizard," Ollivander said looking a bit proudly at Harry.

Harry looked with new renewed respect at his wand which was still humming powerfully in his hand.

"How much for the wands sir," he asked Ollivander.

Ollivander just chuckled and said, "That will be seven galleons each."

Both kids just nodded their heads thinking about how eventful their day had been and quietly handed over the money to the old wand maker.

" Mr. Potter, Miss. Austin..., I would advice you both to keep the story behind Mr. Potter's wand a secret or else people will start wanting the wand for themselves. And Mr. Potter, don't ever show your skill with wandless magic to anybody unless absolutely necessary," he said seriously before bidding them goodbye.

Both nodded their heads and walked out of the store, Harry still wet and Lillian with ice and snow in her hair.

Back in the wand makers shop, Ollivander said to himself, "What an eventful day, First a Fire elemental, who haven't been seen for almost a millennia gains the allegiance of a powerful phoenix core wand and then another elemental, one which has never existed before, one with the power to manipulate water in most forms shows up and gains the allegiance of the wand of destiny! I wonder when they will realize what they are." He chuckled to himself and went to the back of his store to work on making more wands.

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Both Harry and Lillian had just come out of the store when they saw Professor McGonagall walking towards them. She looked at them both and noticed a very wet Harry Potter and a cold Lillian Mary Austin. "You sure took your time. I hope the whole thing went without any incidents?" she asked suspiciously.

"She set me on fire," Harry stated bluntly.

Lillian gasped in outrage and said, "I so didn't do it on purpose!"

"Did too!" Harry yelled back at her.

"Well you almost knocked me out with those huge ice blocks of yours!" she yelled back at him.

Harry just laughed out loud and said, "Yeah, I did," proudly puffing out his chest. Lillian who was preparing a retort just deflated and muttered, "Arrogant git."

McGonagall saw them bickering again and thought, "Do they ever give it a rest? Since the moment they saw each other they've been irritating each other non-stop. I can only imagine how bad it's going to be at Hogwarts."

"Alright, both of you stop arguing and lets get your Hogwarts uniform," she said sharply, "And please keep quiet or I'm going to get a splitting headache."

"Yes, Professor," they both said simultaneously and shot each other a death glare.

-X-X-X-X-X-

Half an hour later when they finally had gotten all their stuff, McGonagall asked them, "Well do you want to buy anything else?"

"I want to buy an owl," said Harry and simultaneously Lillian said, "I want to buy a cat!"

McGonagall just nodded and sent Harry to the owl emporium and Lillian to the pet store which were side by side to each other.

Twenty minutes later, Harry came out; the proud owner of a snowy white owl whom he christened 'Hedwig' and another five minutes later Lillian came out, the proud owner of a tiny cute orange cat with green eyes whom she christened 'Tom'.

"What kind of a person name's a cat Tom," Harry asked her as they walked towards the leaky cauldron.

"The kind who loves watching Tom and Jerry," she replied coldly, not in the mood for another argument.

Just outside the entrance to the leaky cauldron McGonagall stopped and turned towards them. "Now listen closely, your items have already been sent to your respective houses. Now this here is your train ticket for your journey on the 1st of September," she said handing them an envelope each.

"To reach the platform nine and three quarters you will have to walk straight into the barrier between platforms nine and ten. Now do you have any questions?"

"Stuff already home, walk into barrier between platforms nine and ten, yep I'm good to go," said Lillian happily. Harry just snorted and she shot him a look clearly saying shut it or else....

"Alright then, touch this portkey and it will take us back to Miss Austin's home and then I shall side along apparate with you back to your home Mr. Potter."

All three of them touched the portkey and were immediately portkeyed to the place they had left from earlier. Lillian hugged Professor McGonagall before she hurried back home. The Professor then turned back to Harry and said, "Alright Harry now just grab my hand tightly and we will get to your home in an instant."

Harry nodded and held her hand tightly.

Almost immediately he felt like the air was being compressed out of his lungs and he was being squished through a tight rubber tube and then it was gone. He took deep breaths steadying himself before giving the Professor an annoyed glare, "Don't wizards have any comfortable means of transportation," he asked her.

She just looked at him and said bluntly, "No we don't."

Taken aback by the straight forward answer Harry started walking towards number 4 Private Drive. "Oh and Harry," the Professor called out to him before vanishing, "Happy Birthday six hours in advance."

Harry smiled at her, muttered a thank you and slowly made his way to the Dursley's house feeling happier than he had ever felt before.

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PLEASE REVIEW!

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Chapter – 5 – Hogwarts and the Sorting

Headmaster's Office, Hogwarts.

Albus Dumbledore sat in his office idly sucking on a lemon drop, a muggle sweet he was rather fond of, while his familiar, a beautiful scarlet phoenix with a long golden tail sat on its perch trilling in amusement.

Suddenly an owl flew in through the window, dropped a letter on the headmaster's head and flew back out into the darkness without waiting to see if the headmaster would want to write a note back to whoever had sent the letter.

He just chuckled and picked up the letter.

It was a letter from Ollivander. Immediately Albus sat a little straighter in his chair thinking of the only one reason possible as to why the old wand maker would have written to him. He opened the letter and read.

Albus,

The wand with your phoenix's second tail feather has been purchased.

Yesterday a Mr. Potter and a muggleborn Ms. Austin came to my shop to buy their respective wands. The holly and phoenix feather wand chose Ms. Austin as its new owner.

Whereas Mr. Potter was quite the surprise. I am certain you will recognize the wand that chose him if you had an opportunity to look at it.

Also, it would do you good to keep an eye on Miss. Austin and Mr. Potter, as they have interesting powers.

I am sure with your skill and power you will realize what powers they have when you see them and do help them when they realize what powers they are and what they can do.

Have a nice day,

Yours sincerely

Ollivander: Makers of fine wands since 362 B.C

Professor Dumbledore sat quietly on his chair thinking about the letter he had just received. "So your second wand has been purchased, Fawkes," Dumbledore said looking at the phoenix. Fawkes just ruffled his feathers in response.

"Strange," he muttered, "I expected Mr. Potter to get that wand." He opened his drawer and pulled out a diary and began to write.

Five minutes later he closed his diary and called a house elf, "Binky!"

A small elf popped into the room staring at him with big wide round eyes. "Yes Master Dumbledore? You is calling for me?"

"Yes Binky, could you please go to Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape and ask them to please come up to my office," he told the little elf.

"Yes Professor Dumbledore, sir," she squeaked and vanished with a pop.

A few minutes later there was a knock on his door. "Minerva, Severus, please do come in." Both Professors looked mildly curious as to what the headmaster wanted at this hour.

"Care for a lemon drop?" he asked them both.

"No thank you Albus, now why did you call us here?" questioned Professor McGonagall. She was not pleased at the headmaster for waking her at such an hour.

Professor Snape didn't say anything but looked anywhere but at the headmaster.

"I would like to talk to you about the two students you picked up yesterday, Minerva," said Albus.

"Whom did you pick up yesterday?" Snape asked curiously.

"Mr. Potter and a Miss. Austin," replied Professor McGonagall.

"POTTER! You called me here to talk about Potter! What are you playing at Albus!" spat Professor Snape.

"Calm down Severus, I have other things to discuss with you," the headmaster replied calmly. "Well Minerva? What did you think of them?"

"Well Potter was pretty excited about everything and kept asking questions the whole time where as Ms. Austin was very well mannered girl and certainly not as talkative as Mr. Potter was. Though when the girl joined us things became pretty stressful," she said remembering their bickering.

"What do mean?" he asked her.

"Do you remember the way Lily Evans used to yell and scream at James Potter during their time at Hogwarts don't you?" she asked.

Albus nodded and chuckled in remembrance of the past, while Severus, as usual, said nothing.

"Now imagine them both yelling and screaming at each other, not just one sided and then imagine them pulling out their wands and hexing each other and multiply that by ten and you'll get a picture of how the next seven years are going to be."

This time both men's eyes widened and Albus said, "Surely you're exaggerating Minerva!"

"Well maybe a little," she admitted, "but trust me on this, the way they were going at each other just after having met each other. We will be seeing them very often in the hospital wing."

"Typical Gryffindor's," muttered Snape.

McGonagall just glared at Severus and said, "If they both are in the same house, you can take it for granted that that house is not going to win the house cup for the next seven years!"

Albus just sat smiling in amusement, his eyes twinkling happily.

Seeing the twinkle in his eyes McGonagall got irritated and said, "Albus I have a bone to pick with you, you have to remove Harry from Privet Drive!"

Immediately the twinkle vanished from his eyes. "Why would you say that Minerva?"

"Albus! His relatives absolutely hate him! You should have seen how happy he was just to get away from them! They never even told him the truth about what happened to his parents, said they died in a car crash! He didn't know anything about himself or about the wizarding world at all!" she exclaimed.

The headmaster just sighed and said, "You know I cannot do that Minerva, as long as Harry stays there the blood wards will protect him from any person who wishes him harm."

"It may protect him from outside enemies Albus, but it cannot do anything for those inside the wards."

Dumbledore rubbed his forehead looking older than ever and said, "I'm truly sorry Minerva, but he has to stay there. It's the only place for him."

She backed down for now but made it a point to take this matter further.

Albus then cleared his throat and said, "Now the true reason for calling you both up here. I sent Hagrid today to retrieve the philosopher's stone from Gringotts and now we have to hide it here in Hogwarts as a favor to my old friend Nicolas Flamel."

Both the Professors nodded their heads understanding the seriousness of the situation.

"I decided to use the abandoned third floor corridor to keep the stone with various protections in place. All the Professors will place their own unique protections for the stone to make it as safe as possible," Albus said.

"Headmaster, why not just hide it in your office with various enchantments? After all your skill with a wand is much better than

the rest of us and the stone will be under your watch all the time," suggested Professor Snape.

"I have my reasons Severus," he said mysteriously, "Well that's all for now, we have a lot of work to do tomorrow and we have to prepare the castle for the next year," he said dismissing them.

As soon as both the Professors left Fawkes let out a disapproving trill, knowing very well what the headmaster was up to.

"I know Fawkes, I truly am sorry but it must be done for the greater good," said Professor Dumbledore gently stroking the phoenix smiling sadly.

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Harry's last month with at number 4 Privet Drive was quite boring. The Dursley's were so scared of Harry, now that he had a wand. They pretty much ignored him all the time and for once made Dudley do all of Harry's chores.

Even if it was a bit dull, it suited him just fine as he spent most of his time burying his nose into the new school books. He was amazed by all the different kind of spells - some which can make your hair fall off, give you boils, turn a matchstick into a needle, and make objects hover in the air and lots more. There was almost a spell for everything! There were potions for curing common cold, for which muggles didn't have a cure, a potion for getting rid of boils. He had even tried a few spells including the levitating one and found them to be relatively easy; he didn't even get tired after levitating heavy thing like his bed or table unlike when he tried them without a wand!

But he was most fascinated by the history of the wizarding world. The goblin wars, giant wars, the witch burning era, the dark ages, how wizards had decided to hide themselves from muggles etc. Half the things which were a mystery in the Muggle world were all part of the wizarding one and many famous people like Isaac Newton, Leonardo Da Vinci, Thomas Elva Edison and more were all wizards too, it was just unreal!

Right now he was reading a book called Hogwarts: A History. It was just as the title said, all about the history of the school. He had just started reading the first chapter of the book, when he checked the

time and realized it was five minutes to midnight. He shut the book, turned off the light with a flick of his wrist and shut his eyes. After all tomorrow was a big day, it was the day he was leaving for Hogwarts.

Harry woke at 6.30 AM the next morning and let a smile grace his lips. Today was the day he would finally be rid of the Dursleys and was sure they would be happy to get rid of him too. He checked his Hogwarts list once again to see if he had missed packing anything. He took Hedwig's cage in one hand, wand out in another and levitated his trunk downstairs.

Two hours later, Harry's heavy trunk had been loaded into the car, Aunt Petunia had talked Dudley into sitting next to Harry without the fear of getting changed into a toad and they had set off.

At half past ten they reached King's Cross and Uncle Vernon dumped his stuff into a trolley and said, "Don't even think about coming back for Christmas boy, we don't want you to corrupt our Dudley with your freakishness."

Harry snorted and replied, "I wouldn't even dream of it. Well goodbye then, see you next year." That said he rolled his trolley towards platform 9 and 10 not glancing back to say bye to his aunt and cousin.

On reaching platform 9 and 10 he saw a wall with the numbers 9 and 10 on either sides of it. He remembered Professor McGonagall's instructions and took a deep breath and walked straight towards the wall, his eyes closed, praying nothing would go wrong. He kept walking and then realized he should have hit the barrier by now. When he opened his eyes he was delighted to see a scarlet engine with steam billowing out of its chimney with a large board on its side reading HOGWARTS EXPRESS. He turned around to see a silver archway with the words platform nine and three quarters written on it.

Harry's heart swelled, he had done it! There were a lot of people running around helping their kids load their trunks on the train, cats and rats of various colors running between everybody's legs while their owners went running after them, owls sitting on the roof of the train hooting over the chatter of the crowd.

He slowly pushed his trolley towards the train levitated his trunk and Hedwig's cage on to the train and went in search for an empty compartment. He found one near the end of the train and made himself comfortable.

"Hey girl, you want to stretch your wings for a bit?" he asked Hedwig. The owl hooted in confirmation and Harry let her out. She immediately flew out after nipping Harry on his ears affectionately.

Five minutes before the train was scheduled to leave, he noticed a large family of red heads noisily running on the platform hurriedly getting their trunks onto the train. The mother was crying and hugging sons and rubbing the smallest ones nose. He noticed a small girl standing next to the mother holding her hand tears streaming down her face.

Soon the train started moving and all the parents started running with the train saying bye to their loved ones. Looking at them Harry couldn't help feel a little jealous, after all thanks to his relatives he never had any friends or anybody to look after him when he was sick or hurt. If it weren't for his magic, Harry couldn't imagine how bad things would be with the Dursley's.

Suddenly the compartment door opened and a tall dark boy with high cheek bones and slanting black eyes entered. "Is there anybody sitting in here," he asked.

"No," Harry replied.

"Oh good, everywhere else is full," he said dragging his trunk in.

"By the way, my name's Blaise, Blaise Zabini," he said sticking out his hand towards Harry.

"I'm Harry," he said shaking the boy's hand, not wanting to give his last name knowing how people reacted to him being Harry Potter.

Zabini raised his eyebrows at the clear lack of his last name but didn't say anything and sat down opposite Harry.

They both sat silently just staring out of the window observing the scenery outside. The compartment door opened again and a very

familiar voice groaned and said, "The very first compartment I find empty and you have to be in it don't you?"

"Pleased to meet you to Austin," replied Harry smirking. Seeing Zabini's questioning look Harry introduced them, "Zabini this is Freckles Mary Austin, Freckles this is Blaise Zabini."

Lillian glared at Harry and said, "The name's Lillian Mary Austin, Zabini and don't listen to this jerk, he's one of the biggest idiots I've ever seen."

Zabini just grinned at Harry and said, "Pleasure to meet you Ms. Austin. Are you two friends?"

"Oh, hell no!" they both exclaimed.

"We meet when one of the Professors came to take us to Diagon alley," Harry informed him.

"Both of you are muggleborns then?" Zabini asked.

"No, my parents were a witch and a wizard, but I was sent to live with my Muggle relatives when they died," Harry replied.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said looking awkward.

"What about you?" he said looking at Lillian.

"My dads a Muggle through and through, I don't know about my mum though, she died when I was one."

"I'm sorry for you too," Blaise said wincing. "Both of you seem to have similar pasts though."

"Maybe, but otherwise we're totally different from each other," Lillian said looking at Blaise.

"Sure we're different Austin, I mean you're a girl and I'm a boy, obviously there's a difference. I'm surprised it took you so long to figure it out," he said looking at her sympathetically.

"That's not what I meant Potter and you know it! Why don't you go stuff your head down the toilet and stay there!" she replied hotly.

"Potter? You're Harry Potter!" exclaimed another voice near the door.

Three heads turned towards the door and saw a tall lanky boy with flaming red hair standing near the doorway looking at Harry in awe.

Harry raised an eyebrow looking at the newcomer warily.

"I'm Ronald Weasley," he said grasping Harry's hand and shaking it vigorously before squeezing himself between Lillian and Blaise. "Do you have the..., you know the scar!" he asked eagerly.

Harry just sighed and pulled his hair back to reveal the lightning bolt shaped scar above his left eye.

"Wow," the red head replied his eyes wide in awe, "Do you remember anything that happened that night? When You Know Who killed your parents?" he asked not even bothering to think that it might be a painful topic for Harry.

Harry, who was now getting really irritated replied, "Yeah I do, I remember Voldemort coming into my room with his wand in his hand, he then pointed his wand at me and then shot the killing curse at me but I raised my hands caught the curse and threw it back at him and he died with a huge explosion, I got this scar when a piece of wood hit my forehead and then I fainted because I was magically exhausted."

All this time Ron was hanging on to every word Harry said while Lillian sat trying to control herself from laughing out loud and Blaise was giving a look to Harry which clearly said what a load of crap.

Then Ron spoke again, "Wow, that's so cool! So that's what happened huh."

"Of course not you dolt! I was a year old when it happened, do you really think I'd remember it!" Harry snapped getting pissed at the redhead's obsession with him.

This time Lillian couldn't control herself and burst out laughing while Blaise just looked clearly amused by the redhead's antics.

Ron blushed clearly embarrassed and said, "Oh, yeah cool."

There was silence for a couple of minutes before Ron spoke again, "I t-think I better go, my brothers will be wondering where I am." And practically ran out of the compartment.

"Yeah, just don't bring them back with you," Harry muttered after he left.

Blaise snorted and said, "Well that was interesting."

"Honestly Potter, you didn't have to be so hard on him. He was just excited you know, meeting the great Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived, and hero of the wizarding world!" mocked Lillian.

"Shut it, Freckles," muttered Harry.

"You shut it, four eyes and stop calling me that!" she snapped back angrily.

"As much as your bickering amuses me, why didn't you tell me your last name, Harry?" Blaise asked cutting in.

Harry had the grace to look sheepish and said, "I didn't want you to react like he did. I don't want people wanting to be my friend just because of my name."

"It's alright, and just to let you know I wouldn't have reacted like that, we pureblooded Zabini's take pride in being able to control our emotions," Blaise replied.

"Pureblood?" asked Lillian confused.

"Yeah, those whose both parents are from a proper wizarding background are pure-blood's, those with one parent who is muggleborn are half-blood's like Harry and those who come from a family whose both parents are muggles are called Muggleborns like Austin," Blaise informed them.

"How does it matter, being a pure-blood or a half-blood or a muggleborn?" Harry asked Blaise.

"It does," he said seriously, "the wizarding world is pretty biased and Muggleborns are not treated the same as purebloods, they are

looked down upon and not given the same rights as a pureblood or even a half-blood."

"So how do you know I'm a half-blood," Harry asked him.

Zabini just rolled his eyes and said, "Just open any history book about the dark lord and it'll give you a detailed history about you and your parents past. Your father was a pureblood and mother was a muggleborn."

"So because I might be a muggleborn, I'm going to be treated differently?" Lillian asked him.

Blaise nodded his head indicating yes.

"What about you," she asked him coldly.

"Honestly, I don't care, my family was always careful to avoid such topics since we don't support either group. It would only create more problems if we took a side," he said shrugging his shoulders.

They all fell silent after that, each one immersed in their own thoughts.

At around half past one, a loud clattering sound was heard outside and their compartment door was slid open. An old lady smiled and asked, "Anything from the cart, dears?"

All three nodded and bought almost all the stuff available on the cart. Harry was fascinated by the various candies lying around. There were Bettie Bott's every flavor beans, drooble's best blowing gum, chocolate frogs, pumpkin pasties, cauldron cakes, licorice wands, and a number of strange things he had never seen in his life.

Soon they all were trying out all the sweets laughing and having fun like most eleven year olds do.

Lillian was opening one of the chocolate frogs when a card fell out and the frog suddenly leaped out and almost jumped out of the window when it was caught by Harry instantly and he took a bite out of it.

"That was mine you know," Lillian said, glaring at him.

"And you lost it and I caught it," Harry said smartly. "Honestly Freckles, you should stop glaring so much or soon it will become a permanent feature on your ugly face."

"Will you stop calling me that stupid name!" she said irritably.

"Then what should I call you, I can't keep calling you Ms. Austin can I?" he shot back.

"Well my friends call me Mary, but wait! You are not my friend so you got to call me Ms. Austin! Get it scarhead!" she yelled poking him in the chest with each word not realizing that they both had stood up.

"I'll call you whatever I want FRECKLES!" Harry fired back poking her on the forehead.

"WHY YOU STUPID GIT," she screamed pulling out her wand and pointing it towards Harry. Seeing her pull out her wand Harry pulled out his own and pointed it towards her.

Blaise, who was enjoying the show up till now realized an interruption was required or both would end up in the hospital wing before the sorting would even start. "HEY, hey calm down! The both of you!" he said stepping in between them pushing them back to their seats. "You don't want to be expelled before you reach the school do you?"

Both nodded their heads still glaring at each other.

"Good, then keep your heads down and don't look at each other until we reach the station..., honestly such a fight over one chocolate frog," he said shaking his head.

"So, Harry. Which house do you think you'll be in?" Blaise asked him trying to lighten their moods.

"House? What house?" Harry asked Blaise confused.

"Oh for heavens sake Potter, didn't you read the books the Professor got us!" Lillian exclaimed. Harry was about to reply when Blaise quickly cut in before another argument took place.

"What do you think, Austin? Which house will you be in?" he asked her.

"I think maybe Ravenclaw or even Gryffindor, what about you?"

"Probably a Slytherin or a Ravenclaw. All my family has been in Slytherin so I doubt I'll go anywhere else," he said.

"Will somebody please explain me what are you talking about," Harry said feeling left out.

"There are four houses in Hogwarts Potter, Slytherin, Gryffindor, Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff. Each house has its own qualities, like Gryffindor is meant for the courageous and the daring; Slytherin is for the cunning and powerful; Ravenclaw for the most intelligent and Hufflepuff for the most loyal. Based on your qualities you are sorted to one of the houses," Blaise told Harry.

"Oh," Harry said frowning pensively wondering which house he would be sorted in. "So how do they sort the students?" he asked Blaise.

"I donno, some sort of test I suppose, my mum wasn't telling me, said it would be a surprise," he replied.

The compartment door was slid open again and this time a girl with bushy brown hair and large front teeth stood there. "Has anyone seen a toad, Neville here has lost his," she said in a bossy voice pointing towards a frightened looking boy standing behind her. Both were wearing their new Hogwarts robes.

All three sitting in the compartment said no.

The bushy haired girl sighed and said, "Well if you see one, hold on to it and give it to Neville here later. Oh and you should change into your Hogwarts uniform you know, I asked the conductor up front and he said we'll be there in about 20 minutes."

Saying what she came to say she turned back and went out of the compartment along with the boy who just followed her looking miserable.

Looking at each other bemused Lillian said, "She's right, the trains slowing down we better go and change." She opened her trunk took her robes out and went out of the compartment.

Both boys took out their robes and quickly changed as soon as they were done a voice echoed through the train, "We will be reaching Hogwarts in five minutes' time. Please leave your luggage on the train; it will be taken to the school separately."

The train slowed down rapidly and then came to a stop. People rushed out of the train onto a tiny dark platform. Blaise shivered and looked at Harry and said, "Aren't you c-cold! It's practically freezing out here!"

"Is it?" Harry asked him frowning, "I don't feel cold at all... it's rather pleasant actually."

"Firs' years! Firs' years! Over here," came a booming voice from the other end of the platform. Harry walked towards the voice and then saw the largest man he had ever seen in his life! He was at least 8 foot tall, had a thick beard and warm, friendly black beetle like eyes.

"C'mon, follow me – any more firs' years? Alright then me name's Hagrid and you lot gotta follow me, and mind yer step, yeh should be able to see Hogwarts over this bend now."

There was a loud oohhhhhh and a gasp which Harry recognized as Lillian, as Hogwarts came into view. It certainly was a majestic sight; a huge castle on a hill across the lake with lights shining inside it. It had a very homely and welcoming feel to it.

"No more'n four to a boat," Hagrid shouted over all the heads pointing towards a fleet of boats. Harry and Blaise got into one followed by Lillian and the bushy haired girl. Harry couldn't resist and said, "Hey, Austin, why are you following me around like a puppy." She didn't respond for once being too spellbound by the beauty of Hogwarts. Harry frowned at the lack of response then shrugged his shoulders and turned his gaze back at the castle.

The boats soon came to a stop at the end of the lake and Hagrid lead them to the huge oak front door of the castle and knocked with his big fist three times.

The doors immediately swung open and there stood Professor McGonagall in emerald green robes. She told the first years to follow her in a no-nonsense voice and walked towards another door across the hall. She then stopped and turned towards them and spoke:

"Welcome to Hogwarts, the start of the term banquet will begin shortly, but before you take your seats in the great hall, you will be sorted into your houses. The Sorting is a very important ceremony because, while you are here, your house will be something like your family within Hogwarts. You will have classes with the rest of your house, sleep in your house dormitory, and spend free time in your house common room.

"The four houses are called Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin. Each house has its own noble history and each has produced outstanding witches and wizards. While you are at Hogwarts, your triumphs will earn your house points, while any rule breaking will lose house points. At the end of the year, the house with the most points is awarded the house cup, a great honor. I hope each of you will be a credit to whichever house becomes yours.

"The Sorting Ceremony will take place in a few minutes in front of the rest of the school. I suggest you all smarten yourselves up as much as you can while you are waiting." Her eyes lingering on Ron's dirty nose and Harry's hair before walking back into the great hall.

Harry nervously tried to flatten his hair, while Lillian smoothed her robes and Ronald was rubbing his nose trying to get rid of some dirt on it.

"I wonder how we get sorted." Neville asked Ron.

"My brothers told me we have to fight a troll and depending on how we fight we get sorted," Ron whispered back. Those in hearing distance paled at his words.

"Don't be silly Ronald," came the bushy haired girl's voice, "Maybe it will be some sort of written personality test or a test of your knowledge of spells."

Professor McGonagall came back and beckoned them inside. Harry's stomach turned to lead as he walked inside unable to cast his fear aside. There was a gasp as everyone walked into the great

hall. There were thousands of candles lit, which were floating in mid air, illuminating the whole hall. There were also four tables lined with golden plates, spoons, forks and of course, students.

Mainly to avoid all the stares he looked up and was surprised when he saw a velvety black sky dotted with stars instead of the roof. He then heard the bushy haired girl whisper to Lillian, "The ceilings bewitched to look like the sky outside, I read it in Hogwarts: A History."

He looked back down again as Professor McGonagall brought out a stool and placed a dirty, torn, black color hat on it. Suddenly the hat twitched, the rip near the brim opened and the hat began to sing:

"Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,

But don't judge on what you see,

I'll eat myself if you can find

A smarter hat than me.

You can keep your bowlers black,

Your top hats sleek and tall,

For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat

And I can cap them all.

There's nothing hidden in your head

The Sorting Hat can't see,

So try me on and I will tell you

Where you ought to be.

You might belong in Gryffindor,

Where dwell the brave at heart,

Their daring, nerve, and chivalry Set Gryffindor's apart;

You might belong in Hufflepuff,
Where they are just and loyal,
Those patient Hufflepuff's are true and unafraid of toil;
Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,
If you've a ready mind,
Where those of wit and learning,
Will always find their kind;
Or perhaps in Slytherin
You'll make your real friends,
Those cunning folk use any means
To achieve their ends.
So put me on! Don't be afraid!
And don't get in a flap!
You're in safe hands (though I have none)
For I'm a Thinking Cap!"

The entire hall burst into applause as the hat finished its song and bowed to all four tables. Harry was relieved, all they had to do was try on a hat and they would be sorted.

Professor McGonagall stepped forward and said, "When I call out your names step forward and put on the hat to be sorted." She then unrolled a long piece of parchment and read:

Abbot, Hannah!

A pink faced girl with blonde pig tails came stumbling out of the line and put on the hat. After a moments pause it yelled, "HUFFLEPUFF!"

The table on the right erupted in cheers as she ran towards it.

Austin, Lillian!

Lillian walked smartly up to hat and put it over her head. Two minutes later it screamed, "GRYFFINDOR!"

Pleased, she ran to the table on the extreme right which had erupted in loud cheers as they welcomed the first new Gryffindor.

After Susan Bones was sorted to Ravenclaw, Hermione Granger, the bushy haired girl and Neville Longbottom went to Gryffindor which surprised Harry considering how scared he looked. A Draco Malfoy was sorted to Slytherin within milliseconds and finally, it was Harry's turn and he was quite nervous.

When McGonagall called his name, he walked up to the chair and placed the hat over his head which fell over his eyes blocking the view of everything outside. Suddenly a voice spoke in his ear. "Hmmm, difficult, very difficult. Plenty of courage, I see. Not a bad mind either. There's talent and Oh my! So much power! There's also a nice thirst to prove yourself, and a lot of wit I see, also quite loyal to your friends but will not hesitate to hurt them if they hurt you! Hmmm... long time since I've seen one with all four qualities in abundance. Well boy you don't have to say anything do you?"

Five minutes had passed and people started whispering as to what was taking so long? Another sitting in the centre of the head table leaned forward looking forward to this sorting.

"Just put me in any house," Harry thought frantically wondering what would happen if the hat didn't sort him.

"No preferences at all then? Ok then... oh wait! I didn't see that talent of yours! Well now there's no doubt as to where you should go boy," the hat said in his ear before shouting out loud.

"SLYTHERIN!"

The table on the extreme left exploded with the loudest cheers yet and Harry oblivious to all the looks of shock and surprise he was getting from the other house tables hurried towards the Slytherin table happy to be sorted and not left out.

Back at the head table one pair of eyes widened in surprise and the other in disbelief.

Finally Blaise Zabini was sorted into Slytherin who quickly went and took a seat next to Harry, who was happy to have one familiar face in his new house. Professor McGonagall then rolled up her scroll and took the stool and the sorting hat away.

The headmaster, Albus Dumbledore got to his feet and said, "Welcome to another year at Hogwarts, now before we begin our feast I would like to say a few words and here they are; Nitwit, Blubber, Pizza and Pie! Enjoy your feast."

"Thank you!"

He sat back down as everybody cheered and laughed. Harry looked at Blaise uncertainly and asked, "Is he mad?" Blaise shrugged and said, "I guess he might be a little crazy, but he is the most powerful wizard in the world."

Someone tapped Harry on the shoulder and he turned back to see a boy with slick blonde hair, grey eyes, with an arrogant expression on his pale face. He was flanked by the thickest and meanest boys he had ever seen of their age. The blonde stuck out his hand and said, "Malfoy, Draco Malfoy, pureblood and heir to the Malfoy fortune."

Harry looked at him wondering if what he said was supposed to mean something to him but shook his hand nonetheless and said, "Pleased to meet you."

"You would want to come and sit with the better people in the Slytherin house Potter, ones who can give you what you need. Not with the likes of someone like a Zabini," he said sneering at Blaise whose expression remained neutral.

Harry looked at Blaise and back to Malfoy and said with no emotions showing on his face whatsoever, "Thanks for your offer, but I think I'm fine here, thanks anyway." Malfoy looked back at Harry and

stared at him for a few seconds before nodding and walking back towards his seat.

"What was that all about?" he asked Blaise.

Blaise just shrugged and said, "Tell you later."

Suddenly the empty gold plates, goblets and bowls were filled with food and juice. Harry, who hadn't realized how hungry he was, started taking a bit of everything within his reach. Blaise looked at Harry in amusement, "Hungry are you?"

"Starving," he replied stuffing his mouth with a potato. Blaise grinned back at him and started filling his plate too.

After eating his fill Harry was starting to feel sleepy and looked over to the Gryffindor table and saw Lillian and Hermione talking to the Gryffindor prefect. The Weasley boy and the other new first year boys were talking to the resident Gryffindor ghost. He looked to the head table and saw Hagrid drinking deeply from his goblet. Professor McGonagall was talking to Professor Dumbledore. Another Professor with an absurd turban on his head was talking to a teacher with greasy black hair, a hooked nose, a sallow skin.

It happened very suddenly. The hook-nosed teacher looked past the turban straight into Harry's eyes and a sharp, hot pain shot across the scar on Harry's forehead.

"Ouch!" Harry clapped a hand to his head.

"What's up Harry?" Blaise asked looking at him in concern.

"N-nothing."

The pain went as fast as it came. He got a feeling that the greasy head teacher didn't like him at all.

"Hey, Blaise," said Harry. "Who's the teacher next to turban one?"

"That's Professor Snape, Harry. He's the head of our house. He's supposed to be really strict and dangerous to mess around with," he said eating one of the chocolate pastries.

"What does he teach?"

"Potions."

Harry looked back at him trying to catch his eye, but he didn't look at Harry again.

At last, the desserts too disappeared, and Professor Dumbledore got to his feet again.

The hall fell silent.

"Just a few more words now that you're all fed and watered. First years should note that the forest on the grounds is forbidden to all pupils. And a few of our older students would do well to remember that as well."

Dumbledore's twinkling eyes flashed towards the Gryffindor table.

"I have also been asked by Mr. Filch, the caretaker, to remind all of you that no magic should be used between classes in the corridors. Quidditch trials will be held in the second week of the term. Anyone interested to play should contact Madam Hooch. Also this year the third floor corridor is out of bounds to everyone who does not wish to die a most painful death. Finally I must welcome Professor Quirrell to the defense against the Dark Arts post."

There was a quiet and polite applause as the man with the turban stood up.

"Alright then, first years follow your prefects back to your common rooms, off you trot!" the headmaster said his eyes twinkling happily.

The Slytherin prefect was a tall bulky fifth year named Marcus Flint. The first years followed him down into the dungeons until they suddenly stopped in front a bare damp stone wall.

"This is the entrance to the Slytherin common room and the password is Victory." The wall slid open and they entered the common room.

The Slytherin common room was a long, low underground room with rough stone walls and ceiling from which round, greenish lamps

were hanging on chains. A fire was crackling under an elaborately carved mantelpiece ahead of them, and there were several high-backed chairs, green sofas and a few large silver colored pillows which were just floating about.

The prefect motioned them to the centre of the common room. "Right, now listen up you lot. There are some ground rules in the Slytherin house which should never be broken whatever happens.

First of all being a Slytherin basically means you're hated by the rest of the student population by default. Slytherin's and Gryffindor's hate each other on principle. So you better stick together wherever you go and never ever tell on you're fellow house mates or there will be consequences.

Secondly, if you feel sick or have any problems with any other student of the other houses go and meet Professor Snape immediately, he will help you.

Thirdly, if there's a fight or anything wrong happens around you, get out of there or else the blame will fall on you whether it was your fault or not and finally, our unofficial rule is to torture the Gryffindork's at every chance you get," he said grinning.

"Regarding your sleeping arrangements, each room has two beds so you can choose your room mate and make your way to any of the rooms in the first year dorm.

Now Professor Snape will want to talk to you for a bit and then you can go to bed."

The moment he finished his little speech, the entrance to the common room slid open and in walked the hook nosed Professor exuding an air of authority.

"Have you explained the rules to them, Flint?" he asked the prefect.

"Yes, Professor."

"Good, you may leave."

The prefect nodded and went up the stairs to his own room.

Professor Snape looked at each of them in turn and said, "All I am here to tell you is that if you have any problems adjusting I am there to help you and guide you. I expect each one of my students to do their best in class and I do not tolerate rule breaking," his eyes lingering on Harry's as he said that. Harry gulped but stared back unwilling to flinch under his gaze.

But the Professor broke off his gaze and continued, "Tomorrow morning I will be giving you your respective timetables and I expect you to be on time for every class. Is. That. Clear?"

Nine heads nodded quickly not wanting to anger their head of house.

"Very well, you may leave," he said and walked out of the common room, his robes billowing behind him.

As soon as he left Harry let out a sigh of relief and followed Blaise to their new room. They entered a room at the end of the first year dorm and gasped at the size of the room.

There were two huge four poster beds at opposite ends covered in silver and green hangings, two beautifully furnished tables and chairs and a door leading to their own bathroom. There were two windows and when they looked out they were surprised to see that their rooms were just a few meters above the lake which was gently rapping the castle wall.

Harry was amazed. He looked at Blaise who had an equally amazed look on his face and said, "Wow."

"Wow is right, I'm taking the left side!" he yelled and ran towards the bed closest to the window. Harry ran and tackled him before he could reach it.

After 5 minutes of tossing, turning, yelling and laughing Blaise was sitting on the bed near the window and Harry on the other giving him dirty looks. Blaise grinned at him and they both started laughing uncontrollably.

"Let's go to bed, we've got class tomorrow," Harry told Blaise once they had gotten control of themselves. Blaise nodded and they changed into their night clothes and bid each other good night and fell asleep as soon as they hit their pillows.

Gryffindor First year boy's dorm

Ronald Weasley, Neville Longbottom, Dean Thomas and Seamus Finnigan were sitting talking about the boy who lived.

"Surprising eh?" said Seamus, "The boy who lived in Slytherin."

"Yeah, I thought he would be in Gryffindor, defeating You Know Who and all that, you know," said Dean.

"I'm not surprised," said Ron darkly.

"Why not! It's Harry Potter!" squeaked Neville.

"I met him on the train. Just went to say hi," he said lowering his voice, "There he was sitting and laughing with this other Slytherin. That new Gryffindor Austin was there too and now that I think about it, I think she was under some kind of a spell. I looked at him and there was this gleam in his eye and before I could say anything there was a wand being pressed against my head!"

All three other boys gasped and Ron paused for the effect. He then took a deep breath, "He then whispered in my ears that unless I wanted my brains splattered on the wall or my eyeballs rolling on the floor I better get out and get out fast."

All the boys shuddered and Neville looked like he might wet himself.

"I then ran as fast as my legs could take me away from that compartment," he finished.

There was silence for a couple of minutes which was broken by Neville, "But why? Why would he do that?"

"He's a dark wizard Neville, that's why," Ron said softly.

"Makes me wonder how he got rid of You Know Who," said Seamus.

"I think we better go to sleep guys, tomorrows a big day and this talk about Potter gives me the creeps," muttered Dean.

They all nodded, went to their respective beds and fell asleep.

That night as the stars twinkled outside in the clear black sky, as the wind blew ripples in the lake and made trees near the edge of the forest rustle and as everybody in the castle slept soundly. A wizard moved quietly and swiftly in the shadows towards the third floor corridor, his red eyes gleaming in the dark.

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REVIEW!

The story will be canon world until the 2nd year but it will change completely from midway 3rd year.

Animaguses will come much, much later.

I put Harry in Slytherin because he never met Malfoy in Diagon Alley and never had any biased opinion about the houses.

Magic performed with Harry's wand cannot be tracked simply because it is the elder wand though Harry doesn't know that yet and McGonagall never told him not to use magic outside Hogwarts.

If you have any other queries don't hesitate to ask.

Cheers Raul.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Chapter – 6 – Classes and a Troll

Whispers seemed to follow Harry where ever he went, on his way to classes students stood on their toes trying to get a glimpse of the scar on his forehead. During meals half the student population would stare at him as if he were a reincarnation of Merlin himself.

"Honestly Blaise what's with all these people wanting to stare at my scar all the time? Don't they have anything else to do?" he told Blaise irritably.

"Well," he drawled "You are the... .. wait... .. Oh, so famous boy who vanquished the greatest dark lord ever to walk the Earth! Obviously they're going to want to look at you. I wouldn't be surprised if some came for your autograph next."

"Oh please! I would rather kiss the giant squid than give out autographs," Harry exclaimed.

Blaise sniggered, "I think that can be arranged very easily."

Harry just gave him a look that promised death and torture in the future. "Come on or we'll be late for transfiguration. You know how McGonagall is about punctuality," Harry said walking faster towards the transfiguration classroom.

Five minutes later the Slytherin's and Gryffindor's were seated in the class room away from each other. McGonagall was as usual in her animagus form waiting for the class to settle down. As soon as the class settled in she transformed and began in her usual stern voice, "In today's class, we will be starting practical transfiguration."

The whole class burst into excited whispers, most of them coming from the Gryffindor's. A glare from McGonagall silenced the class instantly.

"Until today you have been studying the theory behind transfiguration which is very essential for today's class. Now keeping in mind what I have been explaining to you for the past few days, you will transfigure a match stick into a needle."

She waved her wand and immediately a matchstick materialized on every bench. "You may begin. The incantation is on the board and if you are having trouble I am here to help."

Harry pulled out his wand smoothly and pointed it at the matchstick. He stared at it hard and muttered the incantation but nothing happened. He frowned and said the incantation again with a flick of his wand. Nothing changed again. He tried once more but without any success.

Harry sighed and looked around the room, everyone was saying the incantation out loud but there was no change in their matchsticks. Neville Longbottom had somehow managed to blow his face up, Blaise was poking his matchstick looking bored, Weasley was jabbing his matchstick hard with a worn out wand and Lillian had her face screwed up in concentration and kept muttering the incantation. Only Hermione Granger from Gryffindor had managed to change a small part of matchstick into a needle and was looking quite pleased with herself.

"Hell if that Granger girl could do it, it's a bloody shame I can't do it yet," he muttered to himself turning back to his work.

After about six to seven tries latter Harry had only managed to change the tip of his matchstick to a silver color. He glared at the matchstick and dropped his wand on the table, frustrated. Even Lillian had managed to change her half her matchstick into a needle and kept giving Harry superior looks which irritated him to no limits.

"Ok, Harry calm down," he said to himself "This matchstick is not a matchstick but a needle. It needs to be changed back to its original form." He looked at the matchstick and imagined it from all angles as a needle and not a matchstick. Keeping the image of the needle fixed in his mind he closed his eyes and said the incantation softly pointing his wand at the matchstick. Two seconds later he opened his eyes and saw a perfect needle in front of him! He smiled in satisfaction and tried to change the needle into a matchstick following the same process.

Fifteen minutes later he was changing his matchstick into a needle and the needle back to a matchstick as fast as he could. He kept trying to do it faster and faster.

He was broken out of his little game by the stern voice of Professor McGonagall, "What do you think you are doing Mr. Potter!"

"Err trying to see how fast I can transfigure the matchstick into a needle and the needle back to a matchstick, Professor," he said thinking if he had done something wrong.

McGonagall gaped at him.

"My word, never has anyone changed their matchstick into a needle in their first class, forget back into a matchstick!" she said looking shocked.

"You are as talented as your father was during his time at Hogwarts Mr. Potter. 30 points to Slytherin," she said, a rare smile gracing her face. None of them noticed the jealous look on Hermione's face or the look of hatred on Ronald Weasley's.

Blaise nudged Harry and said, "Great going mate, think you could give me a hand?"

"Sure, why not," he said moving over towards Blaise.

By the end of the class only Hermione had managed to transfigure her matchstick into a needle and earned 10 points for her house.

As everybody was moving out of the class someone nudged Harry hard in the ribs and muttered something like evil and dark.

"Who the hell was that?" Harry asked Blaise rubbing his ribs.

"Was that pathetic weasel," he said darkly.

"What the hell is his problem with me?"

"Donno, but you should see the way he looks at you," said Blaise.

"What about it?"

"Its like he would do anything to see you dead or pull out your intestines with his bare hands," he said making weird gestures with his hands.

Harry grimaced, "That's... just sick."

"What! It's true! You should just make eye contact with him and you'll see what I mean."

"Yeah, yeah whatever, come on we've got potions in a half hour."

Potion's Dungeon

"Today you are going to learn how to make a simple potion to cure boils. This will be the first time you will be brewing a potion and I expect it to be flawless," said Professor Snape, his voice barely audible yet clear as crystal. "I do not want any mistakes or else there will be severe consequences."

All the Gryffindor's exchanged fearful looks, Neville looked petrified.

"Weasley," Snape said suddenly, "What would I get if I added a powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood."

"Erm... err.... I don't know sir."

"This... will not do, haven't you been listening in my classes Weasley? 10 points from Gryffindor. Now let's try again, where would I look if I wanted a beoazar," he said looking straight into Ron's eyes.

"I d-don't know s-s-sir," he stuttered.

"Stuttering will not help Mr. Weasley, didn't think you would revise and come to class did you? Hasn't your mother taught you anything? That's another 10 points you've lost" he said sneering at Ron.

Ron just turned bright red and glared at Snape.

"That's 5 points more gone for Gryffindor and a detention for that look on your face," he said smirking at him.

All the Gryffindor's gasped in outrage.

Suddenly he turned towards Harry, "Potter, same questions."

"Sir, we would get the draught of living dead if we added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood and we can find a bezoar in the stomach of a goat," Harry said without missing a beat.

"That's what I expect from my Slytherin's," he said coldly, "another question Mr. Potter, what do we use boomslang skin for?"

Harry thought for a moment and replied, "I don't know sir, I do not remember reading it in our potions text."

"You're right it is not there in your normal text books but that is no reason not to read ahead Potter," Snape said softly. "However since you answered your previous questions satisfactorily, twenty points to Slytherin."

He tapped his wand on the board and said, "The instructions for the potion are on the board, you have two hours."

Immediately everybody moved towards their cauldrons and started removing the ingredients required.

About two hours later, Harry's potion had a dark blue color when it was supposed to be a light blue color. Professor Snape walked past Harry's table and looked into his cauldron. He then looked into Harry's eyes and stared without blinking or moving. Harry had to suppress a gulp and prevent himself from wiping the sweat of his forehead, but he didn't avert his eyes from the professor's eyes. About a minute later Snape finally stopped staring and said, "Acceptable Mr. Potter," and moved to the next table.

Blaise nudged him and asked, "What on earth was that all about?"

"I honestly have no idea," Harry said thinking why the professor had a pained expression on his face just before he stopped staring into his eyes.

As they walked out of the potions class they were approached by Malfoy without his goons behind him. "Hey Potter, I saw Weasley looking like he would want nothing better than to see you dead."

Harry didn't like Draco much but always maintained a civil conversation with him. He felt he was too arrogant and took too

much pride in his name and wealth. "Yeah, I don't what that guy has against me."

"Really? That's interesting, do you want to get some pay back?" he asked Harry giving a sly grin.

Harry grinned back, "Sure Malfoy, what do you have in mind?"

"Nothing much, all we have to do is make fun of him in front of his band of Gryffindork's and the reaction will be priceless."

"That's it? Heh, I expected something better from you Malfoy."

"Oh," Malfoy said raising his eyebrows, "And what do you have in mind?"

"You'll see at dinner.... So are you in?"

"Of course, who would miss a chance to see a Weasley embarrass himself."

"What about you Blaise?"

"Leave me out of it, I'd prefer to watch and not involve myself in these little rivalries," Blaise said shaking his head.

"Why Blaise, are you scared?" asked Malfoy sneering at him.

"No, I just don't want to take sides. You of all people should know better Malfoy."

Before Draco could say anything else, Harry cut in.

"Drop it Malfoy, it's his choice not yours to make," he said sharply.

Malfoy turned back to Harry and looked at him curiously and just nodded after a few seconds, "See you at dinner," he said and went away towards their common room.

After he had gone Blaise turned back to Harry, "I don't know why you need to get involved with that jerk."

Harry just shrugged and said, "He'd be a useful friend to have."

"So, are you going to tell me what you have in mind?"

"What you talking about Blaise?" said Harry trying to look innocent.

"You know what I'm talking about."

"Oh just you wait," he said grinning. "Now all I need to do is find Filch."

"What? Why?" Blaise asked looking confused.

"Don't worry about it," Harry shouted back, "See you at dinner," and took off looking for Filch, a gleam of excitement in his eyes. Blaise saw him go and muttered to himself before walking back to the common room.

Soon after dinner Harry and Draco saw Ron and his friends finishing their meal and quickly went to intercept them before they left for their common room.

As they reached closer to the red head they could hear what they were talking about.

"Honestly, Snape favors those slimy snakes a bit too much!" they could hear Ron complain.

"Oh, don't be absurd Ronald; he's just doing his job. He's supposed to be one of the greatest potion masters in the wizarding world," came the haughty tone of one Hermione Granger.

"He maybe a great potion's master but he sure is a git," said Lillian bitterly.

"Mary!" exclaimed Hermione, "that's no way to talk about your professor!"

"Shut it Hermione, Lillian is right, and that Potter. Thinks he's the king of Hogwarts. But I know what he really is," said Ron darkly. "He's a dark wizard and maybe the next 'you know who' for all we know."

Lillian snorted, "Come off it Ron, what are you saying? I know Potter and I'm sure he's no evil guy, nasty yes but not evil and he sure isn't the next you know who!"

"Such an interesting conversation don't you think Draco?" came Harry's voice from behind them.

All three Gryffindor's turned around to see who had interrupted them.

"It's a shame don't you think Harry. Accusing you of being a dark wizard and insulting our dear head of house," said Draco silkily.

The Gryffindor's eyes darkened as they saw Draco and Harry standing behind them.

"Potter," greeted Lillian coolly, "What a surprise."

"Austin, Granger, always a pleasure," said Harry giving a mock bow. "Ah, Weasley, never a pleasure seeing you," he said smirking.

Ron's face turned bright red as Malfoy started sniggering.

"What do you want you... .. you dark wizard!" spat Ron, his eyes filled with fear and hatred.

"A dark wizard am I Weasley?" said Harry raising his eyebrows. "And what makes you say that?"

Ron didn't say anything but continued glaring at Harry.

Malfoy choose to interrupt then, "Say Weasley, what was that professor Snape was saying in class today? Oh, yeah didn't your mother teach you anything. Is that why you eat so pathetically?"

Harry didn't say anything knowing Malfoy was out of line there but didn't stop him either. Malfoy continued his verbal assault until Ron finally lost his temper and pulled out his wand. Draco immediately whitened but Harry came to his rescue.

"Now Weasley you know magic is forbidden in the corridors, but if you start then I'll be forced to show you what this dark wizard can do," said Harry narrowing his eyes and trying to look more intimidating.

Ron, who was now furious, was being held back by Lillian and Hermione, snarled back nonetheless, "I can take you anytime anywhere Potter."

"Be careful of your words Weasel or you might just find yourself..... Dead," said Harry softly but was desperately trying to control his laughter on the inside.

"Yeah Weasley, why don't you run back to your common room and stay there before we do some thing we regret," hissed Malfoy.

"Shut up, just name the place and time and I'll be there," he spat.

"Midnight, in the trophy room," said Harry instantly.

"Done, only magic and no physical contact."

Harry grinned, "Then we'll meet in the trophy room, see you at stroke of twelve," he said as he and Malfoy walked away.

As they walked back Draco turned to Harry, "You could get into serious trouble if you get caught you know."

Harry just laughed, "Draco, are you a Slytherin or not?"

"What's that supposed to mean, of course I'm a Slytherin," he said narrowing his eyes.

"Then you should now that Filch will be dueling in the trophy room instead of me and poor Weasley is going to face a mighty opponent," said Harry with a satisfied look on his face.

"Oh nice!" exclaimed Draco.

"Yeah, that what he gets for spreading rumors about me being evil and going to kill everybody in the school. Honestly, its really irritating when people run away from me every time they see me or keep muttering dark wizard under their breaths every time I walk past them, it really gets under my skin," Harry said tightening his fists.

There was silence for a while after that. "You really don't like being the center of attraction do you," Draco asked, looking at Harry closely.

"No I don't."

"Well anyway let's hope Weasley and the mudblood's get caught!" said Draco gleefully.

"Mudblood's? What's that," asked Harry looking confused.

"You don't know? It's a really foul word for someone who is muggleborn."

Harry then remembered what Blaise had told him about how pureblood's act towards Muggleborn's. He realized Draco was a typical muggleborn hating pureblood.

"I think they should kick out all the mudblood's out of the wizarding world, don't you Harry?" Malfoy asked Harry.

"I don't care what you think about muggleborns as long as you don't use that word in front of me," said Harry without any emotion in his voice.

"Why do you care...? Oh I see, you're friends with that mudblood Austin aren't you," he said giving his trade mark sneer.

Harry stopped and turned towards Draco, "I said don't use that word! As for why I care, it really doesn't concern you. Now let's get going, it's almost nine."

Harry then turned back and walked away towards the common room leaving Draco behind making a note in his head to never help or ask Malfoy for help.

Malfoy stayed back for a few minutes, a pensive expression on his face before his face lit up suddenly and he walked slowly towards the common room to write a letter to his father.

Both didn't notice a man standing in the shadows, his red eyes gleaming, "He is an interesting one isn't he Quirrell," came a soft hissing voice as Draco vanished from his sight.

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Gryffindor common room, half an hour to midnight

"Ron! Don't go! If you get caught you could be expelled!"

"Let go Hermione, I'm going to teach that bastard a lesson today."

Hermione was pleading with Ron not to go and Lillian was sitting comfortably in the couch watching Hermione's attempts to stop him.

"Don't just sit there Mary! Help me stop this jerk," Hermione yelled at Lillian.

"Oh for gods sake Hermione just let him go and I'm going with him!" Lillian said rolling her eyes.

"Wait what! Why on earth would you want him to go and why do you want to go with him!"

"I'm telling you to let him go because he's not going to stay and I'm going with him so that I can take him to the hospital wing after Potter's done with him."

Both Ron and Hermione stared at her with open mouths wondering what she meant.

"What do you mean take me to the hospital wing," Ron said looking a little pale.

"Isn't it obvious, no matter how strong you think you are, you can't beat Potter and I don't think you should try it and I'm sure you both have seen him in class," she said leaning back in the couch and crossing her legs. "But it's your choice Ron, if you go I'm coming with you, no matter what Hermione says and I want to see how the castle looks a night."

"I don't care how strong Potter is, I'm a Gryffindor and I don't back down from a fight," Ron said looking determined, the Gryffindor in him coming out.

Lillian grinned, "Alright you go get beaten up and I'll take a tour of the castle."

As they walked out of the portrait hole Hermione came running after them, "Wait, wait! Have you two gone mad!"

"Go back to bed Hermione," Ron said annoyed at the girls unwillingness to back down.

"No! You can't go! It's against the rules!"

A brain wave struck Lillian, "Hey Hermione, they haven't written in Hogwarts a history about the castle at night have they?"

"Err, no they haven't and I think they should, I mean people would want to know what happens during the night in the castle, how does it get cleaned where do the ghosts go..." She stopped as she was interrupted by Lillian who was looking tremendously amused.

"Hermione, you're out of the common room, its midnight in other words night time in the castle. Don't you want to see for yourself how the castle is at night rather than reading it from a book?" she said looking into Hermione's eyes.

"I-I, I don't know," she said but it was clear that she was struggling with herself.

Lillian decided to go for the kill, "You could write about it in the book."

Silence.

"Oh, alright let's go," she said, sagging her shoulders in defeat.

All three Gryffindor's made their way to the trophy room and wait for Harry to arrive. After waiting for ten minutes, Ron exclaimed, "Where is he? It's already five minutes past midnight!"

"Ssshhh!" came Lillian's voice, "I hear something."

Immediately they all fell silent. "Come on my sweet, I know they are in here somewhere," came the sickly voice of the caretaker, Argus Filch.

"Its Filch and Mrs. Norris," hissed Hermione.

"Run!" whispered Lillian and they all ran for it. They ran for their life but Ron tripped over a suit of armor which fell with a loud bang.

"Shit," he cursed and ran fast to catch up with the two girls.

"You heard the noise, didn't you Mrs. Norris! Come on after them!" Filch yelled, terribly excited about catching students out of bed.

Ron, Hermione and Lillian suddenly came to a dead end with a door in the side. "Quick through the door!" Lillian said urgently.

Ron tried to open it but it was locked, "Oh no," he moaned, "We're doomed."

"Move aside," commanded Hermione, "Alohomora," she said pointing her wand at the lock. The door clicked open and all three of them rushed in and locked the door from the inside.

"Where are you little brats," came the muffled voice of Filch from the other side of the door, "I know you're here somewhere."

He tried to open the door but found it locked. "Must have turned somewhere else," he grumbled and decided to check elsewhere.

Lillian and Hermione who had their ears pressed against the door sighed in relief hearing his foot steps fade away.

"What is it Ron," Lillian snapped at Ron who had been tugging her shirt for the past few seconds.

She turned around to see what he wanted and froze in shock. "Err... Hermione, you better open the door or we're gonna die."

"What?" Hermione said confused and looked back.

There was a huge three headed dog staring at them. It was slowly waking up and had drool dripping from its mouth.

"AAAHHHHHH!" all three yelled and they quickly ran out as the dog started barking like mad and slammed the door shut behind them and didn't stop until they were inside their common room.

They collapsed on the couch panting and trying to catch their breaths.

"That, that was awesome!" exclaimed Lillian after she had caught her breath.

"Awesome! Have you seriously lost your sanity?" shrieked Hermione.

"Yeah it was I mean how often does that happen to you? Getting chased by Filch, meeting a three headed dog and running for your life all in one night!"

"Hopefully never, but did you see what that dog was standing on?" said Hermione looking at Ron and Lillian.

"Yeah, it was a trap door and that was the third floor corridor which is out of bounds," said Lillian.

"That means it was obviously guarding something," said Hermione looking pensive.

"It could be that or it could also be a plot by Potter to get me killed," said Ron.

"Oh don't be ridiculous Ronald," snapped Hermione and Lillian just looked skeptical.

"Oh come on you two he doesn't show up for the duel but Filch shows up who chases us to a room with a monster. How can it not be a plot to kill me! I'm lucky you two were there to save me!" he exclaimed.

"Yeah Ron whatever you say. Well I'm off to bed, gotta thank Potter tomorrow, come on Hermione, let's leave Ron here to his wayward thoughts," said Lillian yawning and walking up the stairs to her dormitory.

Hermione followed her up the stairs and said, "Thank Potter? You really are crazy Mary."

"I'm not crazy I just like a little excitement in my life."

Ron could hear them arguing as they walked up the stairs and slowly went up to his own dormitory convinced that Harry was trying to kill him.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry woke up the next day feeling refreshed. He got up from his bed and went and sat on the window sill looking out as the sun slowly rose over the lake remembering the times when he used to watch the sun rise when he was with the Dursley's, only this time there were no Dursley's and it felt wonderful.

Blaise woke up a little while later and they went for breakfast where they were joined by Malfoy and his goons.

"So do you think Weasley got caught?" Malfoy asked Harry smirking.

"I certainly hope so, oh look there he comes."

Ron walked into the great hall and headed straight to the Slytherin table.

"Were you trying to kill me last night!" he began, "because if you were your bloody three headed dog failed to finish me off!" he hissed.

"What are you talking about Weasley?" said Harry, genuinely confused.

"What I'm saying is your little plan to kill me failed and you better stop trying or you'll regret it," he said and walked back to the Gryffindor table.

Malfoy, Harry and Blaise burst out laughing and Crabbe and Goyle just looked confused. "H-he thought Mrs. Norris is a three headed dog!" said Harry holding his side laughing like crazy.

"Plan to kill him," said Draco wiping tears from his eyes, "He honestly has lost his mind."

Blaise was the first one to get himself under control, "Alright you guys we got flying practice with the Griff's in fifteen minutes you better hurry up."

"Yeah sure Blaise," said Harry still chuckling.

The Slytherin first years made their way to the ground for their first flying lesson and many were eagerly looking forward to it.

Malfoy started boasting about his flying skill and soon all the boys were arguing about their flying skills and talent in Quidditch. Harry, who had never flown or even heard of Quidditch, just walked quietly trying to figure out what the hell was Quidditch. He turned to one of the girls, Daphne Greengrass if he remembered correctly.

"Hey Daphne," he called, poking her in the shoulder.

"What do you want Potter."

"What the hell is Quidditch?"

All the girls stopped and looked at him as if he had grown two sets of horns.

"What! Did I say something wrong?" he asked looking a little nervous.

"You, a boy don't know what Quidditch is!" exclaimed Tracey Davis, another Slytherin first year.

"No I don't," he said looking annoyed at the stares he was getting from the girls.

"It's a sport," said Daphne finally, "Played on brooms. All the guys are crazy about it, even most of the girls."

"Oh, I didn't know wizards had a sport."

"Duh, where were you all these years, living with filthy muggles?" scoffed Pansy Parkinson, an ugly pug faced girl.

Harry turned red, "Would I ask so many questions if I were living with wizards."

"Oh god no! Don't tell me you are actually living with muggles," she said looking shocked.

"Yeah I am," he muttered, "and it isn't pleasant," he added.

Harry left them quickly as they reached the grounds, not wanting them to ask any questions about his life with the Dursley's and went and joined Blaise who was with the other boys.

The Gryffindor's were already there and there were about twenty brooms in a neat line on the ground.

Their teacher Madam Hooch arrived. She had short grey hair and yellow eyes like a hawk. "Well what are you waiting for? Stand next to a broom and say up!"

Everybody stood next to a broom and yelled 'UP'. Harry's broom shot into his hand as soon as he said it. "Wow," he muttered. Many brooms just rolled on the ground and didn't jump into the owners hands.

After everybody had their broom's in their hands Madam Hooch corrected everybody's grip on the broom and berated Malfoy for doing it wrong all these years. "Alright, on the count of three, I want all of you to kick of the ground and fly around the pitch and come back. Do you understand?"

Everybody nodded. "Good. One, two..." But she stopped as Neville, who was nervous and scared about leaving the ground had already kicked off. "Come back here boy!" she yelled, but he went higher and higher and suddenly slipped of his broom.

Everybody winced as a loud cracking noise was heard as he hit the ground. Madam Hooch ran to him and checked him for injuries. "Broken wrist," she muttered as Neville whimpered in pain holding his wrist. She hoisted him up and turned back to the class, "Alright you lot, I'm talking the boy to the hospital wing and I do not want anybody touching a broom or you'll be out of Hogwarts before you can say Quidditch."

After she left everybody started murmuring about Neville falling off his broom. Suddenly Malfoy started laughing and picked something

from the ground, "Look, it's the thing Longbottom got at break fast today!"

It was a round glass ball glittering in the sunlight.

"Give it back Malfoy," said Ron holding out his hand to Malfoy.

"I don't think so Weasley, I think I'd leave it up a tree for you to get," he said sneering at him.

BIFF! Someone punched Malfoy hard in the face and snatched the glass ball from him. All the Gryffindor's started laughing and even few of the Slytherin girls started giggling while Harry and Blaise just looked on amused.

It was Lillian and she held the glass ball in one hand and her wand in another. "Got something to say Malfoy?" she said raising her eyebrow.

Malfoy just held his nose and spluttered, "How... how dare you! You bitch! My father will hear about this!"

Lillian started laughing, "Running to daddy are we now you pussy?"

Draco pulled out his wand, a murderous expression on his face, but before he could say anything Madam Hooch came back. "What is going on here!" she exclaimed.

"Malfoy tried to hit me with his broom and I punched him in self defense madam Hooch," Lillian lied smoothly.

"What! The mudblood is lying!" yelled Malfoy.

"LANGUAGE, Mr. Malfoy!" she said shocked. "Mr. Potter," she said turning towards him. "Is Ms. Austin telling the truth?"

Harry looked at Lillian who had a pleading expression on her face and then at Malfoy. He remembered what Malfoy had called her and said, "Yes, Madam Hooch, that's exactly what happened."

Lillian grinned in relief and Madam Hooch rounded on Malfoy, "That's 10 points from Slytherin and a detention with Filch for assaulting a girl!"

"But he's, they're lying!" he tried to protest.

"I will not hear anything else now go back and stand next to your broom," she said in a no nonsense tone.

Malfoy went back and stood next to Harry and hissed, "Why the hell did you lie!"

"I told you not to use that word didn't I?" Harry said coldly.

Malfoy just glared at him and didn't say anything.

"Alright same procedure, on the count of three I want all of you to kick off the ground and take a round of the Quidditch ground and come back. One, two, THREE!" Madam Hooch yelled blowing her whistle.

Harry kicked off the ground feeling the wind slap against his face. His robes were fluttering and with a fierce joy he realized flying was easy! It felt so natural to be on a broom, it was like he was born for flying.

He clenched the broom tighter and zoomed high into the air doing loops in the air, he went faster around the pitch and dove down towards the ground. He went faster and faster and didn't hear the girls scream or Madam Hooch blowing her whistle. All he knew and felt was the air swirling around him and the broom under him. Just a few feet above the ground he pulled out of his dive and came to a stop next to Madam Hooch grinning like a madman.

"Are you crazy Potter!" she screamed, "You could have died!"

"What are you talking about Ma'am?" Harry asked confused. He looked around and saw everybody looking at him with an expression of awe and shock on their faces.

Madam Hooch calmed down and asked him, "Was that your first time on a broom Mr. Potter?"

"Yes why?"

"Brilliant," she muttered ignoring him, "Absolutely amazing. His first time on a broom, he is a natural."

She suddenly turned back to the rest of the class and said, "Alright, that's enough for today, class dismissed. Mr. Potter, please stay back."

As everybody left the grounds she turned back to Harry, "That was amazing Potter, the way you flew on the broom."

Harry just nodded wondering what she wanted.

"Tell me how did you feel when you were in the air?"

"I felt like this was what I was born to do. It was amazing," he said his eyes shinning with joy.

"Brilliant, absolutely brilliant, Mr. Potter you are a natural in the air and it would disappoint me if you didn't try out for the Quidditch team next year. I'll talk to Severus and put in a good word about your flying skills."

Harry just nodded not knowing what to say.

"You may go Mr. Potter."

"Yes ma'am," he said and ran to tell Blaise what Madam Hooch had said to him. As he entered the castle he was stopped by Lillian.

"Oh it's you, what do you want?" he asked her.

"Nothing, I just wanted to thank you, you know... about that thing with Malfoy," she said.

"No problem."

"Why did you do it?"

Harry's face darkened "I don't like it when he calls muggleborn's that word."

"Oh..... Cool," she said staring intently at a spot above his shoulder.

They didn't say anything for a while but just looked around.

"Great flying," she said suddenly.

"Yeah, I loved it, Madam Hooch asked me try out for the team next year," he said grinning.

"Oh that's great! Good for you."

There was another uncomfortable silence between them. Suddenly her face lit up.

"Oh and thanks for last night! We had lots of fun," she said grinning. She then hugged him and ran back into the castle back to her common room before Harry could say anything.

"Wha? Hey wait! What are you talking about?" he yelled after her as she ran into the next corridor. "FRECKLES!" he yelled hoping she'd come back.

He stared at the place she disappeared wondering what the hell she was talking about and was even more confused as to why she hugged him!

"Girls," he grumbled, "always acting weird."

Lillian who had just reached the portrait hole cursed herself, wondering what possessed her to hug him and then run! She told the fat lady the password and went to the common room to think about what she had just done only to be blasted back by the noise volume in the common room. All the Gryffindor's were cheering and clapping.

"What the hell," she thought.

"We welcome the new queen of Gryffindor!" yelled George Weasley standing on a table with his twin brother.

"Too right dear brother of mine, please welcome the one and only Miss. Lillian Mary Austin!" yelled Fred Weasley and everybody started hooting and cheering again.

"What are you on about," yelled Lillian over the noise of everybody's cheering.

Lee Jordon came up to her and said, "Did you punch a Slytherin?"

"Yes?" she said.

"And did you get him into trouble by lying about it?" asked Katie Bell.

"Yeah so what about it?" she asked them.

"What about it?" said Fred jumping down from the table.

"You have done something every Gryffindor would dream of doing," said George jumping next to his brother.

"Thus, you are now legend in the house of Gryffindor!" yelled Lee as everybody started cheering again.

Lillian started laughing, "Well let's hope this isn't the last time it happens."

George faked a tear coming out of his eye, "Fred, a girl of our own blood."

Fred patted him on the shoulder and said, "We'll have to teach her everything we know."

"Well I'm glad you all approve but I really got to go and have a bath," she said looking at everybody.

Everybody cheered once more as she went towards the stairs to her dorm and many people patted her on the back as she went. She didn't notice Hermione following her. She reached her room and collapsed on her bed laughing.

"I hope you're happy, you should be ashamed of what you did Lillian Mary Austin."

"Oh lighten up Hermione it was all in good fun."

"Fun or not, you lied to a teacher and physically assaulted a student!"

Lillian sighed, "Hermione you have got to pull yourself out of the world of books and rules and live life a little."

Hermione who was about to scold her more stopped and looked at her strangely. "Oh well I hope you at least thanked that Potter for saving your skin."

Lillian stopped grinning immediately. "Yeah I did," she said, "and I don't know why in Merlin's name did I go and hug him," she muttered under her breath.

"What did you say?" asked Hermione.

"Nothing, nothing, I said I'm going for a shower."

"Well come out fast, we got charms in an hour."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Almost two months had passed since Harry had come to Hogwarts and he had settled down quite comfortably in the castle. He also hadn't spoken to Lillian since she had hugged him and ran which bugged him to no end.

"Hey Harry come on, let's go, the feast will be starting soon," said Blaise walking out of the room.

It was Halloween and the 10th death anniversary of Harry's parents.

"You go on ahead Blaise, I'll catch up later."

"You sure?"

"Yeah I'm sure," Harry said looking out of the window.

"Alright then you better hurry up cause the food is supposed to be delicious, even better than the welcoming feasts."

"Yeah cool I'll be there," he muttered having no intention of going to the feast. Blaise nodded and left the room.

Harry sighed and looked at the moon's reflection on the lake. There were a few bats hanging on the trees and he could see a few of the giant squid's tentacles.

"I miss you mum, dad," he whispered "wish you were here."

He sat on the window sill for another fifteen minutes listening to the frogs croak and watched the bats and owls fly out to hunt before jumping out and deciding to go for a walk in the dungeons.

He walked out of the common room and headed in any random direction. He was so deeply immersed in his thoughts that he didn't see someone walking towards him who didn't see him either. They banged into each other and fell on the floor.

"Watch it you idiot!" came a familiar voice.

"You watch it," said Harry rubbing his forehead and looked ahead to see who it was.

"Oh, Hey freckles."

"What have I told you about calling me that word!" she said angrily.

"You told me not to call you that word," he said smirking.

She took a step closer to him and said, "So why are you still calling me that name?"

"Because you don't like it," he said.

She growled at him and was about to retort, but Harry quickly cut in and said, "Why are you not at the feast?"

She stopped and looked at him and replied, "I didn't feel like going."

He raised his eyebrows at that and she elaborated further, "My mum died today," she said quietly.

"Oh..., sorry about that," he said.

"So what about you? Why aren't you at the feast?"

Harry laughed, "Same reason except both my mum and dad died today at the hands of that son of a bitch."

Lillian didn't say anything but sat on the floor. "Sit down; we don't have anything else better to do."

Harry shrugged and sat opposite her leaning on the wall.

"Cookie?" she asked him pulling out a packet.

"No thanks, I'm good."

"Suit yourself," she said and began to eat.

"Why'd you hug me that day?" he asked her suddenly.

Lillian blushed, "I really don't know. It felt like the right thing to do at that moment."

Harry just sighed and stared at the ceiling. "Do you miss her..., your mother?"

"Yeah, I do but I don't even remember her so that makes it less painful, though I still look at her photographs once in a while," she said munching on her cookies.

"I don't even know how my parents looked," Harry said. "I've never seen any photograph of them."

"What! How come? Didn't your aunt ever show you any?" she said looking appalled.

Harry laughed bitterly, "Her? She hates me, no point in asking for a photo of my mum and dad in their house. I didn't even know their names until McGonagall told me."

Lillian didn't say anything but let him continue talking. She knew he needed to talk about it to somebody. "I wish I had a photo or something to remember them with."

"Your father was a chaser in Gryffindor," she said suddenly "and your mother had gotten an award for being a prodigy in charms before she left Hogwarts."

"Really! How do you know that?" he asked her surprised at that information.

"Well, your dad has name written on one of the Quidditch trophies and your mum has a trophy too in the charms section with all the details written next to it. I saw them when you challenged Ron to a fake duel," she said grinning.

Harry laughed, "Oh yeah, so you actually went with him?"

"Yeah, wanted to check out the castle at night."

"So what happened, I mean Filch was supposed to be there but Weasley comes the next day yelling about me trying to kill him with three headed dogs," Harry said.

"Oh, he actually told you that!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, so now tell me what happened?"

"Well we went to the trophy room eagerly waiting for you to arrive but only you weren't there but Filch was! So we ran for it, we meaning me, Ron and Hermione."

"Granger was there too?" Harry asked surprised.

"Yeah, don't interrupt me. Anyway so we ran for it but came to a dead end with a locked door. So Hermione unlocks the door with some spell and we go in waiting for Filch to go away.

While I was busy trying to hear if Filch had gone or not Ron kept tugging at my shirt annoyingly and when I turned around I saw this huge three headed dog staring at us with drool dripping from its mouth looking ready to eat us up! We immediately fled from that room choosing Filch over death and ran non stop back to our common room where we finally stopped and discussed about what we had just seen!"

Harry stared at her mouth opened. "So the dog was real!"

"Yeah it was."

"What on earth was it doing there?"

"I have no idea but it was standing on a trap door and the door was on the third floor corridor."

"The corridor Dumbledore said was out of bounds!" Harry said realizing why it was out of bounds.

"You think it was guarding something?"

"Yeah that's what I thought. I think I'll go and ask Hagrid about it later," she said more to herself.

"Who's Hagrid?" he asked her.

"Oh, he's the game keeper, lives in the grounds in a hut. I meet him in my first week here; he's a really nice guy."

"Ok, you do that. Well I think I better go the feast I about to get over and people will have a fit if they see a Slytherin and a Gryffindor sitting next to each other," he said standing up and holding his hand out to her. She took it and jumped up.

"Well see you later then," he said looking at her.

She didn't reply but had a terrified expression on her face. "Hello? I just said bye to you," he said shaking his hand in front of her face.

She still didn't say anything but pointed shakily behind him. "What?" he asked again.

"L-look b-be-hind you," she stuttered.

"Huh," he said turning around. His eyes widened as he saw the largest and ugliest beast he had ever seen holding a club in its thick hands.

"What the hell!" he yelled as it raised its club ready to strike.

"DUCK!" he yelled and grabbed Lillian and pulled her to the floor as it swung the club smashing it against the wall causing a few cracks to form.

The beast roared as it raised its club again. "COME ON RUN!" he yelled pulling her up and running away from it.

They ran hard until they came to a dead end, "Shit," Harry cursed.

"Shit is right!" said Lillian in panic, "this is just like last time only there's no Filch but a bloody troll!"

They tried to back out but were trapped as the troll came in blocking the exit.

Harry took out his wand and tried to think of a spell to hit it with but nothing came to his head. Both he and Lillian backed up against the wall, their eyes darting around trying to look for an escape.

The troll swung its club sideways but this time towards Lillian.

"Austin! Move!" Harry yelled but she was frozen in her place. Swearing he ran and pushed her out of the way but got hit hard in the process and was smashed into the wall. His back and ribs exploded in pain as he crumpled on the floor.

"HARRY!" Lillian yelled.

Harry opened his eyes and saw the troll moving to hit him again; he knew if it hit him again he was going to be crushed.

"HARRY!" screamed Lillian again.

Suddenly time seemed to slow down, the pain in his body seemed to be diminishing and he began to hear lots of whispers around him.

He was confused, what was going on! All the voices were whispering something similar but couldn't make out what it was.

He saw his wand lying next to him and he picked it up to defend himself from whatever was making this happen but as soon as he touched his wand he understood what the whispering was and he understood what it were trying to tell him!

Everything seemed to go back to its normal speed. He saw the troll swing the club over its head ready to strike... he saw Lillian screaming at him to get out of the way and he felt the pain in his

body returning, but he just raised his wand confidently and yelled "eradico pectus!"

A yellowish green light burst out of his wand and hit the troll straight in the chest blasting it back. It fell on the floor hard and didn't move again.

Lillian got up shaking and ran to Harry, "Is it dead?" she asked him.

Harry felt the world and everything in it begin to spin. He tried to move but the pain was too much.

"Are you alright Harry?" asked Lillian looking concerned.

"Huh," was all Harry said before losing consciousness.

"Harry!" yelled Lillian panicking, "Harry wake up! Harry!"

Suddenly she heard people running towards them. Thinking surprisingly fast, she quickly put Harry's wand inside her pocket and pulled out her own and dropped it near him knowing the significance of Harry's wand and what could happen if anyone found out what it was.

The headmaster, professor McGonagall, professor Snape and professor Quirrell came running into the corridor.

All four stopped dead in their tracks when they saw the sight in front of them. The troll was lying face down on the floor; the wall was broken in several places and Lillian Austin was kneeling next to an unconscious Harry trying to get him to wake.

Professor Dumbledore was the first to get into action; he pulled out his wand and started waving it over Harry. "What happened? Ms. Austin," he asked her gently.

Lillian forced herself to calm down and then looked at the headmaster in the eye.

"Harry and I were talking in the dungeons and suddenly this troll shows up!" she started shakily, "it tried to hit us but we dodged and ran until we came to a dead end. It then tried to hit me but Harry pushed me out of the way and he got hit in the process."

Professor McGonagall gasped.

"He then picked up his wand and fired some weird yellow looking spell at it which blasted the troll back. Harry then collapsed and then you showed up and now he won't wake up," she said with tears in her eyes.

Professor McGonagall put her hand on her shoulder and told her not to cry and it was going to be okay.

Meanwhile Snape was checking out the troll, he looked up and beckoned the headmaster over. "What is it Severus?"

"The troll is dead, its heart has been completely destroyed, how I do not know," he said looking grim.

"You think young Harry did that?" asked Dumbledore.

"I told you I don't know. But first we must take the children to the hospital wing," said Snape.

"You're right," he said turning back to McGonagall, "Professor please take the children to Madam Pomfrey. Ms Austin, Harry is fine. He just has a few broken ribs."

Both Lillian and McGonagall nodded. Professor McGonagall conjured a stretcher and levitated Harry into it and took him to the hospital wing with Lillian beside her.

"I'll be expecting you in my office Severus," said Dumbledore looking at Snape. Snape just nodded and the headmaster walked away.

Once everyone was gone Snape walked towards Quirrell, grabbed his shirt and slammed him into the wall, "I know you did this Quirrell, you better stay away from that corridor or you will regret it," he hissed.

"I-I d-d-don't know w-w-ha-what you're t-t-talking about S-Severus."

Snape just let go of his shirt and walked away.

But just before he was out of sight he heard Quirrell calling him. "And Severus, you better get that leg of yours checked, its bleeding rather badly," he said without a hint of stutter in his voice.

Snape didn't say anything but turned into the next corridor and made his way to the headmaster's office.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

Harry and Lillian's elemental powers will not come into play until next year.

I might refer to Lillian as Mary sometimes as that's what she likes her friends to call her. Also remember that she is NOT a red head!

Cheers Raul.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Chapter 7 – Christmas, Nicolas Flamel and the Mirror of Erised

It was 8.00 am in the morning when Harry woke. He got up bleary eyed and went to Blaise's bed to wake him up too but found it empty.

"Oh yeah, he's gone back home for Christmas," he muttered "Hurray for him."

He then went down to the common room and found it completely empty. Every single Slytherin had gone home for Christmas except for him.

He walked idly around the common room wondering what to do, that is until he saw a small pile of presents addressed to him.

"Hey! I got presents!" he said surprised, "Who on earth would send me presents?" he wondered.

He picked up the first and saw it was given by Blaise. He ripped open the covering and saw it was a book that read, 'Transfiguration and Defense for the talented'. "Wow Blaise," he said in awe opening the book and reading the contents.

He then proceeded to open the rest of the presents. The Dursley's had sent him a tissue paper, though he didn't know how and Draco had sent him a box of chocolate frogs.

There was another relatively large box sent by Lillian. "Huh that's a big gift." He removed the covering and opened the box.

BANG!

Something shot out of the box and hit him hard in the eye. "Ouch!" he yelped and fell behind. He then cautiously looked at the box from a little distance and saw a punching glove hanging out of it with a note pinned to it.

"That... that bitch!" he hissed in outrage. He pulled the note from the glove and began to read.

Hey Potter,

Merry Christmas! Hope you like my present! There's a box of chocolates inside for you.

Cheers!

MaRy

Harry was furious, "That good for nothing bitch, she's gonna pay for that. Well I hope she likes my present too and I sure as hell am not going to eat those chocolates, she might have poisoned them."

He was about to go back to his room to change when he noticed another package below the other boxes. He frowned and picked it up and opened it.

A red cloak with silver linings fell out. He picked it up and gasped in awe. It felt like water and the fabric was amazingly smooth. He spread the cloak and a note fell out.

"Your father left this with me before he died, use it well," he read it out loud. "Hmmm wonder what that means."

He tried the cloak on and went to the nearest mirror to see how it looked on him. He looked into the mirror and let out a strangled yell.

"What the hell? My body is missing!" he gasped and threw the cloak down. He looked back at the mirror and sighed in relief when he saw himself intact but now sporting a black eye.

He looked at the cloak curiously and picked it up and covered himself completely and looked in the mirror only to find he wasn't there! He removed and put on the cloak at least ten times before collapsing in one of the chair.

"Wow," he said to himself, "It's a bloody cloak which can make me invisible!... Awesome!" he said, his face breaking out into a wide grin thinking about the amount of sneaking he could do with that cloak.

He broke out laughing, gathered his gifts together and went to his room to change and head to the great hall for breakfast.

Gryffindor common room

"Hey Hermione, Mary," yelled Ron, "Get down here we got presents!"

"Coming!" yelled back Lillian and came bounding down the stairs pulling Hermione along with her.

She squealed when she saw her pile of presents and immediately began ripping them open. "Come on Hermione, stop acting like a stuck up and open your presents!"

Hermione huffed and began to open her presents using her wand to remove the wrappers neatly.

"Oh for heavens sake Hermione, just rip them open!" said Ron pulling her wand from her hand and ripped the covering of her box.

"Thanks a lot Ronald," she said gritting her teeth but smiled nonetheless.

After a few minutes of ripping and laughing and squealing, there were piles of chocolates, books and clothes lying around.

"Hey Mary, you got one more," said Hermione throwing her a box.

"Huh, it's from Potter," she said surprised.

"Why would Potter be sending you Christmas presents?" sneered Ron.

"I sent him one too," she said with an evil smirk.

"And you should have sent him something nice! Not a punching jack in the box," said Hermione glaring at her.

"Hey! I put some chocolates too! You know," she said indignantly.

"Which will ensure he stays in the bathroom for the rest of the day," said Hermione dryly.

Lillian laughed, "Oh yeah, I forgot."

Ron sniggered, "Nice one Mary."

"Thanks!" she said brightly.

"Open his present already, unlike you he might have sent something nice!" said Hermione looking annoyed at their antics.

Lillian rolled her eyes but opened the box anyway. Ron leaned over her to look into the box while Hermione just sat far from them in one of the armchairs.

POOFFFF!

Brownish black smoke came billowing out of the box.

Both Lillian and Ron started coughing uncontrollably. Ron swore loudly. "What the hell is this shit!" coughed Lillian.

"I don't know," coughed back Ron.

Once the smoke had cleared Hermione came over to them looking concerned.

"You two smell horrible!" she said wrinkling her nose.

Ron eyes widened in horror.

"What is it?" asked Lillian.

"Those... those were self igniting dung bombs," he said sniffing his arm and nearly puked. "And the smell wouldn't go away for 6 hours!"

"What?" screeched Lillian. "That good for nothing idiotic brainless moronic GIT! I am going to kill him! Oh god I stink!"

Hermione then started laughing like there was no tomorrow. "Oh this is priceless," she said wiping tears from her eyes, "both of you really think alike."

"Oh shut up Hermione Granger or I am going to hug you," Lillian said looking peeved.

That shut Hermione up real quick. "Well we better go and change and head down for breakfast."

"What!" wailed Ron, "I'm supposed to go down smelling like shit!" Lillian nodded in agreement.

"You can't help it, now better be a Gryffindor and change and let's go to the great hall," she said firmly.

They grumbled but went to change nonetheless. A few minutes later they were on their way to the great hall.

"So Hermione, did you find anything on Nicolas Flamel?" asked Lillian.

"No, not a thing, I've tried every book listing famous wizards in the past hundred years but found nothing on him."

"Maybe he's not famous," said Lillian.

"Maybe not, but Hagrid said he was good friends with Dumbledore so his name should be mentioned somewhere," she said looking frustrated.

Flashback

"Hey Hagrid!" said Lillian cheerfully.

"Oh hello there Mary, what brings you down here and who're your friends?"

"Oh this is Ron and Hermione," she said pointing at them.

"You're a Weasley aren't ya?"

"How'd you know?" asked Ron looking perplexed.

"I'd recognize the hair anywhere, besides I've sent half me time chasing your twin brothers from the forest," he said chuckling. "So what do you need?"

"Oh nothing just came down to have a chat with you that's all," Lillian said quickly before Ron opened his mouth and blurted out something.

"Well that's nice off you," he said removing a kettle from the fire, "Tea anyone?"

"Yes please, thank you," all three said together.

They sat silently for a while before Hermione said, "Say Hagrid, do you know any three headed dogs living in the castle?"

"What? How'd you find out about fluffy?" he asked surprised.

"Oh we saw it in the castle and it tried to eat us!" exclaimed Ron.

"Oh don't be daft, Fluffy's harmless."

"Well do you know what it's guarding Hagrid?" asked Lillian bluntly.

Hagrid coughed and spluttered, "How... how do you know it's guarding something!"

"We guessed," said Hermione quickly, "Now tell us what's it guarding?"

"I can't, it's a secret. So how's Hogwarts treating ya," he said trying to change the topic.

"Oh come on Hagrid! Please tell us! We promise we won't tell anyone," said Lillian giving a puppy dog look.

"No I can't, whatever fluffy is guarding is between Professor Dumbledore and Nicolas Flamel," he said firmly.

"Oh so there is a Nicolas Flamel involved huh," said Lillian looking gleeful.

"I shouldn't hav' told you that," he muttered, "Oye where you three going!"

"We're going to research on Nicolas Flamel! See you later Hagrid!" shouted Lillian and they ran back to the castle.

End flashback.

"Or maybe we aren't looking hard enough," Lillian murmured, "What do you think Ron?"

"Huh, err yeah whatever you say Mary," he said hastily not really paying attention.

"Well we'll look through more books later," Hermione said sighing.

"Yeah sure, more books," said Lillian unenthusiastically.

Hermione just rolled her eyes, "I hope you two stop stinking soon, it's really getting irritating."

Lillian face darkened and she balled her hand into a fist and hit the other, "If I see that Potter now he is going to get it from me," she said furiously as they entered the great hall.

At the same time Harry entered from the other end and saw Lillian and group entering the hall. He smirked and walked in her direction. There were a few Ravenclaw's and Hufflepuff present in the hall and no teachers had come yet.

"Oh look there he is," said Hermione pointing at Harry. Lillian looked up immediately then looked at Ron and Hermione and said, "You two go ahead I'll just come in a few minutes."

"Don't do anything stupid Mary," warned Hermione.

"Of course not Hermione," she said but held her wand inside her pocket and walked towards him.

"Hey Potter, your face is looking different today," she said smirking, "Did you try the chocolates?"

Harry forced himself to smile but inside he was seething, "So she did do something to the chocolates," he thought. He clenched his wand tightly in his pocket and said wrinkling his nose, "Hey Freckles, you seem to have tried a different perfume today have you? It sure does suit you."

Lillian clenched her teeth in anger, "Haven't I told you not to call me that!" she said trying hard not to lose her temper.

Harry just scratched his hair and said looking thoughtful, "You might have mentioned it once or twice, I don't remember though and what is that smell! It's horrible," he said covering his nose and making a face.

He smirked when he saw how angry and irritated she looked.

"That's it," she said suddenly looking calm and composed.

"That's it? What you mean? You going to kill me or something?" he said casually.

"No, but I am going to do this," she said and punched him hard in his stomach.

That was totally unexpected and he never expected her to react like that. His eyes widened in surprise and pain, and he sank to the ground holding his stomach.

Lillian smirked victoriously putting her hands on her hips and looked down at him.

Lillian certainly didn't expect Harry to punch her back. If it were any other girl Harry wouldn't have hurt her but seeing as this was Lillian he made a fist and punched her straight on the jaw.

Lillian's head snapped back and an ugly bruise began to form on her chin.

Both didn't hear Hermione's yells and didn't notice Ron running out of the hall.

She jumped back up and growled, "You bastard! Tarantallerga!"

Harry's legs immediately started dancing uncontrollably. He pointed his wand at her carefully and yelled, "Furnunculus!" and at the same time she yelled "Densaugeo!"

Both spells rocketed past each other and hit the intended targets. Immediately boils started forming and breaking all over Lillian's body and Harry's front teeth began to grow uncontrollably.

"Scabious!" he shouted and immediately Lillian dropped her wand and started itching herself furiously.

Harry smiled viciously ignoring his growing front tooth and yelled "pelloripsum," sending the punching hex right into her gut.

Lillian went down with a groan. There were boils bursting all over her, she was itching herself like crazy and she felt the air rush out of her body when the punching hex hit her.

Harry raised his wand to curse her again when someone yelled rather loudly, "WHAT IN MERLINS NAME IS GOING ON HERE!"

"Finite Incantatum," said someone else. The boils on Lillian stopped bursting and the itch vanished while Harry's legs stopped dancing and his teeth too stopped growing.

It was Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall and she looked angrier than Harry had ever seen her.

"Will somebody please explain to me what is going on here?" she said, her voice deadly soft.

"I think we should take them to the hospital wing first, Minerva and then bring them to your office," said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling in amusement.

McGonagall glared at him but nodded. "You two follow me," she said looking at Ron and Hermione. "And you two, do not expect me to levitate you so get up and move towards the hospital wing," she said sharply.

Immediately Harry and Lillian shot up, Lillian rather painfully.

In the hospital wing Madam Pomfrey was muttering about irresponsible and rash children while Harry and Lillian were sitting on the bed with their backs faced to each other.

Outside McGonagall stood in front of Ron and Hermione, "Now please explain to me how did those two end up cursing each other?"

"Well professor," Ron began "We were calmly walking into the great hall when Potter comes out of no where and starts cursing Mary.

Mary was forced to retaliate and then I ran to get you," he said looking pleased with himself.

McGonagall looked at him in disbelief and Hermione just looked shocked. "Is that what happened Miss. Granger?"

"I... yes... I mean no, professor," she stammered.

"Then what did happen," she said glaring at Ron.

Hermione then told her about the Christmas present Harry and Lillian had sent each other. How she swore to get back at him and who exactly started the fight.

After Hermione was done McGonagall didn't say anything but took out a piece of paper and wrote something on it.

She then looked at Ron and said, "Mr. Weasley I would appreciate it if you took a bath." Ron blushed and muttering something about Potter and dung bombs.

"Take this note to Filch Mr. Weasley. You are to serve detention with him now," she said.

"What! Why?" he exclaimed.

"For trying to get a fellow student into trouble and not telling the complete truth, now go," she said angrily. "And Miss. Granger, get back to your common room."

"Yes ma'am," Hermione said and ran back to the common room while Ron went looking for Filch.

McGonagall sighed and went back into the hospital wing. "Are you done Poppy?"

"Of course, you can take them to the headmaster now Minerva."

Harry and Lillian exchanged nervous glances and followed McGonagall out.

McGonagall led them to her office and ushered them in. It was a rather plain office with a single table and loads of paper scattered

everywhere. There was a dark green cupboard at one corner, which too looked like it was overloaded with assignments and tests. There was a door beside it, which Harry assumed was her bedroom.

"Ah Mr. Potter, Miss. Austin, please do take a seat," said Professor Dumbledore conjuring two chairs out of the thin air.

They went and sat in the chairs in front of McGonagall's table. Harry looked around and saw Professor Snape standing near him and Professor McGonagall near Lillian. He gulped when he saw the look in Snape's eyes.

Dumbledore opened his mouth to say something but Lillian broke in, "It's all Potter's fault sir. I'm innocent!"

Harry gasped, "She's lying professor! She started it!"

"That is quite enough, the both of you," Snape said softly and they shut up immediately.

"Professor McGonagall, would you kindly tell us what you learned from Miss. Granger?" Dumbledore asked her.

She nodded and relayed the entire incident from the Christmas gifts to the duel and who started it.

Dumbledore didn't say anything but frowned and interlocked his fingers.

"Clearly my student is innocent in this matter," said Professor Snape "He only acted in self defense."

"Really Severus, he didn't have to curse her for a punch," McGonagall said defending Lillian.

"I punched her back then cursed her professor," Harry said sullenly.

"You could have gone and told a Professor!" she said sternly.

Harry snorted. "And look like a weakling in front of her and two dumb Gryffindor's?"

McGonagall spluttered at the blatant disrespect while Snape grinned, his opinion of Harry changing for better.

"This does not change the fact that both of you dueled in the great hall and you know that dueling is strictly prohibited in Hogwarts," said Dumbledore.

"So as punishment I will be taking 50 points from Gryffindor and a detention for starting the fight and 20 points from Slytherin for retaliating when he could have gone to a professor."

"That's so not fair," mumbled Lillian.

"I am not done Ms. Austin," he said, the twinkle in his eyes at full blast now "You two will also be locked in a room together prepared by me for the rest of the Christmas vacation."

"NO!" they both said together in horror. Even Snape and McGonagall looked surprised.

"Yes," he said. "Professor McGonagall, Ms. Austin is weak in transfiguration is she not?" he asked her.

"That is correct headmaster," she said, the sides of her lips twitching as she realized what the headmaster was planning.

"Very well, Mr. Potter you will be teaching Ms. Austin the subject until your punishment is over. Your food will be delivered to you inside the room and you will be allowed to leave your rooms for two hours everyday. It is up to you when you wish to leave. Both of you will have separate bedrooms to sleep naturally but will have to bear each others company for the rest of the day," he said.

"No! Professor you can't do that!" cried Harry. "She'll kill me in my sleep! She's a monster!"

"Oh don't be ridiculous Potter," snapped McGonagall "She won't do anything to you, will she?" she said looking at Lillian.

"Oh I don't know professor accidents do happen," she said under her breath.

"SEE! She's already planning my horrific death!" he yelled.

"That's quite enough Ms. Austin, Mr. Potter," said McGonagall getting irritated.

Both of them became quiet and settled for a glaring contest.

"Err... Professor, will my friends be allowed to visit me?" Lillian asked accepting her fate.

"Yes Ms. Austin, for half an hour every day," said Dumbledore.

"Thank god for that," she said relieved.

"Alright, if you'd follow me, I'll take you to your new living quarters," he said standing and moving out of his office.

He led them towards the staff room and into an abandoned classroom. He pulled out his wand and began transforming the room.

After about five minutes, a dirty classroom had been transformed into a room having four comfortable chairs along with a dining table and a fireplace. There was a study table in one corner and two separate rooms plus a single bathroom. It was well lit and was quite comfortable and cozy.

"This Ms. Austin, Mr. Potter will be your new rooms for the next seven days, until everybody returns. Your trunks and other belongings are already in your respective bedrooms, you can go and inspect your rooms if you wish," Dumbledore said.

They both nodded and headed towards the same door. Harry caught the handle before she did and her hand scraped his. He raised his eyebrows at her and she huffed and moved to the other room and went in.

Dumbledore chuckled. "What's so funny Albus?" McGonagall asked.

Dumbledore didn't say anything but began to count, "Five, four, three, two."

And on cue the doors opened and they both walked out, Harry red in the face. As he passed by her he muttered, "Ugly pink panties."

Lillian turned bright red and hissed furiously, "You opened my trunk!"

"How was I supposed to know it was yours!" he hissed back.

"My name was written on it!"

"Well I didn't see it!"

"I hope the rooms are fine children," Dumbledore interrupted trying not to chuckle.

"Yes sir, they're fine," Harry muttered.

"Fine my arse," Lillian said looking furious.

"Ok then, we shall take our leave while you two get comfortable. If you need anything just press that blue button on the wall. Tomorrow at 10 in the morning Professor McGonagall will come to supervise Mr. Potter teaching Ms. Austin. Have a good day," he said and walked out of the room, Professor Snape following him out.

"Professor McGonagall, will you inform my friends where to find me?" Lillian asked her.

"Yes of course," she said and went out shutting the door behind her.

A minute after the Professors left, Harry jumped up and tried to open the door only to find it locked.

"Damn, they actually locked the door."

"Of course you fool, it wouldn't be much of a punishment if it weren't," she said sinking into one of the chairs.

"This isn't punishment, this is torture," he said dropping himself into another chair opposite her.

"And it is all your fault," he added accusingly.

"My fault!" she exclaimed, "You're the one who sent me the dung bomb!"

"And you didn't send me anything did you?" he said sarcastically,
"And you didn't punch me first at all!"

Lillian didn't say anything but just stared at the fireplace.

"You really wear pink underwear?" Harry asked sniggering.

"SHUT UP!" she yelled throwing a pillow at him turning red.

Gryffindor common room, 12.30 pm

Professor McGonagall entered the common room looking around for Ron and Hermione and found them sitting in front of the fire place with books around them.

She walked over to them and greeted them, "Mr. Weasley, Miss. Granger."

"Oh, hello Professor," Hermione said quickly shutting the book she was reading, "What happened to Mary?"

"She is serving her punishment with Mr. Potter for the rest of the vacation."

"What punishment did she get?" Hermione asked fearfully.

McGonagall smiled, "Oh nothing much, just that she'll be staying with Potter for the rest of the Christmas holidays and he will be tutoring her in transfiguration and defense."

Both Ron and Hermione had horrified looks on their faces.

"She has to stay in a room with that... with that Slytherin!" said Ron shocked.

"Yes, Mr. Weasley it's the headmaster's decision."

"Can we go and see her?" Hermione asked.

"Yes you may, between 4.00 to 5.00 pm for 30 minutes only. The room is next to the staffroom and the password is Peace, have a good day," she said left.

"Blimey, poor Mary," Ron said looking at Hermione.

"Well she does deserve it, more than him."

"Deserve it! Hermione, she punched a Slytherin who sent her dung bombs. Why would she deserve it?"

"She deserves it Ron, because she punched him first and she'd also sent him a gift equally bad as the one he sent her."

"He's a Slytherin Hermione. And Slytherin's deserve nothing better than what she did to him."

"You are a prejudiced, narrow minded idiot Ronald. Now get back and read those books I gave you. We should have a little good news for Mary when we go and meet her."

"Yeah, yeah," he grumbled and picked up a book and started flicking through it.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Later that day, both Lillian and Harry were sitting in their make shift common room. Harry was reading the book Blaise sent him and Lillian was eating some chocolates and writing in her diary.

She kept scribbling in her diary and occasionally stared out of the window. After a while she closed her diary started drumming her fingers on the table. She kept shifting her position on the chair and glared at Harry from time to time.

Harry for his part didn't even move. He was completely engrossed in his book and didn't even notice her making noises and glaring at him.

"This is so boring," she said. Harry just nodded.

"Aren't you bored?" Harry didn't respond.

"I'm talking to you, you know," she said getting irritated. Harry still didn't respond.

She picked up a piece of chocolate and chucked it at him but he just raised his hands and stopped it in mid air and moved it back to its box.

"How he gets on my nerves," she muttered under her breath. She then got up and moved next to him.

"POTTER!" she yelled in his ear.

This time he did respond, he dropped his book and fell out of his chair.

"What the hell do you want!" he said angrily, rubbing his ear.

"Nothing," she said smugly and went back to her chair.

Harry just growled in annoyance, picked his book up and muttered, "Bitch," under his breath but she heard it.

"What did you call me?" she said, her voice low and menacing.

He didn't bother replying again.

"I asked you a question Potter."

Still no response.

"Four eyes, scarhead, green eyed freak, slimy Slytherin, scumbag," she said trying to get him to react but he still didn't do or say anything except turn the page of his book.

She then picked up the jar of water and was going to throw it at him when it was suddenly jerked out of her hand and she was levitated into the air.

"Put me down Potter!" she screamed, "Put me down you slime ball!"

But Harry just moved her to the entrance of the bathroom with his wand, lifted his other hand and opened the door and dropped her inside. He then shut the door and murmured a locking charm.

Lillian started banging the door and screaming, "Let me out you jerk! Let me out or your going to pay!"

Harry just smiled and continued reading his book calmly like nothing had happened at all.

After five minutes of shouting and banging she started pleading, "Potter, I'm sorry! I won't bug you I promise!"

"Harry please, open the door!" she tried, saying his first name but to no avail. Inside she had a mug of water ready in her hand if he did open the door.

Suddenly the door to their room opened and in walked Ron and Hermione.

"Oh, it's you two," he said looking up from his book.

"Yes it's us," Hermione said rather coldly while Ron just sneered at him. "Where's Mary?"

"Bathroom," he grunted.

Lillian started banging the door again, "Harry, please let me out! I swear I'll leave you alone" she begged.

"You locked her in!" yelled Hermione shocked.

"She was irritating me," he said looking back at his book and turning the page casually.

"You bastard! How dare you lock her in, who the hell do you think you are!" yelled Ron.

"Shut your dirty mouth Weasley, why don't you unlock the door and ask her why I did it."

Hermione pulled out her wand and said, "Alohomora," pointing her wand at the lock but nothing happened. She frowned and tried again but it didn't unlock.

"You used a different locking charm didn't you?" she asked curiously.

Harry smiled and said, "Yep."

"Well unlock the damn door then you slimy shit!" Ron said sneering.

"You watch your tongue Weasel or it just might vanish one of these days," he said but pointed his wand at the lock and murmured, "Patefacio."

The lock clicked open and Ron yanked the door open.

SPLASH!

Ron was drenched and dripping water all over the floor.

"Ron!" yelled Lillian, "Shit, I'm so, so sorry I thought it was him," she said jerking her head towards Harry who was leaning back into his chair smirking.

"N-no it's alright," he said shivering.

"Need a drying charm Weasley," drawled Harry.

"Not from you," he spat, "Hermione a drying charm please," he said looking at her.

"I don't know one," she said looking at Harry incredulously. She couldn't believe that he knew more spells than her.

"Oh come on lets go to the study," Lillian said impatiently pulling the two of them. "Please tell me you found out something, I've been dying of boredom in here."

Hermione sighed, "We, I mean, I couldn't find anything while Ron here was no help at all."

"Awesome, now what do we do?"

"I thought you could, you know ask him," Hermione said.

"Are you crazy Hermione, for all we know he might be trying to steal it!" hissed Ron.

Lillian rolled her eyes, "He didn't even know about the dog Ron. I'm sure he isn't trying to steal whatever is down there."

"What you mean he didn't know? Does he know now?" Hermione asked.

"Err... yeah, the night of the troll incident we were chatting and I told him what happened," she said running her hands through her hair.

"Why would you do that?" Hermione hissed.

"We were talking alright! And it was his parent's death anniversary! He was looking miserable!"

There was silence for a while.

"So how is it living with a Slytherin Mary?" Ron asked her.

"Yeah and why did he lock you in the bathroom!" demanded Hermione.

She blushed, "Oh yeah, about that. It was kinda my fault."

Hermione raised her eyebrow demanding a further explanation.

"I was kind of irritating him, throwing stuff at him and yelling at him because I was bored and he wasn't responding. So I got pissed and was about to throw that water jug on him when he suddenly levitated me and locked me in the bathroom," she said sheepishly.

"He levitated you? With what spell?"

"Don't know and don't care."

"Dirty Slytherin," muttered Ron.

"Honestly Ron, you utter another word about Slytherin's and I'm going to seal your mouth," snapped Hermione said, quite irritated with his rants about Slytherin's.

"Anyway, we got to go now," Hermione said looking at the clock.

"What! So soon?"

"Yeah, sorry Mary but our half hour is up. If we don't go now we won't be allowed to visit."

Lillian sighed, "Yeah, see you later then."

"And don't forget to ask him about Nicolas Flamel," whispered Hermione.

"Yeah sure," Lillian said unenthusiastically.

"See you later Mary," said Ron walking out of the room.

"Bye Ron, Hermione," she said and shut the door.

She then went back and sat in the chair next to the fire place staring at the fire burning and crackling merrily.

"Hey Harry," she said suddenly.

"What is it now?"

"What do you know about Nicolas Flamel?" she asked holding her breath in anticipation.

"Why do you want to know about him?" he asked curiously.

"Just answer the damn question."

"Not until you tell me why."

"But you know who he is right?" she asked annoyed.

"Yeah I do, now why do you want to know?"

She closed her eyes for a moment and debated whether she should tell him or not.

"You remember the dog I told you about."

"Yeah," he said wondering where this was going to go.

"I also said it was guarding something."

"And you found out what it was guarding," Harry asked skeptically.

"No, of course not, but we found out it is guarding something that belongs to a Nicolas Flamel."

"Really?"

"Yeah, Hagrid let it slip. He said whatever the dog was guarding was between Dumbledore and Nicolas Flamel."

Harry didn't say anything but was lost in his thoughts. Nicolas Flamel is known for making the philosopher's stone, he thought. So if the dog is guarding something that belongs to him then it has to be the stone.

"Harry! You going to tell me who he is now?" she asked him.

Harry didn't reply but dug his hands deep into his pockets and pulled out a card and gave it to her.

"A chocolate frog card of Dumbledore?" she asked him skeptically.

"Just turn it over and read it," he said.

"Dumbledore is particularly famous for his defeat of the dark wizard Grindelwald in 1945, for the discovery of the twelve uses of dragon's blood and for his work on alchemy with his partner, Nicolas Flamel! That's him. So he's an alchemist, what about it? How is that going to help us to find out what the dog is guarding?" she asked without stopping, the excitement evident in her voice.

"Geez, you don't read at all do you? Nicolas Flamel is the only known maker of the philosopher's stone," he said.

"The philosopher's stone? What's that?" she asked looking confused.

"Man, you really are useless aren't you?" he said cleaning his glasses.

"Will you just tell me?"

"It's a stone which produces the elixir of life which for your information is a potion which grants immortality and it can convert any metal to pure gold."

Silence.

"Wow," she whispered.

"Wow is right and apparently Flamel and his wife are about 600 years old," he said.

"That's just unreal! The guy must look ancient!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, now you mind telling me why did you want to know about the stone?"

"We think someone is trying to steal it," she said bluntly.

"Whoa rewind, what you mean someone is trying to steal it?"

"What I mean is Hermione, Ron and I think someone is trying to steal the stone."

"So what you mean is you, the know it all and the weasel think someone is trying to steal the philosopher's stone, which has been hidden by Dumbledore under his nose without getting caught?" he said slowly.

"Yes that's what I'm saying."

"And who do you think is trying to steal it?" he asked her.

"Your head of house."

Harry stared at her and then started laughing, "And why would you think that!"

Lillian sighed looking annoyed. "Would you stop laughing?"

"Sorry, please do continue," he said still chuckling.

"Do you remember the night the troll attacked us?"

He immediately stopped laughing, "Yeah, what about it?"

"After you passed out, Snape, the headmaster, McGonagall and Quirrell came running to find the troll. But all they found was you passed out and the troll dead and nobody knows how."

"Yes, I know all that, your point?" he said impatiently.

"I noticed Snape's leg was all bloody as if it had been bitten and he was limping, and the only way that could have happened was if he were in the third floor corridor. What I thought was he might have let the troll in as a diversion and tried to steal the stone."

Harry thought over what she had just said and then replied, "I don't think it's Snape who is trying to steal it, if anybody is actually trying to steal the stone."

"Why would you think that?" she asked.

"Because I've seen him with Quirrell, and half the time they're arguing over something. Snape keeps warning him but Quirrell just stammers back his innocence."

"So how does that make Snape innocent, I mean if he's threatening Quirrell then maybe he's trying to get Quirrell to steal the stone for him and how do you know all this?"

"I'm a Slytherin," he said simply, "and whatever Weasley says about Slytherin's being evil, well tell him to stuff his head down the toilet."

The reason I'm saying this is because every time I look at Quirrell my scar starts itching and he always gives me the creeps," he said a shiver running down his spine.

"Oh come on Potter, you've seen the way he is! He stutters half the time and stuffs garlic in his turban!" she said laughing.

"Appearances can be deceiving. If anyone is trying to steal the stone, it's got to be Quirrell and Snape must be trying to stop him."

"Yeah maybe, but whoever is trying to steal the stone, we got to stop him!" she declared.

"Whoa, whoa, slow down there. There is no we, its just you, Weasel and Beaver tooth. No Potter involved, you got that?" he said firmly.

"Well I'll leave you to your plotting. I've got a book to read and dinner to eat. Bye, bye," he said and went and sat on the window with his book in one hand.

Soon dinner appeared on the table and they both ate silently.

It was already night time when they finished, he had sent more than an hour talking to Austin. He sighed and went back to reading his book.

Lillian meanwhile was sitting next to the roaring fire thinking about what Harry had just said. She was so deeply lost in her thoughts that she didn't notice the fire licking her hands as if caressing them lovingly and spreading all around it.

But she did notice the cold December air rushing in through the window chilling her bones up and making her move closer to the fire.

"Potter, close the damn window! The cold air is freezing my bones!" she said.

"What are you talking about? There's a nice wind blowing outside."

"Well I'm feeling cold, so please shut the windows!"

"Fine, fine I'm going to bed anyway. Good night," he said and went to his room, changed and went to sleep almost the second his head hit the pillow. It had been one hell of a Christmas and he was glad it was over.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry was mad, that girl had been in the bathroom for more than half an hour now and he really needed to go fast. Why the hell hadn't Dumbledore provided two bathrooms he thought irritably.

He banged on the bathroom door again, "Freckles, you better come out right now or I'm coming in regardless of your current state of dress!"

"You dare not Potter, I'm sure you don't want to see me naked," she yelled back.

"Damn she's right," he muttered to himself but yelled back nonetheless, "I don't care I'm coming in."

He moved to open the door praying that she was dressed and as he reached out to the handle the door opened and she came out her hair all wet and with a towel in her hand but fully dressed. "Cheez Potter can't you wait for a little while."

"Little while! You were in there for almost 45 minutes!"

"Yeah, yeah and I'm out now so get in and wash yourself, I don't want to have a smelly tutor."

"Shut up," he said annoyed and went into the bathroom banging the door hard.

An hour later both Harry and Lillian were sitting at the table while McGonagall just hovered in the background.

"Alright Austin, transfigure this matchstick into a needle," said Harry removing a matchstick from his pocket.

"Yes sir," she muttered and pulled out her wand and pointed it at the matchstick and muttered it incantation half heartedly.

"Will you do it seriously, I'm not exactly having the time of my life here you know!" he said clenching his teeth. "Now, do it again."

She tried it again and again and again, but the matchstick refused to change into a needle completely.

"Alright stop," he said after fifteen minutes, "What are you thinking when you're trying to transfigure the matchstick?"

"I'm thinking about changing the matchstick into a needle."

"And....?" He asked her.

"And what? That's it what else do I need to think about."

Harry sighed and pinched the front of his nose, "Freckles... I mean Austin," he said hastily after McGonagall and Lillian gave him a nasty glare, "Transfiguration is all about intent, not spell work like the

'know it all' believes. You have to want to change the matchstick into a needle. You have to imagine a needle in your head. It's shape, how it looks, how it feels when you hold it and then say the spell. Think of the matchstick not as a matchstick but a needle. All you're trying to do is change it to its original form."

All this time she listened to him giving her undivided attention and McGonagall was rather impressed by his understanding of transfiguration. Not many students were able to grasp the true meaning of transfiguring an object.

"Now try it," he said to her.

Lillian closed her eyes and did all that he told her to do and then said the incantation. The matchstick slowly changed into silver but was still as brittle as wood. He waved his wand over the matchstick and changed it back into its original form and told her to try again.

After an hour of rigorous practice, Lillian had finally managed to change her matchstick into a needle and was looking pleased with her work.

"Good, tomorrow we'll work on changing it back into a matchstick and then we'll move on to bigger and tougher things," Harry said.

"Excellent work Mr. Potter," McGonagall said looking at him approvingly, "The headmaster will be pleased to know that you two are getting along fine."

"Oh, we aren't getting along at all professor," said Lillian cheerfully, "we just make it a point to stay away from each other."

"Right, that's some improvement I suppose," she said slowly and left the room.

They did nothing for the rest of the day except get thoroughly bored and argue occasionally. Harry was almost done with his book and was practicing a few spells from it while Lillian kept walking around the room making weird noises when she passed Harry. At times she would sit and pretend playing the drums on the table and sometimes she would just stare at the ceiling lost in her thoughts.

"Catch," Harry said suddenly throwing his book at her after he finished it.

"Huh, Ahhh!" she yelped startled to see a big book coming flying at her but managed to catch it.

"What the hell was that for!"

"Read it. Maybe then you'll stop moving around making sounds like a monkey and actually do something useful."

She just gave him a nasty glare, "How I wish I could just wring his neck right now," she muttered under her breath opening the book to see what was so interesting in it that had him so engrossed in it.

Harry on the other hand just went back to his room and came out with another book titled 'The Big Book of Charms'.

"You're gonna read another book!" Lillian exclaimed.

"Yeah, and you're going to read that and not annoy me today or I'll be locking you back in the bathroom," he said. She was going to say something but Harry cut in again, "And you know you can do nothing to stop me."

She looked at him irritably peeved at the fact that she actually couldn't do anything to him. She sighed, tucked a lock of hair behind her ear and turned her back on him and decided to read the damn book, which was named Defense and Offense. She glanced at the clock from time to time wondering when Hermione and Ron would show up. She couldn't wait to tell them all she had found out about Nicolas Flamel, but it was still was just 3.00 pm.

She sighed, folded her legs and began to read.

An hour later Ron and Hermione finally came to visit. "Hermione, Ron!" she squealed and jumped up and hugged Hermione. "Finally, you guys show up!"

"Hey Mary, how you been doing?" asked Hermione smiling.

"It's been utterly, completely and horribly boring."

"Really? I thought Potter had to tutor you and you would have been busy practicing?" said Hermione frowning.

"That was only in the morning, I've done nothing after that."

"Well you should have been revising or at least reading some books," Hermione said looking disapproving.

"Oh shut it Hermione, you're sounding like Potter now. He does nothing but read books all day. Here he gave me this book to read, check it out, I'm sure you'll like it," she said handing the book to Hermione.

"Transfiguration and Defense for the talented," she read out loud. She then checked out the contents and her eyes widened in shock. "Mary! This is almost fourth year level transfiguration! He couldn't be actually doing this stuff!" she said in shock.

"Beats me," Lillian said shrugging, "he's done nothing but read this book and practice some magic since we've been in here.

Anyway I got great news for you two!" she said her eyes glowing.

"What! Did you find out about Flamel?" Ron said finally opening his mouth.

"Yeah, and you won't believe it," she said.

"He knew didn't he?" Hermione asked her.

"Yeah, but I had to tell him why we needed to know and all the other details."

"What! Why would you do that!" spluttered Ron, "He's a bloody Slytherin Mary! And Slytherin's are always up to no good!"

Both Hermione and Mary just ignored him. "And what did he say?" asked Hermione holding her breath in anticipation.

"Fluffy is guarding the philosopher's stone."

Hermione gasped.

"So I guess you know what it is, huh?"

"Will somebody please tell me what this stone thingy is!" Ron said confused, like he always was.

"It's a stone which can produce a liquid which can make a person immortal and can turn any metal into gold," she said looking amazed.

"Wow," whispered Ron, "A stone that can turn anything to gold, anybody would want it," he said to himself, "Just imagine how rich you could get," and he was lost in his own world imagining himself to rich and famous.

Suddenly Ron snapped out of his day dreaming and turned to Hermione and said, "Did you tell her about Hagrid?"

Hermione looked uncomfortable, "I don't think we should make her worry about that considering the situation she is in."

"What! What is it? Tell me Hermione," she demanded.

"Well..... You see, Hagrid err kind of has a baby dragon in his hut," Hermione said.

Lillian just stared at her mouth opened. "He what!" she shrieked.

"Yeah, but don't worry," Ron said trying to look important, "I wrote to my brother Charlie, who works with dragons in Romania. He'll be coming over tonight and take the dragon from Hagrid."

"That's great, but still where did he get the dragon from?"

"Didn't ask, we were too shocked at seeing a dragon coming out of an egg," grunted Ron.

"Ok, well you better tell me what happens tonight when you come here tomorrow, you understand?" she threatened.

"Sure, sure, we'll see you tomorrow then, ciao," Hermione said rolling her eyes.

"See you later then," said Lillian.

Little did Lillian know that the next time she saw her friends would be only until her punishment was done with.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The week had been utterly uneventful except for Ron and Hermione getting caught in the astronomy tower after successfully giving the dragon to Charlie and his friends. They were caught by Filch. Apparently he heard lots of noise coming from the tower and when he went to investigate he found those two standing there doing nothing, that's what he told McGonagall leading her to dock 100 points from Gryffindor and banning them from visiting Lillian.

Harry continued tutoring Lillian and they had progressed up to changing small animals into inanimate objects.

Lillian would continue trying to provoke Harry into a fight to amuse herself but he had grown immune to her taunts and just kept reading his books and kept himself busy practicing the spells in them much to her disappointment.

It was the last day of their confinement and Lillian and Harry were sitting in their tiny common room with the headmaster.

"I hope you two have learned not to jump at each others throats at any given time and I sincerely hope that there will be no more incidents such as this," Dumbledore said looking at them in the eye.

"Yes professor," they mumbled together.

"Good, the whole idea of this punishment was to make you realize that you can get along with each other if you just tried," he said his eyes twinkling in an annoying way.

"You may go back to your respective common rooms now; the train will be arriving anytime now."

"What about our belongings," asked Harry.

"They will be in your room once you get there."

They nodded and went to their respective common rooms.

Harry slowly walked back to his common room thinking about all that had happened since he had come to Hogwarts. He had found a good friend in Blaise, an enemy in Weasley, an interesting sort of friend in Lillian, and was McGonagall and Flitwick's favorite student. Quirrell was useless and he was decent at potions.

His life had changed so much just by receiving a single letter he thought. But he was glad that it had, if not he would still be stuck at private drive and be attending some pathetic school the Dursley's would send him too.

His eyes darkened as he remembered what had happened on Halloween. It had certainly been an eventful night but what had happened to him while he was unconscious made the troll attack pale in comparison.

He reached the entrance to his common room and went up to his room. He was surprised when he saw Blaise sitting on his bed unpacking.

"Hey Blaise, what are you doing back early? I thought the train wasn't due for another hour or so?"

"Oh hey Harry, I didn't come by the train, came by portkey. Where have you been? I thought you'd be in here waiting for everyone to come back?"

"My solitary confinement just came to an end."

"Say what? Care to repeat that?" Blaise said looking lost.

"I said that my punishment which lasted the whole vacation just came to an end," said Harry, making it sound like an everyday occurrence.

"What the hell! Sit and explain to me what in Merlin's name are you trying to say," he said unable to make heads or tails of what his best friend was saying.

Harry sighed, "You have the brain power of Weasley Blaise," he said and explained to him what had happened over the last week or so.

After he was done Blaise had a pensive expression on his face before he broke out laugh uncontrollably.

"Oh, this is hilarious! You were stuck with Austin for a whole week! I'm surprised you didn't tear each other apart!"

"Laugh all you want Blaise," Harry said annoyed at his reaction, "We didn't kill each other though she was trying her best to make me kill her.

Now stop acting like an idiot and let's go for the feast."

"Yes sir," said Blaise mockingly.

Later in the night, Harry lay on his bed unable to fall asleep despite having a satisfying meal. He had been in a dull mood all day long for no reason at all and couldn't concentrate when he tried to read his books.

He got up from his bed and poured himself a glass of water. He glanced at his trunk remembering he still hadn't put his cloak to good use.

Would it harm anyone if I toured the castle invisible, he mused. Suddenly making up his mind he removed his cloak from his trunk and snuck out of the common room.

He walked around aimlessly appreciating the freedom of not being seen by anyone and being away from all the whispers and glares.

He kept walking examining the beautiful sculptures and painting fully appreciating the beauty of Hogwarts. He suddenly noticed a silver light coming out of a room close by.

He made sure he was covered with the cloak completely and made his way cautiously to the room and entered.

It was a small room with a huge mirror in the center glowing silver. He stepped in front of it expecting to see his reflection but saw nothing. "Weird," he muttered. He then noticed some writing's on the top of the mirror 'Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohsi'

It absolutely made no sense to him. He looked back at the mirror and to his surprise he saw a waterfall! He leaned closer and the scene in the mirror expanded.

It was beautiful.

There were several mountains around and one of them had a large waterfall pouring from it. At the bottom of the mountains there was a large open space which was covered in ice and they were shining like diamonds under the open sky. A little river was flowing from the river and there were trees growing from the river itself.

Suddenly he noticed three people running around, laughing and playing with each other. They came closer and closer to him and when he saw who they were he gasped and backed away in shock.

It was him with a man who looked very similar to him and a woman who had dark red hair and green eyes just like his. It was the same woman he had seen in his dreams.

He slowly went closer to the mirror and touched it. Immediately the man and woman stopped and looked at him curiously while his mirror image just smiled happily.

Then his mind froze in shock, "It can't be! It's just not possible!" he muttered to himself shaking his head. He calmed himself down and whispered, "Mum? Dad?"

They nodded and waved at him, hugging the Harry standing with them.

Harry was shocked, he just couldn't believe it. He dropped his invisibility cloak to the floor and went tried to touch his parents, his eyes watering. But he couldn't, it was like they were just out of reach.

Suddenly he was enraged, how dare this mirror show him the things he was missing in life! How dare it try to give him false happiness and keep it just out of reach! How dare it mock him like this!

He pulled out his wand ready to blast the thing out of existence.

His hand began to shake with indecision. He really wanted to destroy the mirror and at the same time he wanted to keep staring at the image of his parents.

He didn't want to have to make a choice.

"Hello Harry, what might you be doing here?"

Harry turned around swiftly and saw Headmaster Albus Dumbledore standing in the doorway.

Dumbledore had just arrived and was alarmed to see a furious Harry Potter standing in front of the mirror, his wand out and ready to destroy the mirror.

Harry's eyes widened in surprise at seeing the headmaster but quickly regained his composure and hid his wand up his sleeve.

"Are you going to punish me?" he asked the headmaster not wasting time with pleasantries.

"Why would I do that?" Dumbledore replied amused.

"I'm out of bounds, its like," he glanced at his watch, "2.00 in the morning, so yes I think you would want to give me detention or something."

Dumbledore laughed, "Sorry to disappoint Harry but I'm not quite in the mood today.

So did you figure out what the mirror is?" he asked Harry.

"No."

"It's called the Mirror of Erised. It shows a man his hearts deepest desires."

"I see," Harry said indifferently.

"What did you see in the mirror Harry?" he asked the boy gently.

Harry's eyes clouded in pain and anger, "I saw life and death," he replied.

If Dumbledore was surprised at Harry's answer he didn't show it.

"If you're not going to punish me, I'm going back to bed professor."

Dumbledore nodded and motioned him to leave, but before Harry left he spoke again, "Oh and Harry. I could advise you not to go looking for the mirror again; it can cause even the bravest of wizards to go mad."

Harry didn't reply immediately, "Don't worry headmaster, if I see that mirror again you might just find its remains," he said and walked out of the door leaving behind a slightly thoughtful and worried headmaster.

"I wonder what he saw that made him react like that," he mused. "He is not what I expected him to be though," he added looking sadly at the reflection of a man with golden hair and a woman laughing in the mirror.

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REVIEW!

For those of you who wanted to know more about Lillian's mother, it will be revealed later.

Raul.

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Chapter 8 – Murderer

"Master, shouldn't we wait until everybody has left the castle?" said a voice trembling with fear.

"Silence you fool! Do not question my judgment!" hissed a weak voice.

"Y-yes m-master, when do you wish to retrieve the stone?"

"Tonight my dear Quirrell, tonight I will be reborn. Tonight the world will witness the return of Lord Voldemort!

And the first thing I am going to do is to take over this school and kill that Muggle loving fool, Albus Dumbledore."

"What about Potter, My Lord?" asked Quirrell trembling.

"Potter will join me after I show him the power of the dark side. He is meant to be by my side if he is a true Slytherin, if not he will die."

"Tonight is the dawn of a new era!" said Lord Voldemort in glee.

-X-X-X-X-X-

It was the last week of the year at Hogwarts and Harry and Blaise had just finished their last exam of the year, practical transfiguration.

"Finally exams are over and we can go home!" said Blaise happily.

"Hurray, I'm so thrilled I'm going home," Harry said sarcastically.

"What's wrong?" asked Blaise frowning, "Not looking forward to the summer?"

"In answer to your questions Blaise, you know how the Dursley's are and I might have forgotten to tell you that I hate summer."

"Why do you hate summer? It's like the best time of the year!"

"I hate the summer because I've to stay with the bloody Dursley's for two whole months, do their chores, eat terrible food and feel the

bloody heat trying to vaporize me," said Harry irritably. He really hated summer!

"I feel for you mate," Blaise said sympathetically patting his friends back. "Maybe you can come over to my place!"

"That would be great only if they allow me to go," he replied sighing. "Anyway, we'll see what to do later," he added walking towards a spot by the lake.

On the way he noticed Lillian, Hermione and Ron running towards the gamekeepers hut near the forest with a look of worry and anxiety on their faces.

"Where are those three running to?" asked Blaise.

"Probably interfering in other's business, they're Gryffindor's after all," he said in a bored voice.

Blaise sniggered, "Well said Mr. Potter, 10 points to Slytherin."

"Yeah, whatever, so how did your exams go?" Harry asked Blaise.

"They were alright, defense, astronomy, potions and charms were pretty good, almost failed in transfiguration and almost fell asleep in history," he said with a grin. "What about you?"

"Walk in the park," Harry said shrugging. "I was expecting something harder."

Blaise rolled his eyes, "I thought you might say that, after seeing that mouse you transfigured on your first try into an awesome silver box with the Slytherin crest and then seeing you do all those spells in charms without a hint of worry."

"Why would you think that?" Harry asked amused.

"Because I was barely able to change it into a wooden box and even Granger couldn't change it into something better than a well polished wooden box!"

"Are you comparing me to Granger? Because if you are I'll fry you and feed you to the giant squid, besides Granger is all books and no skill."

"Hate to break it to you Harry but the giant squid is a vegetarian."

"How do you know that?" Harry asked raising his eyebrows.

"I just do," he said sticking his nose in the air, "Privileged information which cannot be shared with non Zabini's."

Harry sighed at sat on the grass leaning against a tree, "Whatever you say Blaise, whatever you say."

Blaise sat next to him and said in a serious tone, "Harry, what's bothering you mate? You should be happy the exams are over, not depressed."

"I don't want to go back," Harry confessed.

"Then don't, come and stay with me, my mum and dad won't mind at all. Ask Dumbledore I'm sure he'll help you," said Blaise.

"Blaise I'd love to come over to your place for the vacations but I can't."

"And why the hell not?" Blaise asked not understanding his friend's behavior.

"I have things stuff to do and things to figure out," Harry said evasively.

"What stuff?"

"Look Blaise, just drop it, it's really complicated. Now come on let's go pack," he said firmly.

Blaise sighed knowing that his friend wouldn't elaborate if he didn't want to. He nodded and followed him back to the common room.

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In the Gryffindor common room, three Gryffindor's were pacing up and down anxiously.

"What are we going to do!" cried Hermione, "Snape maybe after the stone this very minute!"

"It's still day time, I think he'll go after it as soon as it's dark," said Lillian.

"Well how are we going to stop him?" said Ron, "I mean even if we pulled our wands on him, I'm quite sure we'd be dead before we knew it."

Hermione bit her lips thinking hard, "We have to tell Professor Dumbledore, only he can stop this from happening."

"Right then, what are we waiting for! Time to find the head!" said Lillian jumping to her feet and heading to the portrait hole. Ron and Hermione hurried after her.

They ran all the way towards the headmaster's office, since Lillian knew where it was. On the way they encountered Filch who screamed at them to stop but they didn't bother.

"Where do you think you are going?" said the strict voice of professor McGonagall.

All three Gryffindor's froze in their tracks all turned around sharply to see McGonagall standing behind them.

"Professor, we have got to find professor Dumbledore! It's extremely important!" Lillian said urgently.

McGonagall was surprised, "Whatever it is, I think you lot can tell me," she said.

They didn't answer.

"Well?" she demanded, "Are you going to just stand there or are you going to start talking?"

"Err... you see... professor, we can tell only professor Dumbledore, only he'll know what to do," stammered Hermione.

McGonagall's lips thinned, which was never a good sign, "As the deputy headmistress of this school, I think you can tell me what you can tell the headmaster," she said barely controlling her temper.

"Someone's trying to steal the philosopher's stone!" blurted out Ron.

Whatever McGonagall thought they were going to say, this definitely didn't cross her mind. She dropped the books she was carrying and looked at the three in pure shock.

"How on earth did you find out about the stone!" she whispered harshly.

"It doesn't matter ma'am, what does matter is that Snape's trying to steal the stone!" said Lillian, "We have to tell the headmaster!"

McGonagall looked at them incredulously but composed herself. With a wave of her wand she gathered the books she had dropped and said, "The headmaster is out on important business. The stone is quite safe and I assure you professor Snape is not trying to steal the stone when he's helping to protect it."

"But," said Lillian desperately.

"No! Do not say a word, I do not know how you came to know about the stone, but what I want is for you three to go back to your common rooms and stay there else you will be expelled!" she said in a no nonsense voice.

All three of them had defiant looks on their faces but they nodded anyway and went back to the common room.

"What now?" Ron asked Lillian and Hermione.

"Isn't it obvious? We're going to stop Snape no matter what," said Lillian firmly.

"But Mary! Didn't you hear McGonagall? We'll be expelled if we're caught!" said Hermione.

"I don't care, the stone is extremely important if Dumbledore is protecting it and if Snape gets his hands on it god only knows what a disaster that will be!

"Dumbledore gone too, it's too much of a coincidence. It can only mean he's going after the stone tonight and when he does we're going to stop him." Lillian said with so much passion and fierceness that Ron and Hermione agreed with her with equal vigor.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

It was after curfew and Harry was wandering around the castle, he couldn't stop thinking about what the whispers in his head had told him just after he had beaten the troll when he had passed out. Almost every night he was reminded by them about the consequences of not unlocking his magic. But the thing was he didn't understand what they meant by it or how it had to be done.

Ever since that day he had been stuck in the library trying to find out if one could unlock or lock his magic but he couldn't find a single thing. So he settled for becoming stronger by practicing and studying magic harder.

The only thing he was sure of was that the whispers came from his wand and it wanted Harry to unlock his magic.

"What the hell does it mean by that!" he thought growling in frustration and slammed his fist into the wall hard, only to wince in pain.

All of a sudden he heard footsteps in the distance and it sounded like someone was running and was running fast. He tried to put on his invisibility cloak so he wouldn't be caught, but was too late as the person caught sight of him.

"Potter!" it said, in a tone of relief.

Harry was surprised when he realized who it was. "Austin?" he said incredulously, "What the hell are you doing down here?"

"Potter... Harry," she said placing her hands on her knees panting hard, "There's no time! Snape going to steal the stone tonight and we got to stop him!"

"Whoa, whoa slow down, you're not making any sense. What do you mean Snape's stealing the stone?" he asked confused.

"The philosopher's stone Harry! He's going to steal it tonight!" she cried.

"And how do you know that?" he demanded, "I know for a fact know that professor Snape is in his office right now brewing a potion which requires his full attention."

"What? No! We saw him sneaking to the third floor corridor right after dinner!"

"So go to professor McGonagall, why tell me of all the people available?"

"Look Potter, we don't have time for this! McGonagall won't believe us and Dumbledore is out of the castle!" she said impatiently. "So will you please come and help us!"

"I'm not moving until you explain to me why do think someone's stealing the stone tonight and why in heaven's name would you come to me for help," he said sharply.

Lillian let out a frustrated yell, and took a deep breath and said, "I know someone is stealing the stone because Hagrid told someone how to get past the dog when he was drunk in Hogsmeade. The stranger gifted him a dragon egg in exchange for info on how to tame that three headed dog and now the headmaster is gone plus we just saw someone sneak into the third floor corridor, so yes the stone is in danger!

As for why I came to you, I didn't! I just happened to run into you and you're the only other person who knows about the stone and you are pretty skilled and I don't know why but I can trust you," she said breathlessly.

"I'm going to Professor Snape," he said turning around.

"No! You can't! What if he is the one trying to steal it!" she cried.

"He is not," said Harry firmly.

"But we don't know that!" she cried. "Why do you want to take that risk? Please help!"

"No," he said again and turned away from her.

Lillian caught his hand and pulled him back. "Please Harry," she said desperately. "You could be right but why take the risk! If we go down and find Snape not in his room it would just give him enough time to escape and if he is in his room he most certainly will not help us!"

So will you please come with me and help! I'm begging you!"

Harry looked at her with conflicting emotions. On one hand he wanted to listen to the rational part of his brain and go and find professor Snape and on the other hand he didn't want to say no to her when she was pleading this much and she could be right too.

"Alright fine, I'll come and help you," he said after a moments pause without any conviction in his voice.

"Thank you!" she cried and moved to hug him but Harry stopped her.

"I don't want any hugs from you and this does not change anything between us. I still don't like you and it ain't gonna change," he said firmly. "The only reason I'm coming is to protect the stone you get it?"

Lillian just nodded happily and ran towards the third from corridor with Harry hot on her heels.

"Damn she runs fast," he muttered trying to keep up with her.

They reached the forbidden corridor to find the door leading to the stone ajar.

"Where are Ron and Hermione?" she whispered.

"I don't care now lets go," he whispered back.

"No they were supposed to be here!"

"I said I don't care! Now do you want to get in or not!"

"Fine, fine," she said and they walked cautiously into the three headed dog's room.

They found a harp playing a slow musical tune and the dog fast asleep with the trap door wide open.

"Shit we're late!" cried Lillian.

The dog stirred a bit on hearing her voice and Harry quickly moved forward and roughly covered her mouth. "Do you want that monster to wake!" he growled harshly.

She shook her head and he let her go. She turned around and glared at him.

Harry glared right back and pointed toward the trap door and said, "Jump in."

"You jump in first!" she hissed.

"You dragged me into this! Now jump in or I'm leaving."

Lillian peered into the hole and could see only darkness. She then closed her eyes took, too a deep breath and jumped. She felt herself land on something soft and sighed in relief.

"It's safe!" Harry heard a muffled voice come up from the trap door. A few seconds later Harry landed beside her with a soft thump.

"Now what?" she said looking around. Harry didn't reply. He felt something slowly crawl up his body while tightening its grip on him.

"Harry! Now what do we do?" she asked again.

"Freckles, try to move your legs and hands," he said in a strained yet calm voice.

"What?" she said and tried to move but found that she couldn't. "Harry what's going on!" she said panicking.

"Lillian, conjure some flames now!" he said sharply, "I can't reach my wand!"

"I-I don't know how," she cried struggling to free herself.

"Do anything," Harry yelled, now panicking. "Lumos, fire, anything or we're going to die before even seeing the stone,"

Lillian tried to reach for her wand but couldn't, "Fire, fire, fire, I need fire or light," she whispered, her heart beating wildly as something reached for her neck and started tightening around it.

"Freckles!" screamed Harry. The thing was now tightening its grip and in a few minutes time Harry knew his bones would snap!

"Fire, fire, fire!" she cried desperately and then it happened. Miraculously fire shot out of her hands and spread all around her not harming her in the slightest.

Immediately the thing holding her let go and both her and Harry were dropped onto the ground below.

Harry lay on the floor gasping for breath. "T-took you b-bloody long enough," he said massaging his hands.

"What was that?" she said still shaking.

"That dear Lillian was the devils snare," he said dryly. "Which would have almost killed me if you hadn't conjured that fire, though how did you do it?"

"I don't know," she said. Seeing Harry's raised eyebrow she elaborated, "I was panicking, was terrified and I kept wishing for fire to help me and then fire shot out of my hands and here we are."

"Fire shot out of your hands?" said Harry, the disbelief clear in his eyes.

"Yeah and this ain't the first time it has happened."

She was about to explain to him what happened the first time when he cut her off saying, "We don't have time to hear your story, lets

move forward," he said and started walking towards the door in front of him.

Lillian huffed and followed him through the door.

In the next room they saw silver birds flying in the air slowly glittering even if there was no light.

"What is this?" asked Lillian in wonder. "They look like silver birds!"

Harry didn't say anything but gazed at the birds as surprised as Lillian was.

"They aren't birds!" he said suddenly making Lillian jump.

"Then what are they?" she asked frowning.

"They're keys, to the door ahead of us!"

"Huh," she said looking closer at the birds and realized that they were indeed keys with wings.

She looked around and spotted a few brooms lying around.

"Look, brooms," she said pointed towards them "Looks like we got to fly and catch the right key."

Harry nodded and they went and picked up a broom each. The instant they touched the brooms the keys immediately changed directions and headed straight towards them all together.

"Dodge them!" Harry shouted, scrambling onto the broom.

They shot into the air trying to look for the key they needed. After two minutes of flying and dodging keys that were trying to punch holes in them Lillian yelled, "This is impossible!"

Harry knew she was right. But they kept looking nonetheless. Then he spotted it, a key with a broken wing.

"Lillian," he yelled, "Look for a key with a broken wing! It's straight below me. Do you see it?"

"Yeah I see it," she yelled back.

"Good, I'm going to shot downwards to catch it and you come sideways in case it tries to escape got it?"

"Yeah."

"Alright GO!" he yelled speeding towards the key. As he neared it, it sensed his presence and moved away only to end up in the hands of Lillian who yelled in victory.

They flew towards the door unlocked it and flew straight in and shut the door.

"That was intense!" said Harry feeling the adrenaline pumping through his veins.

"Yeah it was," agreed Lillian. "Come on let's move."

They took a step forward and the room was flooded with light. Harry and Lillian shielded their eyes in pain and when their eyes adjusted to the brightness, they realized they where standing at the edge of a huge chess board.

"The doors at the other end," Harry said nervously "Want to try to go for it?"

Lillian nodded and walked ahead slowly, but as soon she reached the other end the black pawns drew their swords and pointed it at her neck.

Lillian slowly backed away with a gulp, "I don't think they're going to let us pass Harry."

"Come back I got an idea," he said.

"Get in here," he said removing his cloak from within his robes. "It's an invisibility cloak," he added seeing her confused look.

"Wow! That's cool!" she said in awe.

"Yeah, yeah now get in," he said covering himself and holding it open for her to get in. As soon as she got in Harry made sure that

they were properly concealed but found that Lillian had to be a little too close to him.

"Freckles, you mind not sticking so close to me," he said trying to lighten the atmosphere. "You're stinking."

Lillian rolled her eyes, "Shut up you fool, now's not the time for all that so just get closer and stop being such a prick," she said grabbing his waist and pulling him closer causing him to make a weird sound erupt from his throat.

"Okay lets move," he said holding his breath.

"You don't need to act like we're doing something forbidden!" she said annoyed.

"It's not that, it's just that you really stink right now."

"Do you think you're smelling like roses right now!" she hissed angrily. "Stop making a face and move!"

"Ok, ok," Harry said and they moved ahead slowly hoping the pawns wouldn't chop them into pieces. They got closer and closer and then walked past the chess pieces eyeing them carefully for any sign of violence and successfully reached the door.

They sighed in relief and Lillian removed the cloak and pushed him away.

"No don't," cried out Harry, but it was too late. The chess pieces sensed their presence. They instantly turned around and withdrew their weapons, ready to strike.

Harry wrenched the door open and yelled at her to get in. Just as they got in they heard the sound of the chess pieces slamming against the door and a sword came through it.

Harry and Lillian quickly scrambled away from the door and sighed in relief again.

"That was close," said a happy to be alive Harry. "What's next?"

"Our next task has been done before hand I think," she said covering her nose.

"What?" asked Harry as a horrible smell filled his nostrils, "Urgh, what is that smell!"

It was a troll lying dead on the floor giving out a foul odor.

"Let's get out of here," said Lillian tugging Harry along to the next door and moving out of the room. As they entered the next room the door turned to flames.

This room had a table with bottles on it filled with different potions. Harry and Lillian walked towards them and found a parchment with something written on it near the vials.

Lillian picked it up to read it while Harry looked around for the next door but found purple flames guarding it instead of a door.

Lillian read out loud from the parchment,

"Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind,

Two of us will help you, which ever you would find,

One among us seven will let you move ahead,

Another will transport the drinker back instead,

Two among our number hold only nettle wine,

Three of us are killers, waiting bidden in line.

Choose, unless you wish to stay here forevermore,

To help you in your choice, we give you these clues four:

First, however slyly the poison tries to hide

You will always find some on nettle wine's left side;

Second, different are those who stand at either end,

But if you would move onward, neither is your friend;

Third, as you see clearly, all are different size,

Neither dwarf nor giant holds death in their insides;

Fourth, the second left and the second on the right

Are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight."

"This is a riddle," Harry said with a frown and read it again trying to figure it out.

Lillian just rolled her eyes, "There's a simple way to find out which is the correct vial, Harry."

"Huh, and what way is that?" he asked perplexed.

"Simple, whichever bottle has the least potion must be the one to drink otherwise there would be a dead body right here," she said smirking at his shocked face.

Harry just gaped at her, "That's brilliant," he exclaimed, "Who knew Gryffindor's actually had a brain," he said and earned a whack on the head from Lillian.

They checked each bottle's content's and struck gold on bottle number 6.

"There enough only for one," Harry said quietly.

"I know. So what now?" she asked him looking into his eyes.

"I'll go ahead, but how are you going to go back?"

"I'm not letting to you go in there alone! You could be killed!"

"Look I'm the stronger one out of the two of us and you know it. You should go back and get help, but the question is how're you going to get past that fire?"

"Don't worry about going back," she said fiercely "It's dangerous in there, you read the parchment didn't you!"

"I did, but think rationally, if we both manage to get through who will call for help?"

Lillian didn't respond.

"You see? It makes sense. Now how are you going to get past those flames if we don't figure the riddle?"

"I told you don't worry about that, fire won't harm me... Watch," she said and put her hand in the fire and nothing happened.

"How the hell are you doing that!" said Harry in shock.

"I don't know," she replied. "All I know is that fire doesn't harm me. I tried to tell you about it before but you didn't listen."

"Alright it's decided then, I'm going ahead and you're going for help. Here take the cloak. It'll help you pass that stupid chess board. After that, take the broom and get help."

Lillian just looked at him, her features expressionless. "What?" asked Harry a little unnerved by the staring, "We got to get moving."

"Good luck Harry, please be careful," she said softly and with a last look at Harry she jumped through the fire covering the cloak so that it wouldn't get burned.

After she disappeared Harry sighed, "Here goes nothing," he murmured and gulped down the potion and walked through the purple flames."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry entered the room to find a man with a turban standing in front of a mirror muttering something under his breath.

"Good evening professor Quirrell," Harry greeted calmly, though he felt his heart beat faster. Inside he was hoping Lillian would get help soon.

"Good evening to you too Mr. Potter, though I'm surprised to see you here."

"Well I'm not surprised to see you and you can stay surprised until professor Dumbledore gets here," said Harry and drew out his wand only to find it flying out of his hand instantly. He was bound in ropes before he could even comprehend what had happened.

But something unusual happened when Harry's wand reached Quirrell. It disappeared in a flash of white light.

"What the!" said Quirrell looking surprised. "Where did it go?" he demanded looking around but couldn't spot it anywhere.

"Oh well, I better get back to business," he said and turned back to the mirror.

Harry meanwhile was staring at the back of his wand hand. A tattoo had appeared there the moment this wand had disappeared. It was a triangle with a circle inside it a line passing through the center of the circle.

He looked back at Quirrell and was shocked when he saw the mirror; it was the mirror of erised.

He was filled with a deep desire to go and look at his parents again irrespective of the fact that he had lost his temper, the last time he laid eyes on it but then he remembered Dumbledore's warning and realized what he meant.

Quirrell, meanwhile, was muttering under his breath and waving his wand at the mirror. "I'm looking at the stone and I can see myself reaching for it, but I can't catch it!" he said in frustration "What do I need to do get it?"

"Use the boy," a voice suddenly hissed.

Harry looked around trying to locate the source of the sound but couldn't see anyone apart from Quirrell.

Quirrell pointed his wand at Harry and Harry was yanked forward and placed in front of the mirror.

"What do you see Potter?" Quirrell asked him.

Harry looked into the mirror and was astonished to see his reflection and nothing else. His reflection then winked at him and removed a blood red shapeless stone from its left pocket and drop it in his right pocket.

Harry was surprised when he felt something heavy in his left pocket.

"What do you see Potter?" said Quirrell impatiently.

"I see myself shaking hands with professor Dumbledore," he invented quickly, "I just got an award for getting rid of evil dark arts professor who smells awfully like garlic," he added.

"Don't mock me boy!" roared Quirrell and slashed his wand at Harry. Harry gasped in pain when a long cut began to appear on his chest and started bleeding.

"Stop Quirrell, let me speak to the boy," the voice hissed again weakly.

"My master, you are not strong enough for this," Quirrell said and instantly fell to the floor screaming and holding his head.

"I am strong enough for this! Now do it," the voice said angrily.

"Y-yes master," Quirrell stammered.

He stood up and started unfolding his turban. "Behold Potter, the greatest wizard alive in the world," he said removing his turban and turning around.

Harry yelled in shock and tried to move but he couldn't, the pain in his chest was too great and the ropes binding him were still firmly in place.

"Hello Harry Potter, I've waited a long time to meet you."

"What the hell are you?" gasped Harry, he was feeling dizzy and he couldn't feel his chest anymore.

"I am Lord Voldemort Harry, and I killed your parents," it said giving a very horrific and ugly smile.

Harry's eyes widened as he realized who exactly this was.

"You're supposed to be dead!" he cried, not in fear but in revulsion and hate.

"I assure you I am quite alive but without a physical form thanks to you. Can you see what I have become? I am a mere spirit, I am weak and I have to live off unicorn blood to survive!

Look at me Potter!" Voldemort hissed.

"I-I don't want to I-look at someone a-as ugly as you," Harry said moaning in pain as the cut on his chest grew larger and deeper.

"Look at you," said Voldemort cruelly. "The life slowly slipping away from your body and you still have the cheek to mock me. Now why don't you give me that stone which is in your pocket and I just might be kind enough to save your life."

"Untie me and I'll think about it," gasped Harry. Everything had now gone blurry.

"Untie him Quirrell; let's see what he's going to do bleeding like that."

Quirrell untied him and Harry stood up shakily on his feet and looked into Voldemort's eyes with pure loathing.

"You killed my parents," he said, his voice filled with hate.

"Yes I did, young Harry, now give me the stone!"

"Go to hell," spat Harry. "I don't know how you could imagine me actually giving you the stone willingly."

"Quirrell, kill the boy," Voldemort hissed angrily.

"Yes My Lord," Quirrell replied and turned his wand on Harry.

Harry roared ignoring the terrible pain in his chest and jumped at Quirrell, surprising him and grabbed his neck.

Pain exploded in Harry's head as soon as he touched Quirrell and Quirrell too yelled as his neck began to burn and turn black.

Harry somehow saw this through a haze of pain and immediately tightened his grip. Quirrell howled in pain as his entire body began to burn and start to turn into ash.

Voldemort was screaming, "Kill him, kill him now!"

Harry's head felt like it was going to explode, his chest felt like it was on fire and yet he still held on to Quirrell hoping everything would end soon.

Then everything just stopped. Harry just stood there. His hands shaking violently and he saw the remains of Quirrell on the floor.

Suddenly a pale black smoke with the face of Voldemort rose from the ground screaming like a banshee and disappeared through the wall.

Harry watched the form of Voldemort flee. The pain in his head slowly reduced and the pain in his chest came back tenfold.

He gasped in agony pressing his hands to his chest and fell to the ground. Just before he passed out from the pain he glanced back to the mirror and saw his parents watching him with tears falling. They were mouthing to him "We love you."

Harry smiled at them and laughed and immediately coughed blood, he kept watching his parents as he slowly passed out thinking he was going to join them soon enough.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

It was dark, it was cool and it was comfortable were Harry's first thoughts when he woke. "Am I dead," he croaked.

He heard a chuckle and a voice spoke up, "No my boy, you are not, though you came an inch close to death that night."

Harry turned towards the voice and winced as his chest started aching again.

"Well I'm glad it wasn't a centimeter," said Harry.

"You shouldn't be moving Harry, that was quite a cut you had there," said Dumbledore said coming into Harry's line of sight. "I've been waiting quite a while for you to wake."

"How long has it been?" Harry asked.

"Three days," replied the headmaster. "Your friends have been quite anxious to know about your condition, especially Mr. Zabini and Ms. Austin who is intent on blaming herself for your injuries."

"You say especially Blaise and Freckles like I have other friends too," said Harry snorting.

Dumbledore chuckled, "Interesting nick name."

Harry grinned, "Yeah, she hates it."

Dumbledore smiled.

"Well, I have been wondering, what happened in the room with Quirrell, Harry?"

Harry had been waiting for this. He was wondering when the headmaster would ask him that question.

"Nothing you wouldn't be able to figure out," said Harry shrugging. "When I entered the room I saw Quirrell standing in front of that cursed mirror. I tried to attack him but he disarmed and bound me.

But when he was unable to get the stone from the mirror a voice hisses at him to make me look into the mirror and when I did imagine my surprise when I see myself in the mirror and not my parents like last time."

"My reflection winks at me and drops the stone in my pocket and lo behold there it is in my left pocket. Then Quirrell unties his turban and it turns out Voldemort was living in his head, Voldemort and I had a chat for a while and then I miraculously killed Quirrell with my bare hands and passed out."

"I see," Dumbledore said after a few minutes of silence "And you do not have any questions?"

"Of course I do! My mind is swimming with questions that need to be answered desperately, I was merely being polite and letting you ask the first question."

"Well ask away then, my boy," Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling in amusement.

"How did Quirrell get down there so easy and why did the mirror give me the stone?"

"Ah you see Harry, I had received a rather urgent mail from the minister of magic, but half way through the journey I realized something was wrong and came rushing back only to find you unconscious along with the ashes of ex-professor Quirrell. As for why you were able to retrieve the stone... only someone who did not want the stone for personal uses could retrieve the stone, so no matter how hard Quirrell tried he would have never been able to get the stone."

"So there was no need for me to go down there after all and get torn up," Harry said bitterly.

"I wouldn't put it that way Harry, I think it was rather brave of you to chose to protect the stone and not just ignore the threat," he said kindly.

"Please," Harry scoffed, "I would have never gone down there if it wasn't for that damn girl. First thing I wanted to do was go to Professor Snape and inform him about Austin suspicions but she was convinced that he was the one after the stone."

Dumbledore smiled, "A Slytherin at heart I see."

"Of course," Harry said "Sorting hat was pretty sure about that too. So what's going to happen to the stone?"

"It is destroyed. Nicolas and Perenelle agreed with me, the stone was too dangerous to be kept around and if it fell into the wrong hands the result would be devastating."

"So they're going to die?"

"Yes. For them it is like going to sleep after a very, very long day. After all death is the next great adventure."

"Why couldn't Quirrell touch me? Or rather why did my touch harm him?" asked Harry.

"Quirrell's mind had been taken over by Lord Voldemort and Voldemort cannot touch you because of the protection your mother has left in your blood. She sacrificed her life to save yours and when a mother who loved her son so deeply died to protect her child it left an ancient protection in your blood which prevented Voldemort from killing you that fateful night. I could also say that the essence of your mother's soul flows in your veins protecting you from Voldemort."

"Oh," was all Harry would say, he didn't know whether to be pleased or sad that his mother was in other words living through him.

"One more thing professor... Why did Voldemort want to kill me in the first place?"

The smile and twinkle vanished from Dumbledore's face instantly..., "That, Harry, is a story for another time."

"I see," Harry said softly.

"Well Harry, I'll take my leave. You might want to get some sleep, tomorrow is the last day you will be at Hogwarts and some people are anxiously waiting to meet you as soon as the sun rises. Good Night," said Dumbledore walking out of the hospital wing.

"Wait professor," Harry said suddenly "If you tell me what you see in that cursed mirror, I'll tell you what I see."

Dumbledore stood still for almost a minute before turning around and answering, "I see my best friend like he should have been and someone I should have loved unconditionally but didn't."

Harry nodded and replied, "I see my parents and myself laughing and playing with each other in the season of winter. The reason you saw me angry was because it reminded me of the life I should have been living, not the life I have now."

Dumbledore bowed his head in sadness.

"It's a sad world Harry, when children lose their parents and are brought up without love, have a good night Harry."

"You too professor," Harry said as the headmaster left leaving behind a very pensive young eleven year old.

As soon as he left Harry rolled up his sleeves and examined the new tattoo on his right wrist. It was still there, as dark as ever and then Harry realized his wand wasn't with him.

Suddenly he felt the urge to touch his tattoo and say something. He slowly touched the tattoo with his left hand and whispered, "Come forth."

There was a flash of white light and lo behold, his wand was in his right hand ready to be used.

Harry stared at his wand in wonder and said, "You have a lot of power don't you?"

He could have sworn he heard a yes when he said that.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The next day when Harry woke he saw Lillian dozing in a chair next to his bed beside a huge pile of gifts and chocolates.

He decided to have some fun. He slowly got up from his bed and went next to her. He leaned in closer to her face and positioned himself in front of her ear and yelled, "WAKE UP FRECKLES!"

Lillian screamed bloody murder and fell off the chair with a loud thump. She looked around wildly and saw Harry standing behind her grinning like mad.

"You... you bastard!" she shrieked "Why the hell did you do that! To think I was actually worried to death about you but now I just wish you had died!"

Harry still grinning went and sat on his bed and hissed in pain grabbing his chest.

Immediately Lillian stopped yelling and her eyes softened, "Are you ok Harry, does it hurt?"

"Naw I just did that so that you'd stop screaming like a banshee," he said lying down again smirking.

Lillian had a murderous expression on her face; she looked at him and then whacked him on the unhurt side of his stomach."

"Ahh!" cried Harry, "you bitch! This is the second time you've done that! God damn you."

Lillian just gave a smirk worthy of any self respecting Slytherin, "Now that it is clear who is in the bed and who is unhurt, I shall say what I came to say."

Harry just nodded not wanting another blow to his body. "I wanted to apologize for dragging you with me to save the stone."

"Damn right, I'm all messed up because of that," Harry muttered.

"And," she said a little louder trying to control herself, "And I regret not going with you to face Voldemort."

"Piff, if you would have come I could have gotten more torn up trying to protect you and nobody would have saved me."

"GOD DAMN YOU POTTER! CAN'T YOU JUST ACCEPT MY APOLOGY!"

"Typical Gryffindor, always wear their emotions on their sleeves."

"But," he added quickly seeing her clench and unclench her hands, "I accept your apology and it isn't your fault this happened. You were only trying to do what you thought was right."

Lillian smiled in relief, "I'm glad you're alright," she said.

"Does that mean I can call you Freckles?"

A twitch formed on her forehead, "No it means you can call me Mary," she ground out gritting her teeth.

"Mary is a lame name for a girl like you, it makes you sound all girly and dumb which you are not. I'd rather call you Lillian or Freckles," he said scoffing.

"I don't know if that was a compliment but yeah, whatever. So friends?" she asked hesitantly.

"I'll think about it, if there's any profit in being your friend that is," he replied putting his hands behind his head.

"You are a moron, Potter," she said shaking her head.

"Oh back to surnames are we?" he asked her smirking.

"Yes, you make it impossible for me to talk to you for a minute without making me want to pound you. And here's your invisibility cloak."

"I hope you didn't tell anyone about it."

"No I didn't," she replied. "Well, I'll see you around scarhead."

"You too Freckles," he said grinning.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry left the hospital wing sometime in the evening. Blaise had come to visit Harry sometime in the afternoon and of all the people Malfoy had also come along.

It was the last feast of the year at Hogwarts and he was sitting with Blaise and Draco joking and laughing.

"May I have your attention please!" said Dumbledore loudly, clapping his hands trying to get the attention of the students.

"Now I understand the house cup here needs awarding so here it goes. In fourth place, the Hufflepuff house with 320 points. In third place Gryffindor with 400 points," a few Gryffindor's clapped at that, "In second place Ravenclaw with 450 points," cheers came from the

Ravenclaw table, "And in first place the Slytherin house with 455 points."

Everybody in Slytherin started yelling in joy and banging their goblets on the table. "Yes, yes congratulations Slytherin but I have a few last minutes points to give out," said Dumbledore.

Almost instantly everybody went quiet.

"To Miss. Lillian Mary Austin, I award 60 points for not backing down in the face of danger and approaching it and confronting it like a true Gryffindor."

Everybody on the Gryffindor table exploded in cheers at winning the house cup and many started thumping Lillian on her back in congratulations. All the Slytherin's were looking on in disbelief.

"And too Mr. Harry James Potter," added Dumbledore and it was the Gryffindor's turn to fall silent.

The Slytherin's held their breath in anticipation.

"For being calm and collected in a life or death situation and for thinking rationally when it comes to confronting dangerous tasks, I award 70 points."

This time nobody cheered and waited for the headmaster to drop any more bomb shells. "So I believe it is now safe to declare the Slytherin's as the winner's of the house championship!"

Most of the Slytherin's sighed in relief and cheered raising their goblets high in the air.

Harry looked over to the Gryffindor table and spotted the sour faces of Weasley and Lillian and gave a victorious smirk.

"Now that we are all fed and watered, let us go to bed and have a good nights sleep for tomorrow we will be going back to our families," Dumbledore continued and sat back into his chair.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The next day was uneventful. Harry sat with Blaise, Draco, Daphne and Tracey in one compartment up to kings cross. The journey was uneventful except for the girls asking Harry what had happened down in the room with Quirrell, after all the rumors which had begun to fly around the castle were absolutely unbelievable. There were a few versions in which Harry and apparently transformed into a giant snake and eaten the Professor. Harry had a few ideas as to who came up with that one.

As the train slowed down, Harry gathered his stuff with Hedwig's cage on the top, put them on a trolley and rolled it out to go out and meet the Dursley's for the first time after a year.

"See you later Blaise," said Harry and waved at him as he walked out of the barrier back into the world of muggles.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

Note: Next chapter will tell you what happened to Harry after he killed the troll and why he is so worried.

Lillian has finally discovered her ability and Harry will soon discover his.

Ron and Hermione were caught by Percy trying to sneak out of the common room and that is why they never showed up.

Thank you for all your reviews and please don't stop

Chapter 9 – Good Vs Evil

Harry lay on his bed twirling his wand casually and was deep in thought. His relatives were staying out of his way, they were feeding him thrice a day and Dudley was now terrified of Harry. He should have been glad but he wasn't. What good was it going to be if was going to die.

His clothes or rather Dudley's old clothes were thrown around without a care. There were quite a few books surrounding his bed, it had been a hell of a task to get the librarian to allow him to borrow so many books including a few from the restricted section.

Most of the books were all about binding a persons magic and how to undo it or how to unlock ones potential, but none of them had any spells or concrete information. All were just filled with the authors view on the subject and his theories, in other words the books were a waste.

He stared at his wand and said, "Why can't you just unbind or unlock my magic?"

"Because only you can or the binder can."

Harry almost fell out of his bed in shock. "Damn Wand," he muttered. "No help at all."

The whispers were a like a thousand voices whispering together from different directions, it was really freaky and the worst part was that it chose to say something whenever it wished to. There was no way Harry could get it to talk or have a conversation with it. Come to think of it he had never heard of a wand talking before, but then he had a special wand unlike any else.

He glared at his wand wondering why he couldn't just have a normal wand or a normal life without any complications.

"Damn Gryffindor's," he muttered again. The only reason he got into trouble at school was because of Gryffindor's, the only reason he ended up in the hospital wing twice was because of Gryffindor's and the only reason his wand started talking to him was because of damn Gryffindor's!

It had all started the night the troll attacked.

Flash Back

He saw the troll swing the club over its head ready to strike... he saw Lillian screaming at him to get out of the way and he felt the pain in his body return, but he just raised his wand confidently and yelled *eradico pectus*!

A yellowish green light came out of his wand and hit the troll straight in the chest blasting it back. It hit the wall behind it hard and didn't move.

Lillian got up shaking and ran to Harry, "Is it dead?" she asked him.

Harry felt everything begin to spin. He tried to move but felt his legs wobble.

"Are you alright Harry?" asked Lillian.

Harry saw something black crawling in front of his eyes, slowly covering his vision. He turned towards Lillian and saw her saying something to him but he couldn't hear her. The darkness finally covered his eyes and he collapsed.

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I'm shivering... why am I shivering?

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What is this feeling?

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It's like something is freezing my entire body.

Harry's eyes shot open and he jumped up looking around wildly for the troll, but... but nothing was there? It was just darkness. He was feeling cold, but he never felt cold!

Why was he feeling the need to be close to fire? He had never felt like this before!

Slowly his vision came back to him. It was like a curtain of black was parting from his eyes.

He was standing in the middle of a huge flat plain of ice with no end in sight. He looked around in wonder. It was beautiful, there were massive icebergs floating in the air sparkling like they would during the day though the sun was nowhere in sight. There were huge narrow pieces of ice coming out of the ground at various angles shinning like diamonds.

He looked down and realized he was standing on water not ice! He gasped in surprise and lost his balance and fell. He shut his eyes waiting for the sound of his body splashing against the water come but instead it felt like he had fallen on a very soft surface and was being pushed back up gently.

He was too shocked to say a word. He took a step forward and saw the water rippling but it felt like he was standing on a normal cool floor.

The wind blew again and he felt extremely cold. He clutched his body to ward of the cold and knelt on the water floor shivering. Then all of a sudden the wind stopped blowing and Harry felt normal again.

He stood up and asked himself the obvious question. "Where the hell am I?"

As if expecting an answer Harry waited but none came. He then decided to explore the place, he started walking ahead then stopped and looked around again and wondered in which direction he should go.

He kept looking around him when he spotted something sparkling in the sky, it was really high and Harry decided to walk it that direction.

After walking continuously for fifteen minutes Harry could soon make out something sticking out of the ground. The closer he came to it the bigger it became and when he reached it he couldn't help but drop his mouth open in awe. It was a huge pillar of ice and water swirling together without a sound. He looked up and couldn't see an end to its height.

Again he said to himself, "Where the hell am I? One moment I'm fighting a troll and the next I'm in a world of ice and water. He looked up again and noticed something black in the water ice mixture. He frowned and wondered if he could look at it up close. Instantly the black part in the water began coming closer to him. As soon as he reached it he wrinkled his nose in disgust. It was a foul smelling black substance contaminating the water.

He looked down to see if there was something he could use to remove that foul thing from such a beautiful and amazing thing or whatever it was, but yelled in shock as he realized he wasn't on the ground.

Part of the water had risen up and taken him to the black thing so silently that he hadn't even realized it.

He put his hand on his heart breathing hard. "Almost had a heart failure there," he murmured.

He decided to try to remove it with his hands. He covered his nose with his left hand and lent closer to the foul smelling water and touched it. The instant he touched it pain flared all over his body and he was thrown back violently.

Back in the real world Harry coughed blood lying in the hospital wing with Dumbledore, Snape and Madam Pomfrey standing beside him.

"Why won't he wake, Albus? And why in Merlin's name is he coughing blood?" she whispered.

"I don't know Poppy, I don't know?" Albus whispered sounding worried while Snape just looked on without an expression on his face as usual.

As he flew through the air, the water from the ground rose silently and caught him gently and laid him on the ground of water.

Harry stood up shaking violently as the pain slowly left his body. "W-what t-the hell w-was t-that?" he stuttered.

"That was part of your magic trying to embrace you but wasn't able to thus reacting violently against you," a man said behind him.

Harry looked back sharply only to see nothing. He looked around confused wondering where the voice had come from.

"I don't have a physical form so you cannot see me," it said from a different direction in a different voice.

"Who are you?" Harry shouted "Where am I?"

"Who are you?" it said in a feminine voice this time, "Where am I?" it said again from a different direction, sounding further away from him.

"I am the essence of your wand and we are inside your magical core."

"What!" he yelled thoroughly confused.

"You heard me, I am the voice of your essence and we are inside your magical core."

Harry took deep breaths and calmed himself. "So you're telling me that I'm talking to my wand and we are currently inside my magical core!" he said loudly sounding skeptical.

"No need to yell, I can hear you perfectly fine and yes that's what I'm telling you."

"Why does your voice keep changing and why do keep moving? Can't you stay in one place?"

"My voice is changing? Well I suppose that is because I have many voices and I am not moving, I am just everywhere. I told you before I have no physical form. I could be anywhere but you will be able to hear me," the voice echoed around him.

"So my mind is in my magical core but we are actually in Hogwarts," he said slowly.

"Yes."

"Why did you bring me in here?"

"To talk to you and to explain a few things that you need to know."

"Was it your voice I heard before and did you tell me that spell?" Harry asked curiously.

"Yes, that is the reason you are standing here right now. Because I forced myself to save your life, there were unforeseen consequences."

"What consequences?" Harry asked getting a little worried and scared.

"I will explain in time, but now I must explain to you why I chose you and what I am."

Harry stood silently, waiting for his wand to begin. Suddenly he felt himself being lifted and being put in a comfortable chair."

Then it began, "Thousands and thousands of years ago, before this world was split into two and before the human population began to grow exponentially, the world was occupied by a very few wizards and witches. There were maybe around a thousand of them in the entire world. They were incredibly powerful and lived together in small groups.

But it wasn't a time of peace. It was a fight, a fight to dominate the world between good and evil. It was the first battle between good and evil. The one who would win the fight would get to rule the world

and shape it in the way they wished. The wizards and witches represented the good and the evil did not have a form, it was just a mass of black smoke with a black heart and had the power of all the humans combined present in the world.

It was a balance which was meant to be destroyed.

So they fought and they fought and they fought until evil slowly began to gain the upper hand and began to grow in power until it was so powerful that only a few hundred humans were left in the world.

But then three brothers, the most powerful and wisest of all the wizards alive at that time decided to confront evil and fight it, not allow evil to come and fight them.

So they fought for 30 days and 30 nights until the brothers were victorious and evil's powers broke. They moved in to kill it but evil was not stupid. It knew how the hearts of men worked and even though these brothers were wise and powerful, everybody has a weakness.

So it took the form of a human and begged for forgiveness and begged for its life.

But the brothers were not stupid too, they knew evil was trying to get them to forgive it and let it live with no power but they knew sooner or later it would get its power back and they would have to fight again.

Just as they were inches away from killing it, evil shouted, "I will give you anything you want, anything to make you more powerful, please spare my life," it begged.

All three brothers stopped and looked at each other, all thinking the same thing. Evil smiled inside knowing that their greed would overcome their desire to destroy him.

"You killed my wife," the second eldest brother spat, "why should we let you live!"

"I can bring her back to you," whispered evil. "I will offer you the one thing you want most if you let me live."

The brothers had a discussion amongst themselves, whether to kill it or not. The eldest and the middle brother both agreed to let it live while the youngest was uncertain, he felt that they should kill it. But since both the other brothers had agreed he couldn't do anything because it would take all their power together to destroy it.

Thus the eldest brother asked for a wand, a wand that could never be defeated. A wand with which would make him untouchable." Evil nodded and presented to him the death stick, the most powerful wand that could ever be made and one that could be used only by the eldest brother and no one else, unless they were more powerful than the brother, which was not possible or that's what evil thought.

The second brother asked for the power to bring people back from the dead. Evil smiled at him and gave him a ring. He told the brother if he twisted the stone on the ring three times and called the name of the person he wanted they would come to him. The brother nodded happily and pocketed the ring.

Then the last and the youngest brother looked into evils eyes and asked for a cloak of invisibility, a cloak that could make him invisible to everyone. Evil scowled at him and reluctantly pulled a cloak out of the thin air and presented it to the man.

Then evil said, "I have done what you asked me to, now you must let me go."

The first two brothers just nodded and left. They couldn't wait to use their new gifts, but the youngest stayed back and asked evil a question, "How did you get all these things? They are such powerful items."

Evil smiled, "I have the power to create anything for others but not for me unless I take control of this world. This battle may have been won by you for now, but when I get my powers back, I will destroy you all once and for all and create the world I have wanted," it said and vanished never to be seen again for a long time.

The battle between good and evil should have ended that day but greed won over the hearts of the brothers and evil escaped."

Harry sat silently all this time listening to the story carefully following every word. After a while he asked, "Is this story true?"

"If you want proof your wand is proof enough and your cloak is proof enough."

Harry was stunned; suddenly he stood up and yelled, "Ollivander!" He took a deep breath and said, "Ollivander told me that my wand or rather you were a gift given to a wizard by death and the wand had never worked for anyone except for him and now me!"

"The truth is always twisted as time goes by, once the brothers came back after successfully defeating evil, they boasted about their gifts and never thought to keep it a secret. The eldest brother kept challenging people to duels and never lost a single duel. But he was murdered by his own son who stole me from him thinking I would bend to his will. Since then people would keep killing each other for possession of me but I could not work for them the way I worked for the eldest brother because there was no way anyone could be more powerful than the eldest brother. He was one of the first wizards to come into existence and his magic was evenly distributed amongst his children so no one would ever be able to be as powerful as he was.

Since then I have been passed on from person to person, until I came into your hands. Your potential is more than the eldest brother which is nothing more than a miracle and because of that I will be able to work for you and the power you can wield using me is infinite provided you use me correctly."

"What happened to the other brothers?" asked Harry.

"I only know about things where I have been, I do not know what happened to the other brothers but about 80 to 90 years back, I was found by a wizard by the name of Gellert Grindelwald. He and another friend of his whose name was Albus Dumbledore, were talking about a legend called the deathly hallows. It is similar to what the wand maker told you, but includes the other two brothers too.

Harry gasped when he heard Dumbledore was friends with Grindelwald.

According to that story, the middle brother used the stone to summon his wife from the dead and talk to her but he could not touch her, driven by grief and his desire to be with her he killed himself and surrendered his soul to death and joined his wife in the after life.

The third brother used the cloak to hide from death and finally revealed himself to death who was waiting to get him, when he was very old and died happily."

"So nobody knows how the wand, the stone and the cloak came into existence except for you and now me."

"Yes," the voice replied.

Harry sat there quietly digesting what he had just heard. It was simply unbelievable.

"Earlier you said that there were consequences because you saved me from the troll. What were you talking about?" Harry asked remembering what his wand had told him before explaining its history.

"Because you were in danger, I was forced to help you."

"So? You are my wand now, and you did say that you will work me properly and will give me infinite power."

"I did say that and that's the way it is supposed to be. But I was unable to reach you because part of your magic has been bound, thus I cannot access your full power and if I can't use your full power I cannot reach out to you like I have now."

"Then how did you do it?"

"I forced my way through it, to save your life. If you died the consequences would not be good."

"What would happen if I died?" Harry asked, curious to know why his life was so important.

"The one who can wield the death stick is the one who can destroy evil forever."

"So you're telling me that I am going to have to fight evil? Who, by the way, is so powerful that it took the power of all three brothers to defeat it!" said Harry incredulously.

"Evil is not as powerful as it were at that time, it was unable to gain its power back so it decided to influence the minds of humans. It was extremely cunning and intelligent, so it began influencing the minds of humans, making them want more power. Evil could not use its power but it realized that if it possessed a human it could use the human's magical power and access some of his own.

So what evil did next was to create its own brand of magic and named it the dark arts. But to do this it had to make a sacrifice, a sacrifice that would make it lose all its consciousness and it would exist as the dark arts which if used by humans would cause them to think like it and want to take over the world.

If a powerful wizard uses the dark arts and if he uses so much without destroying himself, evil would be able to gain back its consciousness through that witch or wizard and effectively come back to life with all its powers and nobody would be able to stop it.

It would result in the end of human race and the world as you know it. The only way to destroy the dark arts would be to destroy the one who can use it the best.

The dark arts are not like normal magic which you use daily. When you use the dark arts you think you are just saying a spell and a dangerous curse comes out of your wand, but it is different. You are not using the magic from your magical core, what you are actually doing is summoning a different brand of magic from a different plane of existence. The more you use it, the more you will want it and soon you will be consumed by it and there will be no way of coming out of it unless you stop yourself before it is too late.

If you continue using it, your magical core will be destroyed by it and it will be replaced by one made from the dark arts making the man powerful beyond his own capabilities. If a man who can host evils conscious exists, all the magical cores of the witches and wizards corrupted by the dark arts will flow into him from the other plane of existence molding into one and evil will rise again through him as terrible and as powerful as before."

"How.... How do you know this?" whispered Harry.

"The youngest brother knew that evil had a plan to come back and it was a mistake not to kill him, so one night he came to me whispered all what I have told you. He had lived long enough to see evil transform into the dark arts and he knew there was nothing he could do about it.

He was the wisest and the cleverest of all the brothers and had kept track of me and evil using his cloak of invisibility."

But he did know that if someone who could wield me was born, there would be hope for the world yet and evil could be destroyed once and for all."

"Wow," whispered Harry "So I am the one can destroy it once and for all."

"Yes."

Harry didn't know how to feel, there were so many thoughts and emotions running through him that he just didn't know what he was feeling.

"Why tell me this now? I mean I'm hardly powerful enough to take on a dark lord, I'm just eleven, almost twelve years old and I've just joined a wizard school and have just begun to learn magic."

"I told you, to save your life from the troll I had to force my way through whatever is blocking your magic and because of that I had to bring you here or it would result in the self destruction of your magic. I told you due to that there were unforeseen consequences."

"Are you going to tell me what consequences?" he asked hesitantly, feeling afraid.

"Yes, this is the only time we will ever meet like this. The owner of the death stick can be pulled into this world only once and never again. You will never be able to talk to me again unless you unbind your magic. Even then I will only be able to whisper spells to you when you are in mortal danger.

Now I said there were consequences for pulling you in this world when your magic was bound. Because I did that whatever is binding your magic is slowly spreading and limiting your usage of magic, it will keep spreading until it binds your whole magical core and if that happens you will die."

Harry's heart started beat wildly in his chest, now he was feeling fear, fear of dying. He was breathing rapidly and he just wanted to run. He was so afraid that he didn't know what to do!

"Calm down, Harry," the voice whispered and instantly Harry felt his fear melting away and he could feel himself calming down.

"In times like these you should keep a cool head and not lose yourself to fear of death. If you feel fear and if you become desperate you will be attracted to the dark arts and if one with the power to use me gets attracted to the dark arts it will be the end of everything."

"How can I force myself to be calm when you have told me that I am going to die if I don't unbind or unlock my magic when I don't even know how to do it!" Harry yelled.

"That only you can do, I cannot help you when I do not know how your magic has come to be bound. Now it will soon be time for you to leave so ask whatever you want to ask and I will answer it the best I can."

Harry thought for a moment and then began asking the questions that had been running through his head since he had come here. "What is that huge mix of water and ice?" he asked pointing to the silent swirling mass of water and ice.

"That is your core, the center of your magical core. It is the place from where your magic comes. Right now you are not even using 5 percent of your core. The foul black substance that hurled you back is not part of you. The spell binding your magic has now mixed with it and is spreading. That is what you have to destroy."

"Why did I feel cold when I came here? I mean I have never felt cold in my entire life and I felt like I was going to freeze here."

"You are in a world created by your subconscious. It is the world of your magic and the world is created on the basis of what your magic desires. But because you are inside your magic you will not be able to use magic."

"Ok you have successfully confused me. What you are saying is that I am inside my magic? And because I am inside my magic I cannot use magic?"

"Yes."

"So that means my magic has been protecting me from the cold?"

"I cannot answer that question. You have to discover your own potential and skills. No one else can do it for you. They can only help you improve your skills."

"Oh, ok," Harry muttered. "You know your voice changes every now and then, the place from where your voice comes from changes every minute or so though I've some what gotten used to it, but the tone of your voice hasn't changed at all."

"I told you to ask questions, not make statements."

"Grouch," Harry muttered under his breath, "How can you talk? I mean do you have a brain of your own or something?"

"I am conscious of my surroundings. Everything I sense I learn; everything I hear I remember."

"So that means your knowledge of spells is infinite since you're so old!" Harry said getting excited.

"Yes, but I cannot teach you."

"Why the hell not?"

"I already told you before; I can only help you when you are in need."

Harry racked his brain to ask him or her or rather his wand another question, "How long do I have until my magic is completely bound?"

"Almost a year from now."

"A year to prevent death," Harry muttered to himself.

"It is time for you to leave Harry. You will never be able to come back here again and I wish you luck."

Before Harry could say anything the water he was standing on opened up and he fell through. He yelling in shock and woke up in his body screaming.

He blinked once, twice and then realized he was in the hospital wing.

He slowly tried sitting up but found it too painful. He looked around searching for his wand and found Lillian's wand on the side table.

"What the hell is her wand doing here? Where is my wand?" he muttered to himself.

Suddenly someone spoke through the darkness, "Harry! Harry you awake?"

He recognized the voice as Lillian's, "What are you doing here Austin? And where's my wand?"

"I have your wand with me, I hid it so that the professors wouldn't see it," she whispered and handed it back to him.

Harry was surprised at her quick thinking. "Thanks I guess. So what are you doing here? How long have I been here?"

"You've been here for a few hours, I've been sneaking in trying to see how you were doing and got caught several times," she said taking her wand from the side table.

"Thanks for your concern but I don't need it Freckles," he said smirking.

He could practically see her glare through the dark. Suddenly he heard someone opening the door and so did Lillian. She quickly slid under the bed before anybody could see her.

The door was shut and the headmaster came into view.

"Good evening Harry, I'm glad to see you up," he said.

"Good evening to you to headmaster," said Harry.

"How are you feeling?"

"Sore," he replied.

"Ms. Austin told me what happened when the troll attacked. I must say it was real brave of you to protect her the way you did. I'm very proud of you," he said looking proud.

Harry smirked, now was a time to have some fun, "Yes, sir I know, she was terrified down there, I mean she was crying and was screaming for me to help her so I really didn't have a choice. It was either save her or keep hearing her wail."

He could feel her kicking his bed from below and was struggling to hold his laughter.

"That's an interesting thing to say Harry. Ms. Austin has been most concerned about your health," he said. "She has sneaked in here quite a number of times in the past 5 hours."

"Really," Harry said feigning surprise. "I suppose you punished her."

"No, no, just docked a few points, however if she sneaks in again, I just might have to give her detention."

"That's good professor, the rules of the school must be held in high regard," he said nodding his head seriously. "If I caught her sneaking in here would you give the Slytherin house points?"

Dumbledore chuckled, "No, I'm afraid not."

"I see," Harry muttered "Is there anything else you wanted professor, I'd like to go to sleep and be healed so that I can return to my dorm."

"Of course," said Dumbledore. "And do you by any chance what spell you cast on the troll Harry?"

"No professor, I'm afraid not, I was just desperate to get away from the troll and a word popped into my head and I said it. The next moment I see the troll falling and Lillian screaming. The next thing I know I'm waking up here."

Dumbledore didn't say anything but just looked into Harry's eyes. After a moment he stood up and said goodbye and left. Just as he left Harry heard him mutter, "Occlumency shields at this age," and he couldn't hear the rest.

As soon as he left Lillian slid out, stood up and whacked him on his head.

"What the hell!" he yelped "You want me to tell Madam Pomfrey you're here?" he demanded.

"Shut up," she hissed angrily. "You almost gave me away for house points,"

"Of course! You lion, me snake, in other words mortal enemies," he drawled.

"Whatever, I can't believe I actually came to see how you were doing," she muttered. "Good night," she said and left before Harry could comment.

As soon as she left Harry mind drifted back to his conversation with his wand. There were only two options in his mind. One was become strong and somehow get rid of the block and the other was death.

Death was certainly the option to be eliminated!

End Flash Back

Harry sighed and fell back on his bed throwing the book he had aside. He had been cooped up in his room for a week and hadn't come out much ever since. He had been so busy reading the books he had got that he had been leaving the room only for eating and for bathing.

He got up and opened his window and sat on the window sill.

The moment he sat there he started sweating and feeling hot. That was the main reason he hated summer. It made him feel hot, sweaty and for some strange reason weak.

He sighed again and was about to shut his window to prevent the hot air from entering when he happened to look at the hedge and was shocked to see a pair of huge yellow eyes staring back at him. He rubbed his eyes to make sure he was seeing right and when he opened his eyes again they were gone.

He wondered why Blaise hadn't written back to him when he had written so many times to him. Hedwig had always come back looking a bit irritated after delivering the letter.

He glanced at the clock and saw it was lunch time. All the Dursley's were already at the table when he came down. Dudley and his uncle had their plates overflowing as usual, his aunt had hardly anything on her plate and to his surprise his plate had food rivaling his uncle and Dudley's.

He glanced at his aunt Petunia, the question clear in his eyes.

"You're not getting dinner tonight, the Masons are coming over at 8.00 and we do not want them to see you," she said stiffly.

Harry turned away from her nodding stiffly.

"You will remain in your bedroom for the rest of the day and will not come down until tomorrow morning," Vernon growled irritated by his lack of response.

Harry shrugged and muttered, "Suits me just fine," and began to dig into his food looking forward to going back to his safe haven.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

Chapter 10 – The Power of a House Elf and Back to Hogwarts

It was around 7.30 in the evening and the Dursley's guests were due to arrive in another half an hour or so.

Harry was lying on his floor lazily reading a book about the bonds a wizard could form. He could hear his relatives rushing around the house to make sure every corner was spotless, planning on how to entertain their guests and win their favor and get Mr. Mason to sign some stupid contract with his uncle.

Currently he was reading a chapter on the myth of elves and how the house elves came into existence. According to the book many centuries ago elves and humans lived together in peace and harmony. The elves were said to be one of the most beautiful creatures alive and known to man. They usually kept to themselves and did not interfere in the business of humans.

They were said to have the eyes which could spot a bird in the sky miles away and move with such elegance, it was like they were a part of the wind. They were masters in the field of healing and no human could ever match their talent in the field of healing and archery.

But peace as always is never meant to last forever. A group of elves tried to obtain the powers of a wizard and become more powerful. This was forbidden in their kingdom because if an elf obtained the power of a wizard, he could become an unstoppable monster.

These elves were captured before they could go through with their plan and were summoned by the elders, who ruled over the Elvin kingdom. The elves who tried to commit this offence were deeply ashamed of their actions and begged for forgiveness.

But the elders did not forgive them and instead of executing them, they were cursed to lead a life of a slave, to become a slave to wizards and suffer for eternity.

These elves exist till date and are now known as house elves. It is also said that these elves did not lose their powers but choose not to use them due the shame of betraying their own kind.

But then again, none of it can be proven and has been dismissed as a myth, a story for children passed on over the ages. None of these theories/stories have any concrete evidence and nobody really knows how the house elf came into existence.

Today the house elf is just a slave in the household of a rich wizarding family and the house elf cannot leave the family unless it is set free which is considered to be a disgrace to the house elf. It is said that house elves have powerful magic of their own but seldom use it. The master or mistress of the house elf can order the house elf to use magic but if there is one thing the house elf can do, it is use magic of its own free will.

Nobody can break the bond tying the house elf to its master unless the master gives the house elf clothes thus freeing it.

Harry sighed and shut the book with a snap, he didn't need to know about house elf history, he needed to know how to unbind his magic, he thought bitterly.

"BOY!" he heard his uncle yelling. "BOY, GET DOWN HERE!"

Harry sighed and went downstairs to see what his uncle wanted now.

"Yes, uncle Vernon?" he said politely "You called?"

"Yes, take your dinner and don't come down until we call you again, don't make a sound, don't say a word, pretend you don't exist or else..."

He left the threat hanging in the air.

Harry was surprised they were actually giving him his meal when they had decided not to. He stood there not moving until his uncle yelled again.

"Boy, go upstairs now! The Masons will be here soon!"

Harry nodded and quickly went upstairs before Vernon decided to take his food back even if it was just cheese and bread.

He heard the bell ringing and quickly entered his room and shut his door. He went to sit on his bed but almost dropped his plate in shock.

There was already someone or rather something on it staring at him with big wide yellow eyes. They stared at each other for a while until Harry blurted out, "Who are you?"

"I is Dobby sir! Dobby the house elf!" it said enthusiastically in a high pitched voice jumping down from his bed. "So long Dobby has wanted to meet you sir, such an honor it is to meet the great Harry Potter...."

"I don't mean to be rude but is there a reason you are in my room?" ignoring the house elf's praises.

"Oh, yes, sir" the house elf said earnestly, "But Dobby has come to tell you... but Dobby doesn't know where to begin..." it said hesitantly.

Harry put his plate on the bed side table and sat on his bed. "Why don't you think and then tell me what the hell are you here to tell me," he said sharply.

"Harry Potter is so kind and noble," the house elf whimpered in joy "So brave and gentle, so handsome..."

"Dobby, tell me why are you here?" said Harry, getting a bit irritated with the house elves constant praises about him.

"Dobby has heard that you has faced the dark lord and escaped once again a few weeks ago!"

"Yes I know, is that why you're here?" Harry asked sarcastically "You want to congratulate me or something?"

"No, no, Dobby is here to warn you sir!" the house elf said shaking his head vigorously making his bat like ears shake.

"Warn me?"

"Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts."

Harry's mouth dropped open in surprise.

"W-what!" he stuttered.

"There is a plot, Harry Potter sir, a plot to make the most terrible things happen at Hogwarts School of witchcraft and wizardry. Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts and put himself in mortal danger!"

"What plot?" Harry asked immediately "Who's plotting them? Tell me!" he demanded.

Dobby made a choking noise and before he could stop him he began banging his head on the wall.

"Stop! What in heavens name are you doing?" he hissed.

Dobby kept banging his head on the wall squealing in pain very time his head made contact with the wall. Harry grabbed him by his clothes and held him in the air forcing him to stop hurting himself.

"Why the hell did you start banging your head on the wall!" Harry asked him incredulously.

Dobby looked at Harry miserably, "Dobby cannot betray or speak ill about his master or Dobby will have to punish himself very badly."

"Your family doesn't know you are here?"

Dobby shook his head, "Dobby will have to punish himself for coming to visit Harry Potter without master's permission."

"Who is your master?"

Dobby opened his mouth and then caught his throat and started squeezing it, trying to choke himself.

"Alright, alright stop! You don't have to tell me!" Harry whispered frantically afraid the Dursley's might hear the noise the elf was making.

Dobby left his throat and fell to the ground panting, "Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts. Dobby cannot let anything happen to the great Harry Potter."

Harry took a deep breath and was about to refuse when he spotted the book he was reading earlier. He remembered the chapter on house elves and their supposed healing powers. He was struck by a brain wave, what if this elf could remove his magic block? If he could do it would he do it? Or would he insist that Harry not go back to Hogwarts in exchange for removing the block?

Don't get your hopes high, he thought. For all you know the elf wouldn't be able to remove it.

"Dobby," he began "You don't want me to go to Hogwarts because I could die due to the dangers there right?"

Dobby nodded.

"Well it will do you no good because I will be dead by the end of this year," he said doing his best to look dejected. It wasn't that hard because he knew he would be dead if the block was not removed!

"What is Harry Potter saying! Harry Potter cannot die, he will be safe here!" the elf said panicking.

"You don't understand Dobby. My magic has been bound by someone years ago and now if that block is not removed I will die by the end of this year."

"No, no Harry Potter cannot die! Harry Potter is much too precious! He cannot die," Dobby said covering his ears and shaking his head, tears threatening to spill from his big yellow eyes.

"But if the block is removed I will be saved Dobby," he said bending down and looking into the big yellow eyes of the house elf. "Can you help me Dobby, elves are supposed to have some powers of their own don't they? Can you help me remove this block and save my life?"

Dobby looked at Harry tears now dropping slowly, "Dobby can try, but Dobby will help try and remove the block only if Harry Potter promises not to go back to Hogwarts."

"I cannot do that Dobby, but I can promise to stay out of trouble and go to the headmaster if anything happens."

"No Harry Potter sir, a great evil will be unleashed at Hogwarts! Not even Albus Dumbledore can do anything to stop it!"

"Remove my block first if you can and then we will discuss about me going to Hogwarts or not," Harry said firmly, he was going to Hogwarts one way or the other and this elf was not going to stop him.

"Harry Potter must first promise not to go to Hogwarts this year!" the elf said, not backing down.

Harry wanted to strangle the elf in his frustration. He calmed himself down and decided to try a different tactic, "do you like being a slave Dobby?"

Dobby looked confused by the change in topic but shook his head in negative nonetheless.

"If you help me remove my block I promise to help free you."

Dobby's lower lip trembled, "Such a great wizard Harry Potter is, he is wanting to help a house elf like Dobby to be free from his dark master," as soon as the words left his mouth his eyes widened in horror, he took the lamp from Harry's bedside and started banging it over his head screaming, "Bad Dobby, bad Dobby," over and over again.

"Stop it!" Harry hissed "What's wrong now!" he said grabbing the elf and holding him up. The elf struggled for a while before falling limp in Harry's hands.

As soon as Dobby fell silent he heard his someone stomping up the stairs laughing and saying, "Dudley must have left the T.V switched on, the little tyke."

Harry quickly shoved Dobby in the closet and jumped on his bed. At the same time he heard his room being unlocked and Vernon came in looking like a mad bull.

"What on earth are you doing here, boy," he hissed angrily "you ruined the punch line of my Japanese golfer joke!"

"Sorry uncle Vernon, I fell out of my bed, it won't happen again."

"It better not or you'll be wishing you were never born boy," he hissed menacingly and left the room locking it as he went out.

Harry sighed and went and opened the closet pulling Dobby out. "You see why I can't stay here, my relatives hate me and I hate them. Hogwarts is the only place I can call home and where I think I actually have friends."

"Friends who don't even write to you, Harry Potter sir?" Dobby said slyly.

"Well I think Blaise is busy, I've sent him at least three to four letters and he hasn't responded but... wait a minute, how do you know he hasn't been writing to me?" asked Harry suspiciously.

Dobby shifted awkwardly looking at his feet, "Dobby did it for the best, Harry Potter mustn't be angry with Dobby."

"Have you been stopping my letters Dobby?"

Dobby mumbled something and pulled out a thick wad of envelopes and put them on the bed.

Harry gritted his teeth in anger but somehow in a controlled voice he said, "Letter don't matter to me right now Dobby. But if you can remove the block on my magic, I am begging you to do it. You said you want to protect me and save me from death, so if you really mean it, please remove the block."

Dobby looked a little apprehensive before he finally nodded in agreement. He motioned for Harry to lie down on the floor. "Dobby has never tried this before Harry Potter sir, but Dobby has the power to remove the block. It will hurt a lot until the block is removed," the little elf said looking extremely nervous.

Harry nodded and lay on the floor excitement and fear rushing through his veins, his heart pounding in anticipation of what was to come. He took a deep breath, "Alright Dobby, do it."

Dobby placed his hands on Harry's stomach. He closed his eyes and slowly his hands began to glow black. He dug his nails into Harry's stomach drawing blood causing Harry to wince in pain. The black light crawled over Dobby's hands like ripples in water before

shooting into Harry's stomach. As soon as the light went in Harry felt like his insides had caught fire, he opened his mouth to scream in pain, only no voice came out. He tried to move and break Dobby's hold on him but found he was incapable of moving at the moment, it was like his body had completely frozen except for the pain rushing through his body.

All he wanted at that moment was the pain to go. He didn't notice every object in the room vibrating slightly nor did he notice Dobby remove his hands from Harry's stomach pulling out a foul smelling greenish black smoke that rose from the small holes in his stomach created by Dobby.

Dobby snapped his fingers and the smoke vanished. The wound on Harry's stomach remained and he felt the pain slowly disappearing but the pain in his stomach remained.

Harry slowly opened his eyes trying to get his breathing under control. He saw Dobby standing over him looking worried and concerned and he realized that he was completely drenched in sweat.

"Is it gone?" he asked Dobby wearily, touching his stomach gently and wincing.

"Yes, Harry Potter sir, it is gone. Dobby sensed the block and removed it Harry Potter sir, your magic is completely under your control now."

Harry didn't know what to do, he felt like yelling in victory, felt like dancing and felt like he owned the world at the moment. He tried to stand up but immediately his head spun and he fell on his bed. He suddenly felt horribly weak and helpless.

"You must rest for a few days Harry Potter sir, then you will feel perfectly fine."

Harry looked at the elf and started chuckling and shaking his head, "I can't believe it," he said looking terribly amused "All this time I've been looking in every book I could find which said anything about binding one's magic and all I had to do was find a house elf who removed it in less than a minute!"

He sat up and looked at the elf that had practically saved his life, "Dobby, I promise you I will find a way to free you from the family you are bound to," said Harry sincerely.

"Dobby doesn't care about that Harry Potter sir, all Dobby wants is for Harry Potter to be safe. He is much too important to lose."

Harry shook his head, "You just saved my life Dobby, the least I can do is free you, and you want to be free don't you?"

Dobby nodded and said "Dobby wants to be free but he also does not want Harry Potter to return to Hogwarts this year! He has to stay in this house where he is safe!"

"Dobby if I stay here my relatives will kill me. Don't worry about me, I'll be fine. I'm not a helpless wizard you know," Harry said chuckling. "I'm going back to Hogwarts no matter what you try to do, the only way you can stop me is if you get me expelled."

"Then Dobby shall get you expelled, Dobby will not allow Harry Potter to go to Hogwarts this year," the elf said firmly and opened the door to his room with a snap of his fingers and hurried downstairs.

"Wait, what! Dobby, where are you going?" Harry asked panicking "Dobby stop!" he whispered harshly but the elf just ran down. Harry cursed and ran after the elf but almost fell as he couldn't stand considering how weak he was. He somehow dragged his body down to prevent Dobby from doing anything stupid.

He rushed into the kitchen, his eyes scanning the area looking for the elf. His insides turned to lead as he spotted the elf standing on the cupboard in the corner and hovering near the roof was Aunt Petunia's masterpiece of a pudding.

"Dobby, what are you doing!" Harry hissed panicking.

"Harry Potter must say he's not going back to school."

"Dobby, stop this insanity! If you do that there will be no Harry Potter in this world!"

"Say it Harry Potter, sir," the elf said, ignoring Harry.

"Dobby, please think about what you are doing," Harry tired desperately.

The elf gave him a tragic look, "Then Dobby must do it for Harry Potter's safety," he said and vanished with a whip like cracking sound. Harry stared in horror as the pudding fell in slow motion, but just before it hit the ground Harry threw out his hands and stopped the bowl from crashing on the floor, the jelly wobbling dangerously. He levitated it and put it back in its original place, just as Vernon came into the kitchen.

"What are you doing down here!" his uncle hissed dangerously.

"Nothing, I was feeling hungry so I came down for a bite," Harry lied smoothly.

Vernon narrowed his eyes and his face turned red with fury, "There is some ham and bread in the fridge, take it and get out," he said, gritting his teeth.

If Harry was surprised, he didn't show it. He quickly grabbed the food and ran back upstairs to his room and collapsed on his bed. Two minutes later he heard a distinct growl coming from his stomach, he realized that he hadn't eaten the food his aunt and given him because of Dobby's arrival. He grabbed both plates and began to eat with vigor.

As Harry ate, he thought about Dobby, the psychotic house elf, who saved his life and yet wanted to destroy it. "What kind of danger could Hogwarts be in?" he mused.

Fifteen minutes later if anybody looked into Harry Potter's room, they would have seen a room littered with books, clothes, a few drops of blood smeared near his bed and Harry Potter himself fast asleep fully clothed, hugging his wand close to his heart.

-X-X-X-X-X-

Blink..., blink, blink.

Harry slowly awoke shielding his eyes from the light pouring into his room. Groggily he turned to his bedside table and checked the

time... it was noon. He yawned and sat up on his bed rubbing his eyes.

He wondered why he wasn't wearing his night clothes when memories of last night's happenings assaulted him. His face broke out into a large grin and he was filled with a large sense of happiness. Dobby had unbound his magic! He jumped out of his bed exuberantly and decided to test his magic.

He pointed his right hand towards the bed and concentrated on levitating it. To his shock and surprise, the bed shot up like an arrow and slammed into the ceiling causing the ceiling to crack and the bed came crashing down making a hell of a noise.

Harry was absolutely stunned. But he was broken out of his trance when he heard his door being violently opened and his uncle came in, huffing like a mad man.

"WHAT ON EARTH WERE YOU DOING THAT MADE THE HOUSE RATTLE!" he bellowed.

Harry pretended to be confused, "Make the house shake? What are you talking about uncle?" he said looking bewildered.

"Don't play innocent with me boy," he growled, baring his teeth "I know you did something freakish in here."

"Sorry uncle Vernon, I have no clue what you're talking about," he said innocently "I just woke up because I thought my bed was shaking but then you came barging in like a hippo and I thought it was you," Harry said, desperately trying not to laugh.

Vernon's face turned purple and his fists shook in anger, it was a rather scary sight but Harry stood there not intimidated in the slightest.

"Must have been a slight tremor uncle Vernon, you might want to check the news if there are any reports of earthquakes occurring nearby," he said seriously, concealing his grin expertly.

Immediately Vernon blanched and fear took over his features as he bolted from the room yelling for his aunt as he ran down to the kitchen.

As soon as he left Harry burst out laughing. He laughed until tears were pouring from his eyes. "Buffoon," he gasped, wiping his tears of laughter. A few minutes later when he had managed to get himself under control, he looked at his hands in amazement. He hadn't realized removing his block would have had such an effect on his magic.

He raised his hands towards the bed and made it levitate carefully controlling the amount of magic he used. This time the bed smoothly rose into the air. Harry closed his eyes and willed all the items in the room to float. Instantly every item in his room began to rise in the air.

He made everything to go higher and higher until he heard a high pitched scream coming from downstairs and his uncle was yelling something about freaks and monsters.

His eyes shot open when he realized every thing in the house was levitating! He looked out of his window and saw that a few objects were levitating outside too! Grinning lightly but not losing his concentration, he gently made everything come back to their original positions, before anybody outside noticed.

He waited for his uncle to come up and start yelling again but surprisingly nobody came and there was utter silence in the house. Harry couldn't believe it. The Dursley's passing up a chance to yell at him? Maybe they finally realized that they couldn't do anything to him when he had the power of magic at his finger tips.

Harry sighed blissfully and made his way to the bathroom. He had finally decided to wash up when he smelt himself and almost retched. He was in for yet another surprise while he was washing his face. Every time his hands touched the water, it would pull strands of water back along with it and would fall off only when he shook his hands vigorously. He frowned at this new development and found that while taking a shower too the water kept clinging to his body and was extremely hard to shake of his body. It was almost like the water wanted to stay close to him, but the weirdest thing was he seemed to enjoy it. The every touch of water was so comforting to his body that he didn't know what to think of it.

He decided to ponder over this new ability of his later as he was feeling ravenous and felt like he could eat a whole turkey in one go.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

A few days later, on 31 July, an owl came swooping in Harry's room and dropped a heavy package on the said wizard's head, who was deep in concentration holding a small ball of swirling water in his hand.

"What the...!" he yelped as the package fell painfully on his head and the ball of water splashed on his bed. "Bloody owl... couldn't drop the package anywhere else," he grumbled as he opened the box.

He pulled out the letter and saw it was from Blaise.

Hey Harry,

Finally you reply to my letters! Happy birthday to you! I hope the owl delivered the package on your head (evil grin). Anyway the gift will be worth it, it's a complete set of rare books on defense against the dark arts, charms and transfiguration I found in the library in my house which by the way nobody ever goes to. It contains all advanced spells and complicated shit that I couldn't understand at all! I figured since you spend almost all your time reading books back at Hogwarts, you'd appreciate more advanced books!

Hope you're fine and don't let the muggles bully you,

Blaise

"Bloody Blaise," Harry said ripping open the package, "He really knows what I want best!"

Inside there were five ancient looking thick books each having an impressive name. Harry looked at the books in awe vowing to finish them before he gets back to Hogwarts.

Another owl flew into his room and dropped a letter bearing the Hogwarts seal. "Finally, book lists arrive," he muttered, as broke the wax seal and pulled out a parchment.

SECOND-YEAR STUDENTS WILL REQUIRE:

The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 2 by Miranda Goshawk

Break with a Banshee by Gilderoy Lockhart

Gadding with Ghouls by Gilderoy Lockhart

Holidays with Hags by Gilderoy Lockhart

Travels with Trolls by Gilderoy Lockhart

Voyages with Vampires by Gilderoy Lockhart

Wanderings with Werewolves by Gilderoy Lockhart

Year with the Yeti by Gilderoy Lockhart

"What the hell? Who on earth is this Gilderoy Lockhart?" Harry wondered. He idly flicked his wand at the books Blaise sent him banishing them into his trunk. "Hmmm and how am I supposed to get to Diagon alley?" he thought "Will aunt Petunia take me....?" "Oh shit!" he cursed "did I just do magic!" he yelped leaping from his bed.

"Shit I just did magic!" he said frantically looking around for an owl announcing his expulsion from school "What am I going to do! What am I going to do!" he groaned panicking. He kept pacing up and down in his room not realizing that an owl hadn't arrived and nor was it going to arrive. "I know what I'll do, I'll run, I can say some other wizard stole my wand or something or maybe....." Suddenly he stopped and realized no owl had come.

He calmed down and looked confused, "Why on earth has no owl arrived? Am I allowed to do magic?" he waited for another 15 minutes and when there was so sign of any owl he raised his wand hesitantly and cast a cleaning charm in his room. Immediately everything flew back to their respective places and there wasn't even a speck of dirt was left.

Harry waited holding his breath for the letter to arrive but none came. He looked at his wand incredulously, "How is this possible! McGonagall told me if we use magic outside school we would be expelled!" he said hoping for an answer from the ever mysterious wand, but unfortunately the wand didn't bother to say anything.

Harry frowned and his mind was working at furious speeds, "Is it because of you isn't it? You being an all powerful wand capable of destroying evil, so if I do magic with you it won't be detected?" he said looking at his wand, but as expected he didn't get any reply.

A few minutes later, Harry's face broke out into a truly delightful grin, "I can do magic outside school!" he said in awe. "This is truly the best birthday ever! Now all I need to do is convince aunt Petunia to take me into London."

"Conceal yourself," he said and there was a flash of white light and his wand vanished.

Harry casually entered the kitchen where his aunt was busy preparing lunch. "What do you want?" she snapped as soon as she saw him "I'm busy at the moment."

"My apologies aunt Petunia," Harry said politely.

She narrowed her eyes suspiciously, "What do you want?"

"I was wondering if you could take me to London within the week, I have to buy my school supplies."

"So go on your own, I don't have time to take you to London," she said stiffly and resumed her work.

"I would, but wouldn't it be odd to see a small 12 year old shopping all alone in London? One might wonder what kind of guardians the boy has," Harry said, knowing how the Dursley's were when it came to their public image.

Petunia glared at him but Harry was unfazed, "Alright, I'll be going to buy grocery supplies tomorrow and you can tag along."

"Thank you aunt Petunia," Harry said thankful that she had agreed.

"But I don't want you to come back with me, go and stay in one of your freakish friends house and come back next summer," she said with a tone of finality.

Harry was stunned for a moment but composed himself quickly, "Alright aunt Petunia, if that's what you wish," he replied and left the

kitchen. "I can stay at the leaky cauldron, I can buy more books and practice more magic," he thought as he went upstairs.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry stood in front of the leaky cauldron as he watched his aunt and uncle drive away happy to be rid of him. "Idiots," he scoffed as he walked towards the famous pub.

"Excuse me, I would like to rent a room please," Harry said getting the bartender's attention.

"Rent a room huh, aren't you a little too young to be living alone? Where are your parents?" Tom the bartender asked suspiciously.

"They left for vacation, I didn't want to go so they agreed to let me stay here alone," Harry lied smoothly, he had been wearing a baseball cap which covered his scar and cast a shadow over his face, so that nobody would recognize him, out of the many things he hated, being hero worshipped was right at the top of the list.

Tom stared at him for a moment before flicking his wand and summoning a register. "Sign here and till when you'll be staying," he grunted.

Harry took the quill and signed his name as Harry not wanting people rushing at him if they found out who he was and wrote September 1st as his leaving date.

"Hogwarts student are you?" he asked. Harry nodded. "Right follow me and I'll show you your new room."

Harry followed Tom up the stairs and stopped on the 3rd floor, he walked up to a door with the number 321 and opened it with his wand. "Alright son, this is your room till the 1st of September. You can pay now or before you leave, it's up to you. If you need anything just tap your wand on the little black ball beside the bed. Your food will be sent up magically and the cleaning lady will come every morning at 8.00. Now do you have any questions?"

"No thank you sir," Harry said politely "If you don't mind I'd like to settle in," he said and walked into his new room. Tom shut the door

as he left. Harry walked up to the window and saw that it overlooked the Muggle London.

He pulled out a small box from his pocket and waved his wand over it causing it to enlarge into his trunk. Harry summoned the books Blaise sent him and began to read eager to learn new spells and techniques.

One might think that the boys desire to learn was a little too excessive, but to Harry it was a way to survive and prepare himself for the future as he knew it was his destiny to fight no matter how hard he tried to prevent it.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

One week later

Harry made his way to Gringotts in need of money to buy the books assigned to them this year. He pushed through the crowd of people and went up to one of the counters and pulled out his key. "Excuse me, master goblin, I would like to make a withdrawal please," he said politely to the goblin.

The goblin looked down at him from his high chair and sneered, "Your key?"

"Right here," Harry said giving the goblin his key.

"Very well, all seems to be in order Mr. Potter," he said.

"Ah wait, would you be kind enough to tell me how much money I have in my vault?" asked Harry. Before buying his books, he needed to know how much money he had, not judge his riches by seeing piles of gold in a vault.

The goblin narrowed his eyes irritably, "Go to room 746 and ask for Bronzespear," he said handing Harry his key.

Harry took his key back and made his way to room 746. Outside the room a goblin guard stopped him, "Purpose of visiting Mr. Bronzespear," it said in a monotonous voice.

"Err... to check my account balance," Harry said nervously, eying the armed goblin.

"Name?"

"Harry James Potter."

The goblin glared at Harry and then stepped aside, "Enter," it said opening the door for Harry.

Harry entered the room to find a goblin sitting behind a gold, silver table with various stacks of papers around him. The goblin himself was ancient looking and had half moon spectacles similar to the headmasters.

"Yes?" the goblin said, not looking up from whatever he was doing.

"Err... I was told to meet a Mr. Bronzespear if I wanted to check my account balance," Harry said, wondering why they would send him to such a goblin that looked like he dealt only with rich families.

"Name?"

"Harry James Potter."

Finally the goblin looked up and glanced at Harry, "Take a seat Mr. Potter," he said snapping his fingers to summon a file to him.

"You are here to inquire about the balance in your vaults? Am I correct?"

"Yes, but what do you mean vaults?"

The goblin looked annoyed, "Obviously you have not been informed about your family fortunes Mr. Potter. You should know that I deal only with rich and ancient families and your father's family is one of the few oldest families I have dealt with."

Harry just stared at the goblin dumbly.

"Right, so as for your balance as you put it," said Bronzespear, sounding irritated for having to deal with a small kid. "You have three vaults, one being the main family vault, one being your trust

vault which is under the control of your guardian and another vault which is said to contain priceless ancient artifacts and portraits and other treasures which are not known except for those who have visited the vault.

Now your trust vault is refilled every year to a total of 50,000 galleons and your family vault contains a total of 3 million galleons and a number of sickles and Knuts."

"W-what!" Harry stammered "My main vault contains 3 million galleons!"

"Yes Mr. Potter and you also have two properties. One is the family manor whose location I do not know and the other is Godric's hollow which is now nothing but a pile of rubble now. Now do you have any questions?"

"Lots," Harry muttered making the goblin frown.

"Tell me Mr. Bronzespear, how come I wasn't informed of all this the first time I came to Gringotts?"

"It is the responsibility of your magical guardian Mr. Potter, not the responsibility of Gringotts," Bronzespear snapped.

"Who is my magical guardian? As far as I know the only guardians I have are the Dursley's and they certainly aren't magical," Harry said a little confused.

"Your magical guardian is Mr. Albus Dumbledore, who gained custody over you after your parents were murdered. It is his responsibility to inform you of your inheritance whenever he feels like it. But that doesn't mean he has control over any of your vaults, they are solely under your control irrespective of your age since you are the last Potter in the Potter Bloodline."

"So the headmaster is my guardian in this world and I never knew and he knew all about my inheritance and saw fit not to tell me about it?" Harry said with a hint of anger seeping into his voice.

"Like I said, it would be his decision as to when to enlighten you of the fact that you are rich and the heir to an ancient family," the goblin said in a bored tone.

"You said something about a family home?"

"Yes, Potter Manor."

"How do I get there?"

"I told you we don't know where it is. Only a Potter can disclose the location or someone who knows the location. Maybe if you visit your vaults you will get the answers you need," the goblin said irritably.

"Right, so can I visit these vaults?" Harry asked, his anger evaporating and curiously replacing it.

"PROUDFEET," the goblin called, and a small goblin hobbled in.

"Take Mr. Potter to his family vault and instruct him on how to open it. Take Clankers and leave now," the goblin said dismissing Harry.

The goblin known as Proudfeet beckoned Harry to follow him and they left the office and entered a different door having the rail tracks leading to the vaults. Harry got in along with the goblin and the cart shot off into the darkness.

The cart kept going and going not stopping at high speeds taking much more time than it took to reach his other vault. After a twenty minute ride they stopped near a huge dragon!

Harry was both awed and terrified at the sight of the dragon.

"Stay behind me human," said Proudfeet with a smirk. He pulled out a leather bag from the cart and removed a metallic device from within. With a small metal rod and hit the device which emitted a sound which made Harry's head vibrate. On hearing the sound the dragon roared and stepped aside revealing a small entrance.

"Follow me quick," the goblin commanded and they entered into a small corridor behind the dragon where the dragon would not reach them.

"Inside are the two vaults that belong to you now, just put your hand on the hand imprint on the vault doors and if you are a Potter you

will be granted permission to enter, if not you die. I shall wait for you here."

"It will kill me if I'm not a Potter?" Harry said weakly.

"Yes," the goblin said smirking evilly.

Harry gulped and walked the length of the tiny corridor until it opened out into a large area with two gold doors at each end.

Harry walked towards the vault to his left and placed his palm on the imprint on the door. He felt a tingling sensation running through the tip of his fingers traveling under his skin all the way up to his shoulder and a second later the door creaked open.

Harry walked in cautiously and the door shut with a snap and the torches flared to life inside the vault. The vault was a huge circular dome carved out of rocks. The ceiling looked like it would collapse any minute. "Must be held up by magic," he thought. In one corner of the huge vault was a huge shelf filled with books, in another corner were a number of portraits snoozing in their frames. There were various chests lying around and at the centre of the room were a number of columns with artifacts placed on them.

Harry was amazed at the contents of the vault. He had never expected to see books and painting inside a vault. He made his way to the centre where the artifacts were kept. There were rings, clothes, some weird items he didn't recognize, swords, gem stones, small cups with inscriptions on them and many other things he had never heard of. Plus the history of the artifact along with the name of the owner was written on the columns.

One particularly caught his eye; it was the silver ring with emeralds embedded in it and the name Salazar Slytherin was imprinted in small gold letter inside it.

Harry bent down to read the column, 'This ring belonging to Salazar Slytherin was found in the forbidden forest by Jeffrey Potter the 3rd. The ring is said to have various magical properties and is supposed to be the key to finding Slytherin's life works which have been said to be truly the work of a genius.

According to our ancestors Slytherin had not known about magic until he was fourteen and was captured by the village folk and set to be burnt by the stake because of the unexplainable things that happened around him. He was rescued by Godric Gryffindor who lived deep within the forest in a small hut. Gryffindor was the one who taught Slytherin about magic and helped him grow into a powerful wizard he was known to be.

Years later after Hogwarts was built each founder built one magical artifact of their own as a reward for themselves for the effort they put into building the school. Slytherin made a ring as a key, Gryffindor a sword as he was known for his skill with a blade, Rowena Ravenclaw a tiara which is said to give you infinite knowledge and Helga Hufflepuff a cup with healing powers.

Nobody knows what happened afterwards but it is known that after a long time of peace and harmony there was great argument between Slytherin and Gryffindor which ended up in a heated duel within the forest of doom where Slytherin lost and fled from the school never to be seen again.'

Harry was amazed. Who would have thought Slytherin was practically a Muggleborn. Harry picked up the ring and tried to put it on his left hand forefinger but every time he brought it closer to his finger it would just shrink and couldn't be put on. He tried it on every finger but it just would refuse to fit on Harry's fingers. Eventually Harry gave up and slid the ring into his pocket.

He explored the vault further and tried talking to the portraits but they just ignored him and continued snoozing in their frames. Finally Harry gave up and made his way to the bookshelves.

Half an hour later, Harry came out of the vault with a bottomless and weightless bag full of books he thought useful and made his way to the family vault in hopes of finding a way to his ancestral home.

His family vault was similar to his trust vault but bigger with a lot more money and hundreds of huge sacks of galleons scattered here and there. At one corner of the vault there was a golden desk with stacks of papers piled on it.

Harry made his way to the desk but when he reached it the desk was empty. Confused he looked around for the stacks of paper he saw earlier. He looked at the desk and saw something written on it.

Welcome,

Ask for the document you wish to see and it shall be presented to you

"Location of Potter ancestral home," he said clearly. Instantly a parchment appeared in front of him with a map on it.

Harry took it and to his dismay he couldn't understand any of it as it was written in a completely different language. He sighed and made a copy of the map with his wand. He left the copy on the table and pocketed the original. He thought of any other document he wanted to see when one struck his mind rather forcefully. Taking a deep breath he said, "Will of James and Lily Potter."

After a few seconds a parchment appeared. On it was written; Will of James and Lily Potter is lost.

Harry frowned and wondered how on earth could a will be lost when this place would show him the location of their ancestral home. Not giving it much thought and realizing there was nothing else of interest in the vault, he scooped up a number of galleons and slipped them into his money bag and left the vault.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry strolled down Diagon alley casually after exiting Gringotts. He kept visiting random shops with no particular reason. He had decided to buy his school books before going back to his room later in the evening.

He made his way to Flourish and Blotts finally to buy his books and was surprised to find a huge crowd outside the famed book store. Scowling he pushed through all the fat ladies and entered the book shop.

On the entrance of the bookstore there was a huge banner.

GILDEROY LOCKHART

Will be signing copies of his autobiography

MAGICAL ME

Today 12:30 P.m. to 4:30 P.m.

So that was the reason for the massive crowds Harry thought irritably. Five minutes later he purchased all the books required and decided to have an ice cream from the ice cream parlor.

He sat outside the shop comfortably in one of the chairs watching all the people pushing each other to get their books autographed by Lockhart, who was sitting near the book shop in a temporary shed signing autographs.

Yawning he licked his ice cream enjoying the shivers it sent down his spine. He then spotted a bunch of red headed people running towards the bookstore accompanied by a bushy haired girl and a black haired girl. His eyes widened in recognition. It was the Weasley's, Granger and Austin.

He saw Granger and the mother of the Weasley's shrieking and jumping in joy as they saw Lockhart stand up and get on the podium smiling, flashing his bright white teeth.

"Pathetic," he muttered rolling his eyes at their antics. Honestly, what was so great about this Lockhart guy, he wondered. His ice cream was almost over when he saw Malfoy and a man who had to be his father walk up to the Weasley's. He saw the elder Malfoy remove a book from the red head girl's cauldron and sneer at Weasley's father.

Harry snorted; trust a Malfoy to insult anyone they don't like. Suddenly the red head man leaped at Malfoy's dad and started pounding him. Both men rolled on the ground punching each other and crashed into a book shelf in the bookstore tipping the shelf over.

A few minutes later after the two men had broken apart, Malfoy snarled at Weasley and threw the book back into the girls cauldron and walk away his head high in the air.

Harry couldn't help but chuckle. It was too amusing to see two grown men fight like five year old children.

"What are you laughing at Potter?"

Harry jumped, startled and looked around wildly to see who had recognized him. He turned to his left and there she was; her blackish red hair glittering in the sun tied loosely into a pony tail, freckles splattered across her face standing with her hands folded watching him with narrowed eyes.

Harry narrowed his eyes at her and coolly responded, "Freckles, how did you recognize me?" he said smirking as he saw her scowl when he used the nickname he had given her.

"I'd recognize that laugh anywhere, having heard it so many times myself," she said scowling.

"Congratulations, you should take a job to recognize voices in the future. Now is there a particular reason you are here or is it just to compliment my voice and looks unlike your own," he said raising an eyebrow.

Her scowl deepened, "I wasn't...." she began coldly but was interrupted as Ron's called her.

"Hey, Mary! Mary," he shouted as the whole Weasley clan and Granger came towards her. Harry groaned.

"Whom are you talking to?" Ron asked her.

"I'm hurt Weasley, don't recognize your best friend?" Harry said in a mock hurt voice.

"Who are you?" Ron asked rudely.

Harry removed his cap and his dark hair fell over his eyes and stuck out at odd places. "Ta da," he said bowing to them.

"You!" he spat "What are you doing here?"

"Temper, temper Weasley, I don't need to explain myself to you," he turned to the mother, "You must be Mrs. Weasley, pleasure to meet

you ma'am," he said politely giving her a small bow. "And you're Mr. Weasley," he said shaking the man's hand "I must say sir; you have a nasty right hook."

Mr. Weasley went red in embarrassment.

"I'm sorry but we didn't get your name," said Mr. Weasley.

"No? Ronald didn't tell you? I'm Harry Potter," he said.

The girl with the cauldron squeaked and Mr. and Mrs. Weasley paled.

"So you're Harry Potter," Mr. Weasley said nervously "Ron has told us quite a lot about you."

"I'm sure he has, though I hope none of it is bad."

"No, no, of course not," Mrs. Weasley said laughing nervously. "Well come on children, we have to get back," she said quickly.

"Mum...", began the small girl.

"Now Ginevra," Mrs. Weasley said sharply.

"Starting Hogwarts this year Ginevra?" Harry asked her kindly.

The girl nodded and blushed until her face resembled the color of her hair.

"Well hope to see you in Slytherin then," Harry said cheerfully as the family turned and left as fast as they came.

"Well see you later Harry," said Lillian a little hesitantly before she took off after the red head family.

Harry looked at her a little confused. That girl made no sense to him at all. One minute she'd be all hostile towards him and the next she'd look like she wanted to be his friend and would talk all nicely and all and the next minute she'd try and punch the daylights out of him. "Even more barmy than Dobby, that one is," he muttered as he made his way back to the leaky cauldron.

"I told you he was evil mum," muttered Ron.

"Honestly, he was just talking Ron. Don't listen to Ron Mrs. Weasley, he just hates Harry that's all," said Lillian.

"Yes, yes dear, now come along," she said distracted.

If one had looked closer they would have spot a small black diary in Ginny Weasley's cauldron.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

On September 1st 10.20 Am Harry had shrunk his trunk to the size of a matchbox and placed it in his pocket and was ready to leave for his second year at Hogwarts School of witchcraft and wizardry. He had been staying in the leaky cauldron for almost a month and he hadn't just wasted his time. He had made numerous trips to his library vault as he called it and had read as many books as possible about not only spells but also different fields of magic, runes being his favorite.

He had also been practicing his ability to conjure water without a wand or a spell. It was something that had happened after that crazy house elf had unbound his magic. Every time near water, it would leap up at him or it would suddenly just sprout out of his fingers. He had been trying to control it and had managed it to a certain degree.

Looking around the room once more checking if he had forgotten anything, he turned towards Hedwig his ever faithful owl and said, "Meet you in Hogwarts Hedwig," and went downstairs and paid Tom for his stay in the room.

"It was a pleasure having you here Harry," said Tom.

"It was great being here, maybe I can stay here next year too," Harry said grinning. "Say Tom, do you know how to get to platform 9 and 3 quarters from here?"

"Sure, you can take the floo or the knight bus," he said.

"Floo? What's that?" asked Harry never having heard that form of travel before.

"You never heard of floo travel!" Tom exclaimed incredulously. When Harry shook his head, he explained, "It's a way of traveling by the fire. I'm surprised with magical parents you never heard of floo travel before."

Harry laughed nervously, cursing his stupidity, "Na, my parents prefer Muggle ways of transport, so could you tell me how to use it?"

"Sure, you just take a pinch of floo powder which is in the pot next to the fire place, throw it into the fire, get in and yell your destination. Look that man is taking it right now," he said.

Harry saw the wizard take a pinch of the powder and throw it into the fire place and say something inaudible.

"Now you go Harry and keep your hands close to your body and say the destination clearly," said Tom.

Harry nodded and took a pinch of the powder and threw it in. The fire roared and turned emerald green.

"You know I never got your last name," Tom said just before Harry stepped in.

Harry smiled and said, "Potter," before stepping into the fire place and yelling Platform 9 and 3 quarters.

"Merlin's beard, that was Harry Potter, the boy who lived staying in my pub," whispered Tom before his eyes rolled back into his head and he fell to the ground.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry meanwhile was traveling through fire at great speeds and felt like he was about to throw up. Suddenly he felt like he was slowing down and was thrown out of the fire place and he fell on the ground in heap.

His head spinning and back hurting he stood up slowly and looked around. He was almost at the other end of the station near the tail of the train. Almost all the people were closer to the entrance from king cross.

"I'm never going to travel by floo again," he muttered, wincing as he walked towards the train. He made his way to the train and settled comfortably in an empty compartment and took a short nap.

Nobody disturbed him for the whole trip except for the trolley lady who made her usual rounds in the train for which he was thankful but kept wondering why Blaise hadn't shown up. They had exchanged letters after Harry moved to the pub and he had said he would meet Harry on the train.

Soon the train came to a stop and Harry got off and walked up to the stagecoaches eager to get back to the place he called home. Suddenly he heard someone calling him. Frowning he turned back and saw a tall Blaise Zabini walking towards him as cool as a cucumber.

"Hey Harry, long time no see," he said grinning.

"Yeah, yeah you too, Mr. Tall," he said. Blaise had certainly grown tall during the summer, he was now 5'7" compared to Harry who was 5'4".

"Hmmm, you seem to have grown shorter except for your hair that is. It looks like a bunch of grass pulled out and stuck to your head," he said smirking.

"Shut it, you moron," grumbled Harry, annoyed at being called short. "Let's get to the carriages before they're all full."

On reaching the carriages Harry stopped short. "What's the matter Harry?" Blaise asked him.

"Look in front of the carriages and tell me what are those things?" he said pointing towards the creatures between the carriage shafts. If he had had to give them a name, he supposed he would have called them horses, though there was something reptilian about them, too. They were completely fleshless, their black coats clinging to their skeletons, of which every bone was visible. Their heads were dragonish, and their pupil less eyes white and staring. Wings sprouted from each wither vast, black leathery wings that looked as though they ought to belong to giant bats.

"Huh? What are you talking about? There's nothing in front of the carriages," said Blaise looking bewildered, "Are you sure your eyes are fine?"

"Yeah I'm sure," snapped Harry. "And what do you mean you can't see them! Look they're harnessed to the carriages, they're like horses only black and with wings and ugly," he said staring at them.

"Mate, I don't see anything," Blaise said, "Hey Tracey, do you see anything pulling the carriages," he asked the Slytherin girl who was passing by.

"Huh, no. what are you talking about?" she asked confused.

"Nothing, nothing," Blaise said waving her off. "You see nothing," he said turning back to Harry. "Now let's go."

"But..."

"I see them too Potter," said a quiet voice behind him.

Both Harry and Blaise turned around to see Nott standing behind them. "But only those who have seen death can see them, and if you can see them that means you have seen someone die."

Harry stared at him, his mind flashing back to Quirrell who was turned into ashes just by touching him.

"Don't worry they're harmless," he said as Blaise pulled Harry into a carriage and they were followed by Nott and Daphne Greengrass.

A few minutes later they reached Hogwarts and went to their house table waiting for the sorting to begin.

McGonagall came into the hall and placed the hat and the stool in front of the head table and walked out of the hall to bring the new first years into the hall to be sorted.

As soon as the first years entered the entire hall felt silent. Harry leaned towards Blaise and muttered, "They look shit scared."

"So were we," Blaise whispered back.

"Speak for yourself, I wasn't scared at all," Harry said, smirking.

"Yeah right, I saw you go up to the hat you know," Blaise said rolling his eyes "You looked like you were about to pass out any second."

"Was not!" Harry whispered glaring at him.

"Yes you were."

"Was not, you jerk."

"Deny all you want Harry, but you know you were scared," Blaise said sniggering.

"I was not....."

"Shut up you two, the sorting is about to begin," Daphne whispered harshly.

"What! What happened to the sorting song?" Harry asked surprised the hat was skipping the song.

"You missed it you moron, you and Blaise were too busy arguing."

Harry looked at Blaise surprised who just shrugged and settled to see the first years get sorted.

"Amberline, Charles," McGonagall called.

"HUFFLEPUFF," screamed the hat.

"Creevy, Collin."

"GRYFFINDOR!"

"Lovegood, Luna."

"RAVENCLAW!"

The sorting went on and on and Slytherin had gained 2 girls and 2 boys up till now.

"Weasley, Ginevra."

"Weasley?" Harry said, his interest being perked up "What do you think Blaise? Which house?"

"Gryffindor all the way, she's a Weasley."

Five minutes later the sorting hat still hadn't decided.

"She's taking almost as long as you," Blaise muttered.

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Suddenly the hat called out, "SLYTHERIN!" stunning the entire hall into silence similar to the one Harry had when he was sorted.

Even McGonagall looked shocked though she removed the hat and gave the girl a gentle push towards the Slytherin table. Ginny walked towards the table in a daze, her eyes moistening. She took a seat away from everyone and started sobbing silently holding her face in her hands.

Harry looked at Blaise shocked, "A Weasley in Slytherin.... Has the hat lost his brain or something!"

Blaise looked equally shocked, "I donno mate, I don't know."

Harry look of shock turned to a gleeful one, "I can't wait to see the Gryffindor Weasley," he said rubbing his hands in anticipation "His sister in Slytherin!" he said snickering. Harry looked over to the Gryffindor table and saw all the Weasley's sitting in their chairs with

their mouths hanging open. He looked at Ron who was glaring at him with pure loathing as if it was his fault she was in Slytherin.

Harry smirked at him and began to eat the food which had just appeared after Dumbledore gave his usual before feast speech.

"This is going to be an interesting year," he murmured as he glanced at the Weasley girl who had stopped crying and was eating her food looking miserable.

"You going to help her Harry?" Blaise asked quietly.

"Help her with what?"

"Settling into Slytherin. You know how everybody's going to behave with her."

"We'll see," replied Harry.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

Chapter 11 – Attacks and the Dueling Club

"If he takes my photograph one more time, I'll chop his hands off and string him upside down in the great hall naked," Harry said fuming.

"Yeah, I'm sure you will."

"Or I'll feed him to the giant squid," he ranted.

"I told you its vegetarian."

"I shove that bloody camera up his nose."

"It's too big."

"I'll transfigure him into a camera, that'll make him happy."

"You'll be expelled."

Harry stopped and glared at his friend, "Whose side are you on! Mine or his?" he demanded.

"I look for peaceful solutions to such matters," he said, in a saint like voice.

Harry looked at him incredulously, "You, Blaise Zabini, of the ruthless but neutral Zabini family would look for peaceful solutions!"

"Hmm, I guess not, but he's your headache not mine."

"Some friend you are," Harry muttered, his eyes checking his surroundings constantly so that if he spotted Lockhart or Creevey he could run in the opposite direction.

"At least he's not as bad as Lockhart," Blaise said, sounding sympathetic.

"Please don't remind me!" groaned Harry. "Honestly I don't know which is worse, to have a kid taking my photograph every time he spots me or a fool of a teacher who's made up his mind to embarrass me every time he gets the chance."

"You know, I'm surprised you haven't cursed them yet. If I try to wake you a little before seven or do anything to piss you off you'd transfigure me into a pile of dung," said Blaise frowning.

"I'm surprised too, but if I did, Dumbledore would probably expel me like you said and I'd bring the wrath of the Gryffindor's down upon me and I don't fancy cursing the crap out of them and end up getting expelled as well."

"True, true," Blaise said seriously, as they reached the entrance to their common room.

"Mudblood," Harry said and the wall slid open. "Which moronic fool would put such a password?"

"It was Flint," Blaise grunted.

"Bloody troll faced bastard," Harry growled.

Blaise looked at him surprised, "I never seen you lose your temper like this before, usually you're all calm and composed."

"Why, you got a problem!" snarled Harry.

"Hey, hey, don't need to let your frustrations out on me," said Blaise defensively.

Harry glared at Blaise who ignored him and sat in one of the chairs. Harry sighed and collapsed on the couch.

"Sorry," Harry said looking apologetically at Blaise, "With Creevey, Lockhart and the rest of the Gryffindor's acting like fools my temper has been on the edge."

"It's alright," Blaise said sighing, "If I were in your place I would have blown up long ago."

It had been more than a month since they had returned to Hogwarts and Harry's temper was running high almost every single day. With Colin Creevey running behind him every second of the day with his accursed camera, Weasley accusing him of turning his sister dark, Lockhart giving him tips on how to handle being a celebrity and with

the amount of homework the teachers were giving them, anybody would be on the edge of losing their temper.

"Hey Potter, Zabini," Malfoy drawled walking into the common room with his Crabbe and Goyle lumbering behind him.

"Hey, Malfoy," Harry grunted while Blaise just nodded "What's up?"

"Nothing just came to inform you guys that Quidditch tryouts are taking place next Sunday," he said sitting in one of the arm chairs while Crabbe and Goyle stood behind him.

"Really?" said Harry, his attention completely on Malfoy now.

"Yeah," he drawled "I'm trying out for seeker, there's a spot open for chaser and seeker."

"Hmmm, I'd love to try out but I don't have a broom," Harry mused.

"So order one or use the school brooms."

"I'd rather buy my own broom than use those pathetic school brooms," Harry muttered "How much does a decent broom cost?" he asked turning towards Malfoy and Blaise.

"The new nimbus 2001 comes for around 200 to 250 galleons," Malfoy said "But if you could always go for a Cleansweep if you want a cheaper one."

"Naw I'd rather buy the best."

"Malfoy grinned at him, "Knew you had it in you Potter."

"Had what in me?"

"What it takes to be a true pureblood unlike those blood traitors."

"Thanks, I think," Harry said rolling his eyes, not in the mood to hear Draco rant about mudblood's and blood traitors again.

"I can't believe the Weasley girl is actually in Slytherin..... honestly, we should just kick her out of the common room and send her packing to the Gryffindor tower," Malfoy said sneering.

"She's in this house because she must have had the qualities of a Slytherin Malfoy," said Harry sighing. "And why do you care? Its not like she's doing any harm to you is she?"

"Well no but look at her!" he said looking disgusted, "All she does is cry all day and write in that silly diary of hers," he said pointing towards the corner of the common room and indeed there she was, looking miserable and writing in her diary.

"Well let her sort out her own matters, she just needs time to adjust. Does she have any friends?" Harry asked him.

"None, I heard from Pansy that Daphne and Tracey actually tried talking to her and few of the first years also tried but she just ignored them and went about her daily routine or whatever it is she does. I even saw her brothers yelling at her when she met them about a week back," he said looking rather pleased.

"Really! Her brothers yelled at her for being in Slytherin?" asked Harry, surprised. He hadn't expected the Weasley's to actually turn their backs on one of their own just because she was in a different house.

"Yeah, cool isn't it," Draco said happily.

"Yeah, really cool," Harry murmured looking at the youngest Weasley sympathetically. He knew what it was like to be belittled and ignored and insulted. After all that's how he had grown up.

"Well got to go," Draco said loudly, "Have to find some puffs to bully," he said and left the common room with his two body guards trailing behind him.

"What you thinking Harry?" Blaise asked Harry, who was staring at Ginny and seemed to be deep in thought.

"Nothing, nothing," he muttered distracted "Come on lets go for dinner," he said shortly and walked out of the common room.

It was almost midnight, the common room was empty and Harry was busy completing his potions and history assignments. He yawned as

he put the finishing touches to his essays and re-read them once again to make sure there weren't any mistakes.

At half past twelve when he was finally ready to go to bed, he heard someone coming down the stairs. He stiffened and was surprised when he saw Ginny Weasley head towards the common room exit not even glancing at him.

"Ginevra," he called out, surprising himself at calling her by her first name.

She froze and slowly turned around not saying a word.

"Where do you think you're going at this hour?" Harry asked curiously.

She just stared at him unblinking, holding her diary close to her.

"Err... are you alright?" he asked her uncertainly, it was extremely creepy the way she was scrutinizing him.

"I'm fine," she said finally "Just felt like going out for a walk."

"Don't you think it's a little too late for that?" Harry stated dryly.

"No I don't and it's none of your business so go back to your books," she said coldly.

Harry was taken aback by her cold tone, "Alright, you go where ever it is you're going and I'll pretend I never saw you," he said slowly, extremely un-nerved by the girl's behavior.

She nodded and left the common room without giving him a second glance.

"What the hell was that?" Harry wondered, as he went up to his room.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

"Seekers to my left and chasers to my right," shouted Marcus Flint, the current Slytherin team Quidditch captain.

Harry, Draco and loads of other students varying from third to seventh year has assembled to try out for the Quidditch team. Harry after much debate and argument with Blaise had agreed to try out for seeker as his body and size was perfect for a seeker and not to mention the spectacular dives he had pulled the first time he got on a broom.

"Alright, your job is simple enough. I'll be releasing the snitch and the one who gets it the fastest will get a chance to be on the team. I'll be releasing it three times and if anyone manages to catch it at least two times if not all three, will automatically be on the team," Flint barked.

He opened the Quidditch set and released the snitch. Two minutes later he blew his whistle and every one soared into the air.

Harry felt the wind blowing through his hair and he felt free, like he had no worries at all. He flew high above the ground and began searching for the snitch while most of the other students opted to fly around randomly. A few others like Harry had opted to fly high above the ground including Draco.

Fifteen minutes later there was still no sign of the snitch. Harry flew around slowly, his eyes darting back and forth trying to look for a tiny speck of gold.

"You think you're going to beat me Potter?" sneered Draco as he flew past Harry.

Harry rolled his eyes, "I don't think - I know I'm going to get the position Malfoy."

Malfoy just sneered at him and shot off in the opposite direction.

Harry looked back at him and froze, he had just seen the snitch and it was hovering at the ground near the goal posts and nobody had spotted it yet.

Harry immediately pointed his Nimbus 2001 downwards and shot like a bullet towards the ground. The others having spotted the snitch too changed their direction and headed straight for the snitch.

"Come on," he urged his broom now almost vertically above the snitch. He could see Malfoy zooming towards the snitch from the other end of the ground from the corner of his eyes.

Seconds later he pulled out of his dive a few feet above the ground with the snitch firmly in his fist. The others hadn't stood a chance.

Grinning ear to ear, he landed next to Flint and handed him the snitch.

Flint just stared at him, his mouth open.

"Err... Captain Flint," Harry said uncertainly "I just caught the snitch."

Harry looked around and saw almost everybody was staring at him with unconcealed shock and awe.

"That... that was bloody unbelievable Potter!" Flint exclaimed "Since when have you been flying like that!"

"This was my second time on a broom, sir," he said.

"Second time.... SECOND TIME! And you pull one of the best dives I have ever seen!" he yelled looking delighted "Bloody hell....." he said looking amazed. "That's it welcome to the team Potter, you're our new seeker."

Harry was stunned, "Wow, thanks... I mean wow," he said unable to speak coherently.

"That's not fair Flint," whined Malfoy, "It's supposed to be best out of three. I'm sure I'll be the one catching the snitch this time!"

"Shut it Malfoy," growled Flint, "If I want your opinion I'll ask for it."

"You want my dad's opinion," said Malfoy casually.

Flint paled drastically, "err... alright, catch the snitch again and you're on the team Potter," he said nervously. "Alright all seekers back in the air," he yelled after releasing the snitch.

But Harry caught the snitch again without much effort at all. It was like he was born to be a seeker.

"Well done Potter," Flint said grinning, "He won fair and square Malfoy, if you want I can give you a go for the chaser spot," he said. Malfoy just spat on the ground and stalked off to the place where the chaser try outs were to take place. "Well Potter, I'll be expecting you for practice tomorrow morning at six. Don't be late."

"Y-yes sir," Harry stammered and headed back to the common room in daze. He knew he was good, but he didn't know he was that good.

If he had turned around, he would have seen the jealous stares he was getting by the others who had tried out and the hate filled stare of Draco Malfoy.

After the shock of getting chosen as seeker sunk in, Harry happily strolled back to the common room to give Blaise the good news. Blaise wasn't interested in trying out. According to him, it was a waste of time and more than once involved a major accident.

Harry entered the common room, his eyes seeking out Blaise. He spotted him near the fire place lazily lying on the couch reading some stupid magazine.

Harry quietly sneaked up behind him and pushed him off the couch. He shrieked and fell to the ground with a thump.

"What the hell!" he yelled and jumped to his feet ready to pound the person who dropped him. All he saw was Harry sitting comfortably on his couch with his wand in one hand and broom in the other.

"You," he said narrowing his eyes, "What are you doing back here so early and why did you push me out of that lovely couch."

"You shriek like a little girl," Harry said trying hard not to burst out laughing.

"Go back to your tryouts you git," Blaise snapped.

"Well," Harry drawled "I would but what's the point if I'm already the new seeker of the Slytherin team."

All his anger at Harry vanished instantaneously "You got seeker! That's awesome!"

"I know," Harry replied grinning "I caught the snitch on both times without any effort. Flint gave me the position after the first try but Malfoy started whining so he grudgingly made us go one more time and I caught it again and since I caught it twice in succession, the position was automatically mine."

"Wow..... That's just awesome...! What about Malfoy? He must have been hopping mad."

"Don't know, don't care, but I'm sure he was," Harry replied shrugging "Anyway I'm going for a shower, I'll see you in the great hall."

-X-X-X-X-X-

For the next few days Harry had to split his time between Quidditch practice, homework, avoiding Lockhart and Creevey and practicing his water ability in secret.

Before he knew it Halloween had arrived and just like last year he wanted to avoid the feast but Blaise somehow convinced him to come. So rather than waiting for the feast to get over, Harry ate a little food and left the great hall under his invisibility cloak not wanting to draw any attention. Everybody was so intent on eating anything they could grab that nobody, including the teachers noticed a student suddenly disappear in the shadows except for Blaise.

After exiting the great hall, Harry sighed in relief and wandered around aimlessly. "Honestly, why am I acting so depressed," he wondered. "I have the best wand in the world, I am the new Slytherin seeker, I have a great friend, then why the hell am I acting like a sissy," he said smacking himself on the head.

"I should be enjoying myself at the feast right now, not moping about parents whom I didn't even know," he said trying to get the image of his parents out of his head. "And where the hell am I?" he said looking around. It was the third floor.

He sighed and decided to go back to his common room. The feast would be over in another half hour or less anyway.

And then Harry heard it.

Rip.....kill...tear.....

Harry froze.

Hungry.....so hungry!

"What the hell?" whispered Harry pressing his ear against the wall trying to find the source of the voice. It was coming from the floor below. Harry ran down the stairs but as luck had it, the stairs switched and connected to 1st floor.

He cursed and ran down determined to find another staircase which lead to the second floor.

I smell FOOD! He heard it say in a cold inhuman murderous voice.

"Shit, it's going to eat or kill someone," he thought and ran faster, abandoning all sense of caution.

He found the other stairs leading to the second floor and rushed up not noticing three startled Gryffindor's staring at him.

"Who was that?" said Hermione, staring up the stairs where Harry had vanished.

"Donno, reckon we should follow him?" Ron asked uncertainly.

"Yeah, let's go," Lillian said hesitantly and all three Gryffindor's followed him slowly not making a sound.

Meanwhile Harry had reached on top and was frozen in his spot staring at wall in front of him.

Written in huge letters on the wall between two flaming torches was:

THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS HAS BEEN OPENED

ENEMY'S OF THE HEIR BEWARE

And hanging below on an empty torch bracket was a cat as stiff as a board, its small yellow eyes wide and staring ahead unblinking. There was water all over the floor coming out of the bathroom next to the wall.

Harry slowly and hesitantly took a step towards the cat and realized it was Mrs. Norris. He stared in shock at the cat not knowing what to do. But before he could pull himself together and think of something he heard someone stumble on the stairs. Panicking and not wanting to be found in such a position he quickly pulled out his invisibility cloak and covered himself and hurried down the passage way towards the great hall. He turned back and saw Ron, Hermione and Lillian come up the stairs just as he headed into a different corridor leading straight to the great hall.

He knew if those Gryffindor's were found there Weasley would blame him or any Slytherin in an instant and he was sure they had seen him. If he was in the great hall before the feast ended, he could always say that he had never left the feast. Now he knew what Flint had meant when he had explained the rules of Slytherin to them.

If he had been caught there, the whole blame would fall on him just because he was a Slytherin.

He slipped into the great hall, and removed his cloak in one corner of the hall and made his way carefully towards Blaise, who seemed to be forcing some cake down his throat. Nobody even noticed him.

Harry took his seat next to him and whispered, "Hey."

"Hey!" Blaise said surprised "Hadn't you gone back to the common room?"

"Long story, I'll tell you later. For now if anyone asks I never left the hall and was with you the entire time.

Blaise nodded and didn't ask anymore questions, hearing the seriousness in Harry's voice.

"Hey Draco, pass the chocolate cake will you," Harry said in a false cheerful tone.

"Here you go Potter, and try the custard too, it's the best I've ever had!"

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

"Where did he go?" whispered Hermione.

"I donno, he must have gone upstairs or down the corridor or must have heard you and fled," whispered back Lillian.

"What's that," Ron said pointing towards the big words in the dim light.

"The chamber of secrets has been opened. Enemy's of the heir beware," Lillian read "What's that supposed to mean?"

"What- what's that hanging underneath?" Ron said with a slight quiver in his voice.

They edged closer and Ron almost slipped in the puddle of water but Hermione caught him before he fell. They squinted through the darkness; all three realized at once what it was and leapt back with a splash.

For a few seconds they didn't move. Then Ron said, "Let's get out of here."

"Shouldn't we help her or..." began Lillian awkwardly.

"No, trust me, we don't want to be found here," Ron whispered harshly.

But it was too late. A rumble, somewhat like distant thunder, told them that the feast had just ended. From either end of the corridor where they stood came the sound of hundreds of feet climbing the stairs, and the loud, happy talk of well fed people; next moment, students were crashing into the passage from both sides. Unlike Harry, the Gryffindor's didn't have an invisibility cloak to hide in and were frozen in their places.

The chatter, the bustle, the noise died suddenly as the people in front spotted the hanging cat. Lillian, Ron and Hermione stood alone, in the middle of the grisly sight.

Harry's heart sank as they reached the passage where the cat hung. He sincerely hoped that those Gryffindor's had gotten away in time but it wasn't so. Suddenly Draco pushed past him and went in front and shouted through the quiet.

"Enemies of the heir, beware! You'll be next, mudblood's!" his cold eyes alive, his usually pale face flushed, as he grinned at the hanging immobile cat.

"What's going on here? What's going on?" shouted Argus Filch, shoving his way through the crowd. He saw Mrs. Norris and his face fell, "My cat! My cat! What's happened to Mrs. Norris?" he shrieked.

His wild eyes fell on Lillian, "You!" he howled "You killed her! You've killed my cat! You... you... I'll kill you! I'll..."

"Argus."

Dumbledore had arrived on the scene followed by a number of other teachers.

"She killed my cat Headmaster! She killed her!" he screamed.

"No, I didn't!" Lillian said her heart beating painfully against her chest.

"Yes, she did! I saw her kicking my cat just yesterday!" he howled glaring hatefully at Lillian who stared intently at her shoes determined not to meet the eyes of the headmaster.

"Silence," Dumbledore said sharply and moved past the distraught caretaker and detached Mrs. Norris from the torch bracket.

"Come with me Argus, You too, Mr. Weasley, Miss Austin and Miss Granger."

"We didn't do anything, we saw Potter running up here and when we came up we saw the cat," Ron said fearfully, under the impression that they were going to be expelled.

All the Slytherin's standing there burst out muttering angrily at the accusation against one of their own who according to them hadn't even left the feast until now.

Dumbledore stopped in his tracks and turned and faced Ron who flinched when his eyes locked with Dumbledore's. "And why would you accuse Mr. Potter of such a thing Mr. Weasley?"

Hermione stamped his foot hard before he could dig himself into a deeper hole, "Actually professor, we just saw someone running up the stairs but we didn't recognize the person and Ronald here just assumed it was Potter," she said hurriedly.

Dumbledore looked at her piercingly for a moment then nodded. "Right follow me now."

"Please use my office headmaster," Lockhart said eagerly "It's just upstairs."

"Thank you, Gilderoy," said Dumbledore.

The crowd parted silently to let them pass. Lockhart looking excited and important hurried behind Dumbledore; so did McGonagall and Snape.

"Alright everybody back to their respective common rooms," professor Sprout said, her voice shaking a bit.

Slowly everybody started moving and headed to their common rooms muttering to each other under their breath.

"Can you believe that weasel," hissed Malfoy.

"Yeah, I know, accusing me for no reason at all," Harry said agreeing with Malfoy but his mind was elsewhere. First of someone had attacked the cat and the thing was it didn't sound human at all. How that cat had died was weird, he thought, thinking of all the spells he knew that could kill.

Before he knew it, they were in the common room and Blaise had dragged him up before anybody would question him as to why Weasley had accused him.

As soon as they were in their room, Blaise locked the door and turned sharply towards Harry, "Please tell me you didn't do that to the cat."

"What, NO!" Harry said indignantly "Of course I didn't."

"Ok good," Blaise said letting out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding. "So you going to tell me what happened?" he said sitting on his bed.

Harry took a deep breath, "Well you know I left the hall early under my invisibility cloak right?"

"Yeah"

"Well I went roaming around the school and suddenly I heard this voice."

"You heard a voice?"

"Yeah, it was talking about killing someone, so I tried to find the person since all the teachers were in the great hall and I wasn't thinking straight. So I followed the voice and it leads me to that place where the cat was. Then I heard someone coming up behind me so I threw the cloak over me and ran back to the great hall and luckily nobody realized I had gone and then you know the rest."

Blaise didn't say anything but was frowning and seemed to be deep in thought.

"What is it?" Harry asked him.

"The chamber of secrets, I heard about it somewhere."

"Of course you have, it's supposed to be a legendary secret chamber in the castle built by Slytherin himself," Harry said rolling his eyes.

Blaise looked startled, "What! How do you know that?"

"I read Blaise; it's mentioned in Hogwarts a history. I remember reading about it. Though there has never been proof of the chamber actually existing."

"So who are the enemies of the heir?" asked Blaise curiously, with a tinge of fear in his voice.

"Muggleborn's," Harry said shortly.

"Oh," he said sounding somewhat relieved.

There was a short moment of silence. Both lost in their own respective thoughts.

"You know Harry."

"What?"

"I've been meaning to ask you, where do you disappear during the nights at times?"

Harry looked shocked, "What are you talking about Blaise?" he said carefully.

"Don't act innocent with me Harry, sometimes I get up during the night and you're never there in your bed and once or twice I've seen you sneak out of the room too."

"Outside," he said evasively.

"Come on Harry! Can't you trust me?"

Harry looked at Blaise carefully, thinking whether he should trust him with this bit of information.

"Practicing somewhere," he said finally.

"Practicing what and where?"

"First you have to promise me you won't tell anybody, not your parents, not your girlfriend if you have any that is, not even a bug or an animal," Harry said firmly.

"I promise," he said solemnly.

Harry took a deep breath and pointed one finger at Blaise.

"You've been practicing to point fingers at people," he joked. Here he thought Harry was about to share some incredible secret with him and instead he points a finger at him.

Suddenly he was hit by a jet of water which hit with such force that he was pushed over and toppled over from the other side of his bed.

Coughing and shivering, he slowly got up and looked at Harry who was calmly sitting on his bed grinning at him.

"W-w-what just h-ha-happened?"

Harry didn't reply and instead pointed his finger at him again. This time water slowly came out of his finger and slithered towards Blaise like a snake and crawled up his leg and warped itself around his neck and began to cover his face slowly.

Blaise was too shocked and scared to move or talk. He opened his mouth but no words came out. He stared at Harry fearfully wondering what the hell was going on.

Harry realizing his friend was getting freaked out immediately broke his connection with the water resulting in the water to fall down with a splash and spread on the floor. He then leveled his hand at the water on the floor. Immediately the water flew towards him and formed a big ball of swirling water on his palm. He raised his hand towards the window and the ball of water was thrown out of the window.

Harry turned to Blaise who still had a stupefied expression on his face.

"Blaise... Blaise... BLAISE!" Harry yelled, trying to get his attention.

Blaise was jerked out of his trance like state and he slowly looked Harry in the eye. "Harry mate, please tell me what just happened," he tried to say calmly, but his voice betrayed his fear and confusion.

"My dear Blaise, you just saw me control water and blast you with a jet of water which came out of my finger," Harry said smirking.

"Holy crap," whispered Blaise, his demeanor changing the instant Harry said that, as if something just clicked in his head.

"What?"

"You're a freakin' elemental," he said staring at Harry in awe.

"I'm a what?"

"An elemental, one with the power to control one of nature's elements."

"Care to repeat that!" Harry said incredulously.

"You. Are. A. Water. Elemental," he said slowly.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"What's that supposed to mean!" Blaise cried "Harry, elementals haven't been seen for centuries. And to be one is extremely rare well forget rare, it's unheard of and here my bloody room mate is an elemental who can control water....! Do you have any idea what that means!"

Harry shook his head dumbly, never having heard of elementals.

"It means you are shit arse powerful and can do whatever you want with water!"

They stared at each other in silence for a few minutes. Harry thoughtfully and Blaise in awe.

"How do you know all this," Harry asked finally.

"It's common knowledge among purebloods. We are taught fencing, all about wizarding history and its customs and all sorts of things. It's a sort of tradition among ancient families like the Malfoy's, Nott's, Montague's and a few more," Blaise said shrugging.

Harry frowned, "I've read many books on wizarding history and I've never heard of an elemental."

"You won't find a book mentioning elementals so easily. In the entire wizarding history there must have been like 5 to 6 elementals till date and you can add yourself to the list."

Harry gaped at Blaise, "That's it! Just 5 to 6!"

"Yep, that's why it's amazing you're one. Nobody even knows the name of an elemental till date. They have been just spotted a few times using their powers and stories about them are passed down from father to son or daughter. They're like bed time stories nowadays."

"And just because I can shoot water from my fingers I'm a water elemental?"

"Obviously...., have you ever heard of any other wizard shooting water, fire, wind or earth from their fingers?" Blaise asked him sarcastically.

Harry's mind flashed back to Lillian walking through fire. "No, I guess not."

"There you have it. My room mate is a bloody water elemental," he said, his face breaking out into a grin.

"You know you can't tell anyone right?" said Harry narrowing his eyes.

"Yeah I know, don't worry about it, I won't be opening my mouth."

Harry sighed, "Well I'm going to bed now. It's been a hectic day. Finding out I'm an elemental, Mrs. Norris being killed, running away from two Harry Potter freaks. All in all a wonderful day," he said rolling his eyes. "Anyway good night."

"Good night to you too Mr. Elemental."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The day after Mrs. Norris had been attacked Dumbledore had announced at breakfast that the cat was very much alive and was just petrified. Harry was extremely surprised at this revelation. The cat had practically become stone. It wasn't breathing or functioning at all yet it was alive, he decided to research spells that could actually do such a thing. His wand was no help either. It hadn't

spoken a word to him since last summer which annoyed Harry to no end.

For the next few days all students walked in groups in fear of being attacked, Slytherin Gryffindor relations were strained to breaking point and they were hexing each other on sight. Filch was handing out detentions like toilet paper. Weasley was spreading rumors about Harry being the attacker as usual and every time Harry walked in a corridor or entered the great hall, everybody would run away from him and avoid him at all costs. Harry was rather pleased by this, since nobody kept gaping and whispering when ever they saw him. If he had known all he had to do was scare them, he would have done it ages ago.

For once Harry was glad Weasley was spreading such rumors and hadn't met the Gryffindor trio since the attack so that he could thank them in person. Right now Harry had his broom swung over his shoulder and was on his way to the Quidditch pitch for his first ever Quidditch match with Malfoy, who had managed to get the chaser position by buying the rest of the team brand new nimbus 2001's. He had tried to get the seekers position, but Flint was adamant that Harry remain seeker and had offered Draco the chaser position.

When Harry and Draco entered the changing rooms the entire team was already there, ready to fly out and kick Gryffindor ass.

"Alright team, we have been practicing like crazy everyday for the past week. Today I don't want any mistakes or else you'll suffer. You know the strategy, knock as many players as possible out of the sky and the game is as good as ours," he growled. "Alright let's go and kick some Gryffindork arse!" he shouted.

The whole team roared enthusiastically and walked out of the changing room. They were greeted by loud cheers and boo's. The boo's and hisses coming from the rest of the school apart from the Slytherin's.

"And the Slytherin team walks out with two new additions to their team, Potter and Malfoy! One would think twice before picking such scrawny git's like them!" a loud voice was heard saying, a Gryffindor named Lee Jordon was the commentator for the match.

"And here comes the Gryffindor team! Wood, Johnson, Bell, Spinnet, Weasley, Weasley and Weasley! The Gryffindor's have a new talent in their team who goes by the name of Roonnaaalllll Weasleyyyyyyyy!" and the Gryffindor's screamed wildly.

Harry looked at the Gryffindor team in surprise, he knew the Weasley twins were on the team and were pretty good but Ron! He had seen the git fly during flying practice and he was nothing but a pile of dung on a broom. "New talent they say," he said shaking his head in amusement.

Madam Hooch, the Quidditch teacher, asked Flint and Wood to shake hands, which they did, giving each other threatening stares and gripping rather harder than necessary.

"On my whistle," said Madam Hooch. "Three ... two ... one. . ."

With a roar from the crowd to speed them upward, the fourteen players rose toward the leaden sky. Harry flew higher than any of them, squinting around for the Snitch.

Harry could vaguely hear the commentator sing praises about the Gryffindor team and their new seeker Ronald Weasley. He glanced towards Ron and saw him looking around nervously for the snitch.

Harry grinned and decided to play with the youngest male Weasley. He shot towards him and shoved him almost making him fall off his broom. Grinning he glanced back and sure enough, Weasley was red in the face and looked furious.

Suddenly Harry shouted, "Oh look, the snitch," and shot towards the ground but made sure Ron was close to him.

"And it looks like Potter's spotted the snitch and is shooting towards the ground with Weasley hot on his trail! Come on Ron!"

A few feet above the ground Harry pulled up suddenly and heard a loud crunch and grinned victoriously ignoring the outraged yells coming from the stands and Jordon screaming about slimy Slytherin's and cheaters.

Madam hooch blew her whistle causing play to stop.

"Nice one Potter," said Flint, flying up to him and thumping him on the back, "All you need to do is catch the snitch and the game is ours. They don't stand a chance against our brooms," he said and flew away to give quick instructions to the rest of the team. He spotted Malfoy looking at him resentfully but with a little respect too. Obviously he had acknowledged Harry as the better flyer even if he wouldn't say it out loud.

A few minutes later Ron got back on his broom shakily and took off into the air.

He resumed his job of looking for the snitch but didn't have any luck so far. Suddenly he heard a whistling noise behind him and spotted a bludger heading straight for his head.

He quickly performed a barrel roll and avoided it. But it immediately turned back sharply and headed straight for him. The next five minutes were spent dodging and performing weird tricks on his broom to avoid being pulverized, but then he saw the snitch.

It was hovering near the Gryffindor middle goal.

He heard the bludger coming behind him and dived with a sudden burst of speed zooming towards the snitch. He saw Weasley heading towards the snitch too but overtook his pathetic broom without any effort. Within seconds the snitch was in his hand and the Slytherin stands exploded into cheers.

Grinning from ear to ear he headed back to the ground and celebrated with the rest of his team mates.

They had won 220 – 20. All of a sudden he heard someone scream. Distracted he turned around only to feel something hard smash into his face and knock him to the ground.

Dazed he tried to see who hit him, but spotted a bludger heading towards him again. His eyes widened in horror and he tried to move away but it was too late. It slammed into his ribs hard and flew back into sky for another attack. Harry moaned in pain, he could feel something dripping from the side of his head and his chest felt like someone had just stabbed him a million times.

He saw the bludger head for him again and the first thought that crossed his mind was to be the first player to be killed in their first game by a bludger. Just before it hit him again it exploded into a million pieces and he blacked out.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Hours later Harry woke up suddenly in the pitch blackness with in a dull throb in his chest and head. For a moment where was he and then memories of the Quidditch incident came crashing down to him.

He wondered if he had woken because of the pain but then with a trill of horror, he felt someone press a wet sponge to his forehead.

"Get off!" he said loudly and then, "Dobby!"

The house-elf's goggling tennis ball eyes were peering at Harry through the darkness. A single tear was running down his long, pointed nose.

Harry Potter came back to school," he whispered miserably. "Dobby warned and warned Harry Potter. Ah sir, why didn't you heed Dobby? Why did Harry Potter come to school when Dobby warned him?"

Harry heaved himself up on his pillows and pushed Dobby's sponge away. "What're you doing here?" he said. "I told you I was coming back didn't I? So why are you here now? Why can't you warn the headmaster instead of me?"

Dobby mopped his bulging eyes ignoring him and said suddenly, "Harry Potter must go home! Dobby thought his Bludger would be enough to make -"

"Your Bludger?" said Harry, his anger rising. "What'd you mean, your Bludger? You made that Bludger try and kill me?"

"Not kill you, sir, never kill you!" said Dobby, shocked. "Dobby wants to save Harry Potter's life! Better sent home, grievously injured, than remain here sir! Dobby only wanted Harry Potter hurt enough to be sent home!"

"Oh, is that all?" said Harry angrily. "I don't suppose you're going to tell me why you wanted me sent home in pieces?"

"Ah, if Harry Potter only knew!" Dobby groaned, tears dripping onto his ragged pillowcase. "If he knew what he means to us, to the lowly, the enslaved, we dregs of the magical world! Dobby remembers how it was when He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was at the height of his powers, sir! We house-elves were treated like vermin, sir! Of course, Dobby is still treated like that, sir," he admitted, drying his face on the pillowcase.

"But mostly, sir, life has improved for my kind since you triumphed over He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Harry Potter survived, and the Dark Lord's power was broken, and it was a new dawn, sir, and Harry Potter shone like a beacon of hope for those of us who thought the Dark days would never end, sir... And now, at Hogwarts, terrible things are to happen, are perhaps happening already, and Dobby cannot let Harry Potter stay here now that history is to repeat itself, now that the Chamber of Secrets is open once more," Dobby froze, horrorstruck, then grabbed Harry's water jug from his bedside table and cracked it over his own head, toppling out of sight. A second later, he crawled back onto the bed, cross-eyed, muttering, "Bad Dobby, very bad Dobby. . ."

"So there is a Chamber of Secrets?" Harry whispered. "And did you say it's been opened before? Tell me, Dobby!" He seized the elf's bony wrist as Dobby's hand inched toward the water jug. "But I'm not Muggle-born - how can I be in danger from the Chamber?"

"Ah, sir, ask no more, ask no more of poor Dobby," stammered the elf, his eyes huge in the dark. "Dark deeds are planned in this place, but Harry Potter must not be here when they happen - go home, Harry Potter, go home. Harry Potter must not meddle in this, sir, 'tis too dangerous -"

"Who is it, Dobby?" Harry said, keeping a firm hold on Dobby's wrist to stop him from hitting himself with the water jug again. "Who's opened it? Who opened it last time?"

"Dobby can't, sir, Dobby can't, Dobby mustn't tell!" squealed the elf. "Go home, Harry Potter, go home!"

"NO!" Harry said sharply, his anger rising causing the room temperature to drop suddenly. "I'm not going anywhere until you tell me who's opening the chamber of secrets and so that we can end your attempts to save me! So tell me. Who. Is. It!"

"Please don't, sir!" moaned Dobby "You must not-"

Dobby froze, his bat like ears quivering. Harry heard it, too. There were footsteps coming down the passageway outside.

"Dobby must go," breathed the elf, terrified and vanished with a whip like crack.

Next moment, Dumbledore was backing into the dormitory, wearing a long woolly dressing gown and a nightcap. He was carrying one end of what looked like a statue. Professor McGonagall appeared a second later, carrying its feet. Together, they heaved it onto a bed.

"Get Madam Pomfrey," whispered Dumbledore, and Professor McGonagall hurried past the end of Harry's bed out of sight. Harry lay quite still, pretending to be asleep. He heard urgent voices, and then Professor McGonagall swept back into view, closely followed by Madam Pomfrey, who was pulling a cardigan on over her nightdress. He heard a sharp intake of breath.

"What happened?" Madam Pomfrey whispered to Dumbledore, bending over the statue on the bed.

"Another attack," said Dumbledore. "Minerva found him on the stairs."

"There was a bunch of grapes next to him," said Professor McGonagall.

"We think he was trying to sneak up here to visit Potter."

Harry's stomach gave a horrible lurch. Desperately hoping it wasn't Blaise, he carefully raised himself a few inches so he could look at the statue on the bed. A ray of moonlight lay across its staring face. It was Colin Creevey. His eyes were wide and his hands were stuck up in front of him, holding his camera. Harry couldn't help but feel relieved that it wasn't Blaise, though he couldn't imagine why on

earth, Creevey would want to visit him when he had been nothing but cold towards the boy.

"Petrified?" whispered Madam Pomfrey.

"Yes," said Professor McGonagall. "But I shudder to think ... If Albus hadn't been on the way downstairs for hot chocolate - who knows what might have -"

The three of them stared down at Colin. Then Dumbledore leaned forward and wrenched the camera out of Colin's rigid grip.

"You don't think he managed to get a picture of his attacker?" said Professor McGonagall eagerly.

Dumbledore didn't answer. He opened the back of the camera.

"Good gracious!" said Madam Pomfrey.

A jet of steam had hissed out of the camera. Harry, two beds away, caught the acrid smell of burnt plastic.

"Melted," said Madam Pomfrey wonderingly. "All melted..."

"What does this mean, Albus?" Professor McGonagall asked urgently.

"It means," said Dumbledore, "that the Chamber of Secrets is indeed open again."

Madam Pomfrey clapped a hand to her mouth. Professor McGonagall stared at Dumbledore.

"But, Albus ... surely ... who?"

"The question is not who," said Dumbledore, his eyes on Colin.

"The question is, how"

And from what Harry could see of Professor McGonagall's shadowy face, she didn't understand this any better than he did.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The next few days passed by without any major incident. Teachers escorted students in the corridors and no one was allowed out of their dorms after dark. Almost the whole Slytherin house were rejoicing the fact that someone was attacking Muggleborn's and Draco Malfoy in particular paraded the school like he owned it and never missed an opportunity to bully the first years and Muggleborn's of his or less than his size.

One such incident took place in the defense against dark arts class when Draco began insulting Austin and Granger and the rest of the Gryffindor's flew into rage especially Weasley. It almost blew out into a full out duel between Austin, Weasley against Malfoy when Harry quickly froze the said Gryffindor's in their place and pulled Malfoy to the back of the class before everyone ended up in the hospital wing.

All this time Lockhart just kept pleading them, to stop fighting. He tried freezing them with his wand but ended up blasting himself back and nobody noticed except for Granger, she shrieked and went to help him, not before casting an accusing glare at Harry, as if it was his fault Lockhart was a moron.

Ever since that day the Gryffindor's had been trying to hex him for attacking one of their own but so far were unsuccessful.

Harry was walking with Blaise to the great hall when a crowd of students gathered around the notice board caught their attention.

"What's going on?" he asked Theodore Nott, who was standing there looking excited, which was really weird from Harry point of view, since he hardly spoke to him and he was always in a foul mood.

"They're starting a dueling club, first meetings tonight. I really wouldn't mind dueling lessons- they might come handy one of these days. Better go and inform Draco," he said and hurried away.

"What do you reckon, what to go?" Blaise asked Harry, looking somewhat amused.

"Sure, as long as Lockhart's not teaching," Harry said indifferently. "Anyway let's have an early dinner then."

At eight o' clock that evening, they hurried back to the great hall. The long dining tables had vanished and a golden stage had appeared along one wall, lit by thousands of candles floating overhead. The ceiling was velvety black once more and most of the school seemed to be packed beneath it, all carrying their wands and looking excited.

"Who do you thinks going to teach," Blaise asked Harry.

"I told you I don't care as long as its not..... Oh no!" he moaned.

Gilderoy Lockhart was walking onto the stage, resplendent in robes of deep plum and accompanied by none other than Snape, wearing his usual black. Lockhart waved an arm for silence and called ' "Gather round, gather round! Can everyone see me? Can you all hear me? Excellent! Now, Professor Dumbledore has granted me permission to start this little dueling club, to train you all in case you ever need to defend yourselves as I myself have done on countless occasions - for full details, see my published works.

"Let me introduce my assistant, Professor Snape," said Lockhart, flashing a wide smile. "He tells me he knows a tiny little bit about dueling himself and has sportingly agreed to help me with a short demonstration before we begin. Now, I don't want any of you youngsters to worry - you'll still have your Potions master when I'm through with him, never fear!"

"Is he crazy or was he just born insane," Harry said under his breath earning a stifled chuckle from Blaise.

Lockhart and Snape turned to face each other and bowed; at least, Lockhart did, with much twirling of his hands, whereas Snape jerked his head irritably. Then they raised their wands like swords in front of them. "As you see, we are holding our wands in the accepted combative position," Lockhart told the silent crowd. "On the count of three, we will cast our first spells. Neither of us will be aiming to kill, of course."

"I wouldn't bet on that," Harry murmured, watching Snape baring his teeth.

"One - two - three -"

Both of them swung their wands above their heads and pointed them at their opponent; Snape cried: "Expelliarmus!" There was a dazzling flash of scarlet light and Lockhart was blasted off his feet: He flew backward off the stage, smashed into the wall, and slid down it to sprawl on the floor.

Malfoy and some of the other Slytherin's cheered. Granger and a few other students looked horrified. "Do you think he's all right?" she squealed through her fingers.

Harry shook his head in silent amusement at the incompetence of their defense against the dark arts teacher who could even block a simple disarming charm.

Lockhart was getting unsteadily to his feet. His hat had fallen off and his wavy hair was standing on end.

"Well, there you have it!" he said, tottering back onto the platform. "That was a Disarming Charm - as you see, I've lost my wand - ah, thank you, Miss Brown - yes, an excellent idea to show them that, Professor Snape, but if you don't mind my saying so, it was very obvious what you were about to do. If I had wanted to stop you it would have been only too easy - however, I felt it would be instructive to let them see . . ."

Snape was looking murderous. Possibly Lockhart had noticed, because he said, "Enough demonstrating! I'm going to come amongst you now and put you all into pairs. Professor Snape, if you'd like to help me -"

Harry automatically turned towards Blaise but Snape came towards them without any expression on his face as usual.

"Zabini with Finnigan, Malfoy can partner Weasley and Potter...", he said turning towards Harry.

Harry was surprised when he saw barely suppressed hate in professor Snape's eyes when he looked at Harry but it was gone in an instant.

"Potter can partner with Austin," he said smirking at the Gryffindor girl, who looked outraged. "Let's see what Potter can make out of the arrogant brat," he said sneering at Lillian.

Harry smirked at her knowing she was no match for him. In fact no one in the hall was probably a match for him except for Professor Snape who obviously had more experience in dueling.

She glared back at him with determination shining in her eyes.

"Face your partners!" called Lockhart, back on the platform. "And bow!"

Harry and Lillian barely inclined their heads, not taking their eyes off each other.

"Wands at the ready!" shouted Lockhart. "When I count to three, cast your charms to disarm your opponents - only to disarm them - we don't want any accidents - one ... two ... three -"

Immediately Lillian shouted "Rictumsempra."

Harry barely moved and batted the silvery curse away as if it were merely a bug bothering him. She growled and fired two more hexes at him in rapid succession, but he just moved aside and let them pass by him.

"Come on Austin, if that's all you got, then I won't even need to use my hidden talents!" he said tutting.

"Caecus!" she yelled, firing the blinding hex at him.

His eyes widened and he quickly ducked and muttered, "Expelliarmus." Three seconds later her wand was in his hand and she was glaring angrily at him.

Grinning Harry strutted over to her and handed her wand back.

"Your aims horrible and you never moved when I fired the disarming hex at you, instead you looked scared and just waved your wand around unlike the last time you dueled me if you remember. If you were in an actual duel right now, you'd be dead within seconds," he said casually, twirling his wand in his hand.

"Well it's not my fault you got the most powerful....," she hissed, but was cut short when he covered her mouth.

"Don't talk about those things here! What did Ollivander tell you," he hissed back and removed his hand. She was about to retort when they heard Lockhart screaming.

"Stop! Stop!" screamed Lockhart, but Snape took charge.

"Finite Incantatum!" he shouted.

A haze of greenish smoke was hovering over the scene. Both Neville and Justin were lying on the floor, panting; Ron was on the ground panting while Malfoy stood over him smirking, Blaise was pulling up Finnigan after whatever damage he had done to him. But Granger and Millicent Bulstrode were still moving; Millicent had Hermione in a headlock and Hermione was whimpering in pain; both their wands lay forgotten on the floor. Harry saw Lillian yell and run and kick Bulstrode hard in the ribs making her let Hermione go and crumble to the floor in pain.

"Dear, dear," said Lockhart, skittering through the crowd, looking at the aftermath of the duels. "Up you go, Macmillan ... Careful there, Miss Fawcett... Pinch it hard, it'll stop bleeding in a second, Boot. "I think I'd better teach you how to block unfriendly spells," said Lockhart, standing flustered in the midst of the hall. He glanced at Snape, whose black eyes glinted, and looked quickly away. "Let's have a volunteer pair - Longbottom and Finch-Fletchley, how about you -"

"A bad idea, Professor Lockhart," said Snape, gliding over like a large and malevolent bat. "Longbottom causes devastation with the simplest spells. We'll be sending what's left of Finch-Fletchley up to the hospital wing in a matchbox." Neville's round, pink face went pinker. "How about Austin and Potter?" said Snape with a twisted smile.

"Excellent idea!" said Lockhart, gesturing Harry and Austin into the middle of the hall as the crowd backed away to give them room. Both Harry and Lillian were glaring at the potions professor for pairing them together again. "Now, Harry," said Lockhart. "When Miss. Austin points his wand at you, you do this."

He raised his own wand, attempted a complicated sort of wiggling action, and dropped it. Snape smirked as Lockhart quickly picked it up, saying, "Whoops -my wand is a little overexcited -"

Harry rolled his eyes at Lockhart and locked eyes with Lillian.

Harry and Lillian bowed to each other. "You're going to see a few of my new tricks Potter," she muttered, before stepping a few steps back.

Harry smirked... intrigued as to what new tricks she might have learnt that could give her such confidence.

"Three two one go!" Lockhart shouted.

"Expelliarmus," Harry shouted, intending to end the duel as quick as possible.

But she dodged and sent a stinging hex back at him. Lockhart was shouting at them to disarm not harm, but nobody paid any attention to him and paid more attention to the duel.

Harry blocked the hex and sent two stinging hexes back at her and a blinding hex in quick succession.

She dodged the first hex and the blinding hex but one of the stinging hexes caught her in her wand arm making her yelp in pain and drop her wand.

Harry smirked at the easy victory and bowed to the Slytherin's who were cheering. He turned back to Austin to congratulate her on her loss who was looking at him furiously, his grin faded when he saw something glow in her eyes. She raised her hands and massive jets of fire came shooting out.

Harry's eyes widened in horror as the fire came hurtling towards him. He raised his hands instinctively and water came gushing out which countered the fire. Unfortunately the fire was too strong and kept coming closer and closer to him no matter how much effort he put into the speed and intensity of the water. He winced as pouring so much water out was tiring.

He barely heard the screams and the roar of the fire as it continued to grow in size and burn anything it touched. He couldn't see Snape trying to put the flames out nor could he see Lockhart and the entire crowd panicking and running out of the hall. All he thought of was how to prevent getting fried at the moment.

"I need the water to be colder then maybe it will push back the fire," he thought desperately, turning his face away from the flames that had almost reached him. He was tiring fast and he knew he couldn't hold the flames back. If anybody had seen them properly instead of hiding, they would have seen Lillian practically pouring fire out of her body and Harry barely holding back the flames which was hardly a feet away from him.

Just as he said the water needed to be colder, the water starting changing into a mixture of ice and water to Harry's amazement. He grunted and thrust his hands out and his water and ice mixture seemed to be pushing the fire back!

On the other side Lillian seemed to be in a trance. All see saw was an enemy, an enemy who needed to be destroyed. If anyone would have looked at her closely, they would notice fire dancing in her eyes and fire coming out not from her hands but as if her entire arm was letting the fire out.

She noticed the fire being pushed back slowly and snarled in anger putting even more force into her flames.

Harry on the other hand was concentrating on converting the water to ice and was successfully pushing the flames back. Slowly the fire was pushed back halfway and seconds later it reached Lillian who yelled in anger at the retreat of her flames. Harry winced at the pressure of the and with a burst of energy he pushed harder and the fire suddenly went out and Lillian was blasted back by the force of the water.

She hit the floor hard and fell unconscious.

Harry was panting hard, completely exhausted after his battle and fell to his knees. He looked around surveying the damage. Half the hall was covered in black because of the flames and there were ice shards and water puddles everywhere. The teachers table and the Gryffindor table were completely burnt to crisp.

Slowly the people who had rushed out and the few who had hidden safely came back into the hall hesitantly, as if expecting to be burnt any second.

"Everyone back to their common rooms now!" barked Snape as he rushed in, "Potter stay," he added and went over to check Lillian for injuries. "I said back to the common rooms now!" he snarled, and all of them quickly exited the great hall muttering to each other about what had happened.

Harry saw Blaise going and gave him a smile, indicating he was not hurt at all. He was sure Blaise had figured out what had happened. Austin was a bloody fire elemental and he was sure she had just lost control of her ability and would have destroyed everything in her path if it weren't for him.

He looked at her and saw that her robes were burnt in a few places but otherwise she was unhurt.

Snape got up and moved towards Harry. "Are you alright Potter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come with me," he commanded and conjured a stretcher for Lillian and placed her in it. He took them to the hospital wing, had a quiet talk with madam Pomfrey and left.

Madam Pomfrey came over to him after checking Lillian, looking irritated. She cast several diagnostic spells over him and looked at him disapprovingly. "Not even a week you after you leave from here and you're back already."

Harry grinned, "Not my fault Lockhart's a useless teacher madam Pomfrey."

She glared at him and poked him with her wand, hard, checking for various injuries. "Well as far as I can see you're absolutely fine, just exhausted that's all."

"Good, then can I leave?"

"No you cannot, professor Snape has gone to bring the headmaster and he would like to talk to you both."

"She's knocked out," Harry pointed out. "How's he going to talk to both of us?"

"She's sleeping," Pomfrey snapped "And completely exhausted too, one simple enervate and she'll be up and about causing trouble like she always does."

"She causes trouble?" Harry asked curiously "What kind of trouble?"

"Lie down and rest until the headmaster gets here Potter," she said and went to her office in a huff, muttering about crazy students and irresponsible teachers.

Harry sighed and kicked his shoes off and lay on the bed. He glanced at Lillian who was sleeping innocently in her bed, not even knowing the amount of power she could wield.

"Fire vs. Water, huh?" Harry said to himself, "Water lost but ice won."

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Ten minutes later, the headmaster entered the hospital wing with Snape and McGonagall in tow. All three headed to Harry's bed first.

"Good evening Mr. Potter," Dumbledore said kindly with the familiar twinkle present in his eyes. "How are you feeling?"

"Fine, sir," he replied.

"Can you tell me what happened when you dueled Ms. Austin tonight?"

Harry sighed, "It started off fine sir, I cast the disarming charm which she dodged and sent a stinging hex towards me. Then I sent three hexes at her, two stinging and one blinding. One of the stinging hexes caught her on her wand hand and she dropped her wand. Assuming I won I bowed to the crowd but when I looked back at Austin, she looked like she was on fire and the next second all I could see was fire heading straight for me.

I panicked at him and cast an aguamenti charm which somewhat stopped the flames. Then after a few minutes, the water from my wand managed to push back the flames and knock Austin out," he finished.

"You're trying to tell me, Potter, that a simple aguamenti charm stopped a fire of that magnitude when the charms I cast did nothing to stop them?" Snape said sarcastically.

"Maybe," Harry said with a shrug, "I was scared and maybe there was a bit of accidental magic involved as well."

"Hmmm... perhaps," Dumbledore said looking thoughtful. "I think we should hear what happened to Ms. Austin that made her conjure such flames," he said, clearly not believing Harry's story but left it as it was for now.

"Surely you don't believe the boy, Albus," cried McGonagall "One of my students has been harmed!"

"Are you implying that I lied and you think Potter here has hurt Ms. Austin intentionally?" said Snape coldly.

McGonagall glared at Snape and Snape glared right back.

"Enough, Severus, Minerva, it was a dueling club and accidents do happen," Dumbledore said sharply, before a full blown argument broke out.

Harry couldn't believe what he was hearing. McGonagall was putting the blame on him, just because her student was hurt! He scowled angrily and realized that McGonagall wasn't as fair as he thought she was. If it came down to a fight between a Slytherin and a Gryffindor, she'd support her own house even if they were at fault.

"Rennervate," Dumbledore said softly, pointing his wand at Lillian.

Her eyes flickered open and she slowly woke up, blinking rapidly. "Professor Dumbledore? What are you doing in the girl's dorm?"

Harry snorted earning a glare from McGonagall. He just smiled sweetly at her.

Dumbledore chuckled softly, "My child, you are in the hospital wing."

"Hospital wing? What am I doing here?" she said, confused.

"What is the last thing you remember?" Dumbledore said gently.

She scrunched her eyes, "Hmm - last thing I remember, oh! The dueling club!" she exclaimed. "I was dueling Potter and he beat me...." she said frowning. "I remember getting angry and losing to him again and then I started feeling really hot and then.... nothing. I think I passed out after that."

"Do you remember anything else Ms. Austin, anything at all?"

"Err... no sir. Why did something happen?" she asked nervously.

"After you dropped your wand, you shot fire out of your hands Lillian," Dumbledore said heavily.

"I shot fire out of my hands! What are you talking about professor?" she said incredulously.

"What the headmaster is saying Ms. Austin is that after you lost to Potter, you shot fire of such intensity at him, that it burnt almost half of the great hall," Snape said with a sneer. "All my efforts to put the fire out didn't work but Potter somehow managed to put them out, knocking you out in the process. Now would you be kind enough to explain how did you manage to shoot fire from your hands and we can then rest in peace."

"I-I don't know, professor," she said in a small voice, clearly stunned and confused. "I don't remember doing anything like that," she whispered.

"Severus, don't scare her like that!" snapped McGonagall. "It's alright child, we'll talk tomorrow. But now get some sleep," she said gently.

"Alright, I think its time for us to leave," Dumbledore said finally "Minerva, Severus, please accompany me to my office," he said and all three professors left.

After they left there was silence in the room. Lillian was trying to figure out what had happened in the great hall and Harry was hoping she wouldn't ask him which was highly unlikely.

"Potter," she began hesitantly.

"Damn," Harry muttered under his breath and pretended to be asleep.

"Potter," she tried again, this time a bit louder but Harry didn't bother replying.

Quietly Lillian slipped out of her bed and snuck over next to Harry and shook him hard, trying to wake him up though she didn't know he wasn't sleeping at all. "Harry!" she whispered in his ear.

Harry groaned in annoyance and got up irritably, glaring at Lillian. "What do you want freckles?" he said, trying to annoy her in hope that she would leave him alone.

But she didn't respond to his jibe. He looked at her closely and to his surprise, she looked desperate. Sighing, he said in a much calmer and softer tone, "What do you want?"

"After you hit me with that hex, I was angry, angry at myself for loosing to you and angry at you for acting like I was mere dirt in front of you," she began, looking lost and confused.

Harry wanted to say that's because you are, but held his tongue knowing that this was not the moment to do so.

"I was so angry that I just wanted to beat you and prove that you aren't as great as you think you are just because you can do magic without a wand and have the most powerful wand ever made. Then something erupted in me.... something desperately trying to break free and it... it somehow... I don't know what happened but it took control of me. I remember those flames coming out of my hands as if they were a part of me... I remember seeing the water come out of your hands and try to push back the fire. I remember wanting to destroy you the moment I saw the water come out of your hands. But somehow... somehow you managed to push the fire back and knock me out.... I.... I know you know what happened to me at that moment.... I know you do because you always know and somehow I

know you can explain to me what happened to me in the great hall.... So please tell me, why did that happen to me and how were you able to stop it when even Snape couldn't do anything to stop it.... Please...."

Harry was silent. He heard everything she had just said and was thinking what he should tell her. She was obviously extremely confused and needed some answers desperately.

"Why didn't you tell all this to the headmaster? Why ask me, a kid who is the same age as you instead of a hundred and fifty year old man who is supposedly the most powerful wizard of all time?" he asked her curiously.

"Because.... because.... I don't know! All I know is I just wanted answers from someone whom I thought would give them to me and I thought of you first, not Dumbledore, not anyone else," she cried. "Will you please tell me what happened to me?"

Harry stared at her intently. He couldn't help but wonder why on earth she would choose to ask a guy like him instead of the famous headmaster to question..., even if he did have the answers to her questions.

"You remember you telling me that you can touch fire and not get burnt," he said finally.

"Yeah?"

"If you can touch fire why can't you conjure fire from your hands?"

"I don't understand?" she said confused.

Harry sighed, "Gryffindor's," he muttered. "You are a fire elemental Freckles, - that means you have the power to throw fire, control fire, touch fire and bend it to your will. In simple terms, you are fire."

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"Oh"

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REVIEW!

Chapter 12 – A Shocking Revelation

Headmaster's Office

"Surely you don't believe Potter do you, Albus?"

"Why wouldn't you believe him Minerva?" said Snape with his ever present sneer.

McGonagall didn't say anything but glared at the potions master.

"Ah, I think I know the reason," he said, smirking "It's because he's a Slytherin and Slytherin's are always up to no good unlike your goody two shoes Gryffindor's. Isn't that right Minerva?"

Well news flash Minerva, your Gryffindor's aren't as innocent as you think they are, your three favorite Gryffindor's have seen fit to disrupt my potions class by throwing fireworks in others students cauldrons and steal from my personal potions lab," he spat.

McGonagall's eyes widened, "You're lying," she stated flatly.

"Am I now?" Snape said dangerously. "You should be glad they aren't expelled. If I had solid proof they would be expelled before you could cry foul."

"You read their minds?" she said accusingly.

"Perhaps, but right now we are talking about your accusations against my student," he said dryly.

McGonagall looked extremely flustered, "Alright fine," she snapped "I was wrong to blame the boy and I'm sorry."

Snape sneered victoriously, if that were possible, "Apology.... not accepted Minerva."

"Would it kill you to act nice for once!"

"You're just sore that Potter is in my house not yours," he said smirking "Not that I'm glad he's in my house..."

McGonagall just ignored him and turned back to the headmaster who was looking fairly amused at their argument. "What do you think, Albus?"

"I think Mr. Potter was not being fully truthful in his answers," he said carefully. "Maybe viewing the memory will be helpful?" he said, looking at Snape.

"I wish, headmaster, but all I could see was fire roaring everywhere and I couldn't spot both Potter and Austin. I tried to put out the flames but on contact with my flame extinguisher charm and aguamenti charm, the flame intensity increased and it wouldn't stop at all. So I find it hard to believe that Potter managed to put out the fire with an aguamenti charm, which is taught at OWL level and added to that fact he is only a second year."

"He did suggest accidental magic," Dumbledore said frowning deeply.

Snape snorted, "Accidental magic at that level is not accidental Albus. Surely you know that!"

"I think we should view the memory. I'm sure we will get some answers from that."

"Why didn't you just read the boys mind?" Snape asked curiously, he knew Dumbledore would do it if necessary.

"Severus! That's a violation of his privacy," McGonagall exclaimed.

"I tried, but he seems to have occlumency shields," Dumbledore said, ignoring McGonagall's interruption.

"Impossible! Occlumency shields at his age are not possible. I don't think he even knows what occlumency is!" Snape said disbelievingly.

"Maybe it is a side effect of his curse scar," Dumbledore said thoughtfully, more to himself than the other two professors, "Surviving an Avada Kedavra without any side effects is too good to be true. Maybe Lord Voldemort transferred some of his powers to young Harry that night. And it is known he was the best Legilimens known until he lost his powers."

"If what you're saying is true, then what other powers he could have given Potter?"

"I don't know. But we will find out in time. What do you think Minerva?" Dumbledore said his eyes twinkling.

"Keep an eye on Potter. If what you said is true then you can also include a dark lord personality. For all you know he might have been the one to open the chamber of secrets," she said carefully, not wanting to sound like she was accusing the boy again.

"You could be right, but as far as I know, the boy is not influenced by Voldemort in anyway at all except for his talent in occlumency," he said.

"Let us view the memory now. I have several assignments to check and Merlin only knows what those dunderheads would have written this time." Snape said impatiently.

"Yes, of course Severus," said Dumbledore and summoned his pensive.

"Really Severus, you can't call your students dunderheads," said McGonagall disapprovingly.

Ignoring her comment Snape placed his wand to his temple and withdrew a silvery strand of smoke which he deposited in the pensive.

"Let us go then," Dumbledore said, pushing the pensive towards Snape and McGonagall who touched the contents of the pensive and vanished from sight. As soon as they went in, Dumbledore locked his office and went inside himself.

"Three two one go!"

"Expelliarmus"

"Mr. Potter is rather quick is he not?" Dumbledore commented as they watched the duel progress.

They saw the stinging hex hit Lillian's hand who hissed and dropped her wand.

"Watch the girl carefully now, this is where it begun," said Snape.

She slowly stood up glaring at Harry. Slowly an orange colored ring began to form around her eyes and a second started glowing. McGonagall gasped. Just as Harry turned towards her, she raised her hands and the fire came rushing out and headed towards Harry.

McGonagall pulled her wand ready to put out the fire before it could reach Harry but then realized it was a memory. They saw Snape desperately trying to put the fire out, but to no avail. The fire just grew more powerful and he was forced to take cover. They saw Lockhart screaming and running out of the hall, pushing the students aside.

"Look at Harry," Dumbledore said suddenly.

"You can't see him, Albus," said McGonagall with a quiver in her voice.

"You can't see him but you can see his hands," Snape said quietly.

She looked carefully and gasped again. Harry hands were barely visible and they could see water gushing out with great intensity, trying to push back the flames. They couldn't see the rest of his body as the flames were flying all around him. The Snape in the memory was carefully covered near the great hall entrance as he summoned every student left in the hall and threw them out.

"You can't see the girl anymore too, she's completely covered in flames," Dumbledore said.

"Look at Potter, Albus, the water's changing to ice," Snape pointed out.

He was right. The water coming out of Harry's hands was slowly changing to ice and was now pushing the fire back.

"And he does not have his wand in his hand," murmured Snape.

"Indeed," muttered Dumbledore.

Suddenly the water and ice mixture grew large covering Harry and Lillian from sight and it overpowered the flames easily.

"My god," whispered McGonagall "Look at the front, it looks like a dragons face!"

She was right, just as the water ice mixture grew in size and pushed the fire back, the front of Harry's water ice mixture changed to a dragons face and was roaring as it knocked Lillian back and disintegrated into water.

All three professors were quiet as they saw Snape running to Harry, with a look of concern and then to Lillian.

"That's the end of the action headmaster."

Dumbledore nodded and held McGonagall and Snape's hand and pulled them out of the pensive.

Once they were out and seated Dumbledore looked at Snape without any twinkle in his eyes, "What do you think?"

"She's an elemental," he said simply.

McGonagall's eyes bulged, "An elemental!"

"Yes, Minerva, an elemental, did you not see her eyes? Only an elemental's eyes look like that when they use their powers. She is clearly a fire elemental and had just lost control of her abilities," Snape said, without the usual sneer for once.

"And Potter?" Dumbledore said carefully.

"Water elemental," he said, "And if I'm not wrong, he didn't want us to find out. That's the reason he said he cast an aguamenti charm. I knew it was beyond his level to cast that kind of a charm with that much power."

"So he can't conjure water with a wand but he can control and summon it without his wand. Not much of a difference is there Severus?" said Dumbledore, the twinkle back in his eye "Though I must say he has incredible control over his ability... I wonder what else he is hiding from us?" he said to himself.

"Have you two gone mad," said McGonagall, looking irritated "We have two elementals in our school. ELEMENTALS for goodness sake.... and one can't even control her power! Aren't you worried!"

Dumbledore just smiled. "Don't worry Minerva," he said gently "Somehow I get the feeling, young Mr. Potter is going to help her control it and besides, one cannot teach an elemental to use their powers, they have to discover it on their own, the best person to help her would be another elemental. I could talk to them about it but it will not help. I for one have never encountered an elemental before."

"But Albus, what about the attacks, a student has been petrified and if these two start meeting secretly they could be attacked as well."

Dumbledore's cheerful demeanor vanished and he became serious, "You are right as usual Minerva, I must ask you both to warn your students. Don't mention the fact that we know what they are but tell them discreetly that they can meet once the culprit has been found."

Both the head of houses nodded. McGonagall looked pleased and Severus had his sneer back.

"That will be all. You can talk to them tomorrow morning before madam Pomfrey discharges them."

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Hospital wing

"You are a fire elemental Freckles, - that means you have the power to throw fire, control fire, touch fire and bend it to your will. In simple terms, you are fire."

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"Oh"

Lillian just stared at Harry, unable to believe his words. She knew what he said was true. She always had an unusual feeling every time she went close to fire. She always felt like it was calling out to her, giving her comfort and giving her warmth. Her being a fire elemental made complete sense and yet she couldn't bring herself to accept it. It was too bizarre, too weird.

"Will you stop staring at me so closely," Harry snapped. Her face was just a few inches away from his and she hadn't even realized it. She was so lost in her thoughts that she didn't even hear him.

Harry on the other hand was feeling extremely uncomfortable by the closeness between them. When she didn't respond to him he grabbed her shoulders and pushed her back.

She fell off his bed with a yelp and jumped back up, with fury in her eyes.

"Why the hell did you push me?" she demanded.

"So you're back to normal huh," Harry stated dryly.

"Huh.... What?" she said, the anger vanishing as fast as it came.

"I said, you're back to your usual short tempered, snappish, dumb self, Freckles," he said smirking.

"What the hell are you talking about scarhead," she snapped.

"Your face was an inch away from mine a minute back, any closer and I would have died. Cause of death being smell of your mouth. Now, I know you like to have close contact with me like you have proven in the past, but you really need to control yourself Freckles," he said trying to look serious, if it weren't for the twitch at the corner of his mouth.

Lillian blushed, "err... yeah... sorry about that.... And wait....wait, wait... what the hell you mean my mouth SMELLS!"

Harry winced, "Any louder and madam Pomfrey will come running out with a whip in her hand."

"Whatever you jerk, I can't believe I'm actually talking to you," she hissed and went back to her bed and sat there folding her hands, staring at the ceiling angrily.

"I can't believe it too! Now why don't you be a good little girl and go to sleep just like madam Pomfrey instructed."

"I'm not a little girl!"

"Whatever you say Freckles," Harry said, rolling his eyes.

She tried to ignore him but another question popped up in her mind and she turned towards him.

"Is there something you want?" he asked, slightly unnerved by the way she was watching him.

"Yes"

"Care to elaborate."

"How did you stop me? As far as I know, even Snape couldn't do anything to stop me and Lockhart just ran out. So how come you were able to put the fire out?"

"You don't need to know that. You should be thankful I did," he said indifferently.

"Unfortunately I am, but I want to know how could you control the water the way you did?"

"What are you talking about?" Harry said trying his best to look confused.

"Oh stop that!" she said irritably.

"Stop what?"

"That!"

"What!"

"That..... That!"

Harry growled irritably, "You are making absolutely no sense whatsoever. Now will you tell me in proper terms what in heavens name should I stop!"

"Oh, forget it. Clearly you are dumb, so I won't bother explaining," she said huffing and turned around showing her back to him.

"What... the hell!" Harry said angrily, completely baffled by her behavior. Sighing irritably he pointed a finger at her and fired a jet of water at her making her shriek and fall off the other side of the bed.

"WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT POTTER!" she yelled, completely drenched, glaring daggers at Harry.

Harry quickly transfigured his clothes to the ones the matron had put out and quickly slid under the bed sheet. He knew madam Pomfrey would have heard her yelling and would be out any second.

"Why in Merlin's name are you yelling Miss. Austin!" came the shrill voice of madam Pomfrey.

"Right on time," Harry thought, under the covers, sniggering uncontrollably.

"Madam Pomfrey, Potter drenched me in water," she said waving her finger at the sleeping figure of Harry.

"Don't be ridiculous, the boy is sleeping and you missy, are making a racket!"

"But, ma'am," she protested.

"Enough, that boy has always kept his nose clean and I cannot believe he would do something like this! Obviously you just wanted to put him in trouble!"

"But...."

"No arguments, now change and go to bed immediately," she said and cast a drying spell on her. "If I hear another noise, you'll be going straight to the headmaster! Now change!"

Harry could hear Lillian grumbling at the matron and muttering insults at him. He grinned in delight. Things couldn't have gone better. After a minute or two he heard madam Pomfrey going back to her office and Lillian sliding into her bed.

A minute later he was debating whether to peek out and check on Lillian. But before he could do anything he felt something smash his stomach and knock the wind out of him.

Groaning in pain, he stumbled out of his bed holding his stomach. He looked up and saw Lillian standing on the other side, a smug expression on her face.

"You're going to pay for that," he choked out, plotting her death in his head.

"Well you deserve it," she snapped.

"You're the one who yelled not me," he said, slowly straightening up, the pain ebbing away. "Must you always settle your arguments physically?"

"It's the fastest way," she said shrugging.

"Hit me again and I'll show you faster ways of dealing with morons," he muttered under his breath.

"Say something Potter?" she said, her voice low and threatening.

"What do you want now?" he said sighing.

"Answers"

"Answers to what?"

"Are you an elemental too?"

"Why do you ask?" he said in a neutral voice.

"Because....! Because I saw you okay! I saw all that water just pouring out of your hands just like the fire out of mine. No matter what you think, I'm not dumb. If one can just make fire come out of

their hands and be called a fire elemental then you can call yourself a water elemental," she exclaimed.

"Maybe I am, maybe I'm not. Fine you're not dumb, but I think I'm entitled to keep my secrets to myself and not share them with you or do I have to share them with you?" he said, looking pointedly at her.

"No," she muttered, "you're right. If you don't want to tell then don't," she said looking defeated.

Harry groaned, honestly this girl had a way of making him answer all her questions without much of an effort. She didn't even have to try! If it were someone else, he would have flat out refused or cursed them by now, even Blaise. "But you're right. I am a water elemental with the ability to change water into ice as I found out today," he said "Now is there anything else you want to ask?"

"Can you control it?" she asked curiously.

"Somewhat," he replied vaguely.

"Can you teach me? I don't want to loose my temper and burn everything in sight."

Harry stared at her incredulously, unable to believe that she actually wanted him to teach her. "I – I don't know," he said, at a loss of words for once.

"Why?"

"It was different for me. You said you had a few incidents when you were young and now you can walk threw fire without harming yourself but you can't conjure fire. Water is different, you use it everyday and I didn't realize I was an elemental until last summer when water kept jumping and clinging to me randomly."

He took a deep breath, "you can try meditating and concentrate on a ball of fire on your hand. It might take sometime to actually manage it but don't give up, though with a temper like yours I doubt you'll be able to do it," he said, not knowing why he had to try and insult her every chance he got.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," she said sarcastically. "But still couldn't I do it with you around? I mean you can obviously overpower me if I loose control and I don't want that to happen with my friends around."

"Hmmm, maybe I can help you if I want to but you cannot tell your friends, god forbids, your pal Weasley will come up with start spreading some other rumor about me. Harry Potter seduces witches, beware!"

Lillian laughed, "Wow, who knew you were capable of cracking jokes."

"I wasn't joking," he said dryly.

"Yeah, well fine I won't tell them. So will you help me?"

"I'll think about it. I think you should be more worried about your safety right now, with the apparent heir of Slytherin running around trying to kill Muggleborn's, it won't be safe for you to roam around the castle. Maybe once he or she is caught I might help you."

Was it his imagination or did she look a little flustered and nervous when he mentioned the heir of Slytherin. "Why you looking so nervous all of a sudden," he asked her.

"What?" she squeaked, "Oh, nothing, I was just thinking about something," she said quickly, a little too quickly.

"Ok she's definitely hiding something", he thought.

"I think I'll get some sleep, we have class tomorrow and we'll have to deal with all the questions," Harry said glumly, thinking about Creevey and Lockhart.

"Yeah, alright then, good night," she said.

"And Freckles"

"What!" she snapped at the use of her most hated nickname.

"You better not tell anyone about me."

"Don't worry, I won't."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The next day, Harry was cornered by his head of house and told that he was not allowed to leave the common room unless they had class in fear of being attacked. Somehow, he felt there was an underlying meaning to that warning.

At lunch, much to Harry's relief Dumbledore satisfied everybody's curiosity by announcing that the incident between Harry and Lillian was just a small case of accidental magic and nothing more.

Ron as usual had spread rumors that Harry had done something to Lillian during their duel which earned him a punch straight to the jaw in middle of the great hall by Lillian. That was one of the best moments of Harry's life in Hogwarts. Weasley number six was so confused and stunned he just stood there unmoving with his mouth wide open. His twin brothers had actually thrown a few peanuts and pieces of paper in it and he didn't even realize.

Christmas was approaching and Harry felt somewhat great. He always felt brilliant during the winter and now he knew why. It was the season which matched his element. He briefly wondered how Lillian must be feeling during the winters but the thought vanished from his head instantly when he felt a pillow smash against his head.

He turned around ready to blast Blaise with his super jet, as Blaise called it, which was rather lame. But it turned out to be Malfoy.

"Malfoy! You better have a good reason....." but he couldn't complete his sentence when he felt another whack from behind him which turned out to be Blaise. "That's it you two are going down," he swore.

Both Malfoy and Blaise grinned and yelled at the same time, "ATTACK!" and then ensued the biggest pillow fight in the history of the Slytherin second years. They ran around their dorms and entered Malfoy's room which brought Nott into the picture too, who sided with Harry.

Smacking and rolling on the ground they didn't realize when they entered the common room. Suddenly Harry smacked Blaise across his face. Blaise fell back and they all heard a loud shriek and curse.

It was Daphne Greengrass. Blaise jumped up completely red and embarrassed, while all the other boys were laughing their heads off. Crabbe and Goyle just looked confused.

"Awww, Blaise and Daphne," Draco said batting his eyelashes.

"You all better run, or you're going to lose something precious," she threatened pulling out her wand.

All of them laughed and for the next five minutes kept jumping around the common room, dodging hexes from Daphne and Tracey, who had joined in just for the sake of it.

Harry and Nott managed to sneak up behind them and snatch their wands out of their hands.

"Well now... Guess who has to run," drawled Nott, twirling Daphne's wand in his hands while Harry just grinned.

Both girls shrieked and ran to their dorms but found the way blocked by Malfoy and Blaise who were grinning widely with pillows in their hands, "Pay back time," said Blaise.

"PANSY, MILLICENT, BRING WANDS AND PILLOWS AND GET DOWN HERE NOW!" bellowed Tracey.

"Not Bulstrode!" cried Draco, horrified "She's enough for all of us!"

"That's why we called her," said Tracey, smirking evilly.

Soon the entire Slytherin second year batch was involved in a heavy battle with pillows and mild hexes, which was soon broken up by professor Snape, who looked furious at the Gryffindor type behavior. Who would have thought that the Slytherin's were actually capable of having fun!

All of them giggling and laughing scrambled up to their rooms to avoid the wrath of Severus Snape. Harry couldn't think of any other time where he had so much fun. Sure he usually didn't behave like

that, but hey, he was allowed to break loose once in a while wasn't he. But he was most surprised that Draco and Blaise and reached some kind of truce and were seen talking quite peacefully without insulting each other for once.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Elsewhere three Gryffindor's were bidding their time in a girl's bathroom, more specifically moaning Myrtle's bathroom and were brewing a NEWT level potion.

"I'm telling you Ron, Potter isn't the one attacking Muggleborn's," said Lillian exasperatedly for the 100th time that day.

"Oh, come on Mary, he hates you, he hates his Muggle relatives, it has to be him or Malfoy. But Potter fits even better."

"I hate to say it but Ron makes sense," said Hermione.

"Oh, come on Hermione! Not you too!"

"Think about it logically, we saw a black haired guy who looked a lot like Potter running up the stairs and then we see a petrified cat. Then we all know that Colin was annoying the hell out of him and what next.... Colin's attacked! He survived an attack from the dark lord when he was a baby and nobody knows how. And you said it yourself, he's a really powerful wizard and we shouldn't annoy him and you won't give any reason as to why!"

Lillian growled, "I said that because he told me to warn you Ronald. You've been spreading all these fake rumors about him... anyone's bound to get pissed... and I know he's powerful because I was there when he bought his wand and the reaction was tremendous. Usually when we get our wands we feel warmth in our hands or a wind blowing right?"

Hermione and Ron nodded.

"Well.... when he got his it was like a hurricane had just passed by."

Hermione's eyes widened considerably while Ron just looked sour.

"So why do you think he's not capable of attacking Muggleborn's?" demanded Ron.

"Because he isn't alright! I know him better than you think," she snapped "Now let's get on with the potion and once we get the answers we want you'll see I'm right," she said stubbornly.

"And since when did you start talking to him? Sneaking around with him in the dead of the night are you?" sneered Ron.

Lillian growled and drew her fist back to deliver a punch but Hermione stopped her.

"Look, we have to stop arguing with each other. We have to find out who the heir is and not fight amongst ourselves. And frankly I don't want to be killed," Hermione said calmly, stirring the potion.

"Fine," muttered Lillian, glaring at the red head "Add an anticlockwise stir Hermione," she said suddenly, glancing towards the potion.

It was Hermione's turn to glare at Lillian. She simply hated the fact that Lillian was ten times better at potions than she was. While she would do everything by the book, Lillian would add her own ingredients and modify her potion to make it better. She wouldn't help but feel jealous of her abilities in potions. If there were another teacher other than Snape, he or she would be singing praises about her talent in potions.

-x-x-x-x-x-x-

Christmas holidays arrived and Harry was left alone again, except this time Draco was staying back because his father had some work and unfortunately even the Weasley's, Granger and Austin were staying behind.

Harry spent most of his time researching new spells and curses in the library and also kept a look out for dark curses. His wand helped him in that department in a freaky sort of way. Every time he would come across it would whisper 'evil', scaring the living daylights out of Harry.

He had almost been thrown out of the library once for yelling out loud when his wand had whispered to him. Even after all this time he wasn't quite used to its random whisperingness, as he called it. He had compiled a book on dark curses and the list was growing everyday. He couldn't believe what half the curses could do, there were spells that could replace your internal organs with acid, spells which could make your skin just melt away, some which would sever the arteries in your heart resulting in a very slow and painful death and the list just grew longer and longer. When Harry found a book on the unforgivable curses, the whispering had reached a new level of loudness, he'd resisted the urge to take his wand and bang it over his head.

He had gained unlimited access to the entire restricted section and was quite pleased about it. Lockhart did have his uses even if he was a complete moron.

It was Christmas Eve and Harry had just made Lillian's Christmas present and had just given it to Hedwig who would deliver it at midnight. Chuckling to himself he made his way across the grounds back to the castle. If a teacher saw him now they would certainly give him an hour long lecture on his sense of clothing. He was wearing a simple t-shirt and jeans in such cold weather. He had thought about wearing winter clothing but decided against it as it made him feel extremely stuffy and uncomfortable.

Suddenly he heard a gale of laughter and a couple of bangs. At first he thought of just ignoring it but then he heard the sound of someone crying. Slowly walking around the corner, he spotted three red hair males standing with their wands out opposite a crying red head female.

His temper rising he made his way slowly towards the Weasley boys.

"Really Ginny, what makes you think mom will want a Slytherin in her house?" spat Ron.

"Mum won't, mum won't leave me because I'm a Slytherin," she whispered tears dripping down her cheeks.

"Ah, come on Gin-Gin, maybe if you let us experiment on you we could put in a couple of good words about you and mum might just

accept the fact you're in Slytherin," said one of the twins grinning widely.

"No, go away," she said drawing her knees to her chin.

"How could you Ginny!" cried Ron suddenly. "How could you let the hat place you in that pathetic house," he said and pointed his wand at her and sending a yellow curse at her leg, which he recognized as the stinging hex.

"Hey, Ron, we agreed on no physical harm," George said hastily.

"Yeah, chill Ronnikeins," said Fred grinning, not even giving a second thought to how Ginny must be feeling.

"Really sad, when one's own family members decide to emotionally traumatize their own little sister for just being in a different house," said Harry with barely suppressed fury. Watching them had brought back memories of Harry hunting to the forefront of his mind.

All three Weasley's spun around. "Potter," Ron spat.

"Weasley's," Harry replied coolly, clutching his wand tightly. "I wonder if Granger and Austin know how you're treating your sister Weasley number six."

Ron turned red with fury. "It's three on one Potter," Fred said confidently. "You better get out of here or you're going to pay."

Harry laughed and walked towards Ginny, who was watching them with wide puffy red eyes.

"Hey, Ginny," he said gently, "Why don't you go back to the common room and I'll deal with your brothers alright?"

She nodded, her brown eyes filled with fright and gratitude and Harry helped her to her feet, "And don't listen to your brothers, no matter what you do, good or evil, a mother will never stop loving her children."

She nodded and whispered, "Thank you," before running back to the castle.

"What would you know about parents Potter," sneered Ron. "You don't have any," he said laughing nastily.

Harry looked the Weasley boys coldly. Ron was looking smug and the twins were looking somewhat pleased and nervous for some reason.

Harry raised his wand, "You three are pathetic. Gryffindor's are supposed to be brave, honorable, helpful, and all that stupid shit. What you have done today is disgraceful. You insult your own sister, curse her and make her believe her mother hates her," he said in anger.

"You don't know how much she cries in the common room do you? You're all so narrow minded that you can't see a sister who is suffering, but instead all you see is a sister who has apparently betrayed you by being sorted into a house you hate, when she had no control over it."

Harry took a deep breath, "Pathetic," he said and before they knew it he had fired three stinging hexes at their thigh.

Ron had a look of utter loathing on his face and rushed towards Harry fists raised. One of the twins sent a disarming hex at him while the other sent a jelly legs hex.

Smiling Harry easily blocked the hexes and sent Ron flying back with a hurling hex. He then sent a flurry of stinging hexes at the boys causing them to yelp in pain each time it hit them. Five minutes later, all three Weasley's were panting and wincing every time they moved with their wands lying abandoned beside them.

Grinning widely Harry summoned their wands to him. "So effective against weaklings, the stinging hex is it not?" he said twirling his wand. "You three are hopeless at a duel. And here you thought you could beat me just because it's three on one."

He sent a punching hex at each of their faces and gut. "I should tell you, I could do ten times worse if I wanted to," he said grimly and was very satisfied to see the fear in their eyes.

"Now, you shall leave your sister alone. If you want you can either apologize to her or stay away from her or you'll be answering to me,

do you understand?" he said so coldly that all the three boys just nodded quickly, extremely frightened by the gleam in Harry's eye.

Satisfied Harry straightened up, "Good, but before I leave...." He turned around and punched Ron hard in the jaw knocking him out. "Ahh, that felt good," he said rubbing his knuckles and turned around and left leaving one unconscious boy and two scared twins behind.

During dinner that night McGonagall summoned Harry to the head table where Ron was standing looking extremely smug and the twins were looking uncomfortable.

"Yes professor?" Harry said politely.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Weasley came to me this evening with various wounds and claimed to have been attacked by you. Is this true?"

"I have no idea what you are talking about professor," Harry said innocently.

"Do not lie to me Potter, I myself saw you walking into the hall and a minute later the twins carrying Mr. Weasley who was unconscious," she snapped.

"Perhaps they had a fight amongst themselves and saw fit to put the blame on me?" said Harry. "I might have been at the wrong place at the wrong time, that's all."

"What are you accusing Mr. Potter for this time Minerva?" said Snape who had just arrived.

"Mr. Potter has attacked all these three boys and is denying the fact that he did," she said irritably.

"Is this true Mr. Potter?"

"I think what professor McGonagall is trying to say is that she caught me preventing these Gryffindor's from attacking one of our house mate's professor Snape," Harry said blinking innocently.

"Is that true, Mr. Weasley?" Snape said turning towards Ron.

"He was interfering in a family argument," Ron said rudely.

"10 points from Gryffindor for speaking rudely to a professor and detention with Mr. Filch after Christmas," said Snape smirking at the red faced Weasley.

McGonagall glared at Ron furiously, "What argument did you have Mr. Weasley?"

"An argument about how ashamed they are that Ginevra Weasley is in Slytherin and how her mother would hate her because she is in Slytherin and hexing her because she's a Slytherin," said Harry with a little anger in his voice before Ron could say a single word.

McGonagall turned on the three boys shocked.

"Is- is this true?" she said, her voice trembling. Even Snape was looking angry.

"He's lying professor," said Ron confidently, assuming McGonagall would favor him.

"Fred?" she said looking at the twin.

Both the twins looked down shame faced, "Its true professor, but we didn't curse her at all. We were only joking around."

"I don't believe it, my own students attacking their own sibling," she said furiously. "50 points from Gryffindor and a week's worth detentions for all three of you with professor Snape!"

Harry couldn't help but laugh. McGonagall rounded on him, "A detention with Professor Lockhart for attacking another student Mr. Potter," she said.

Harry looked outraged, "Alright professor, next time I see a student being attacked, I'll just sit back and enjoy the show," he spat and turned around and headed back to his common room leaving one smug and one flustered teacher behind.

He glanced back at Snape and gave him a betrayed look for not supporting him but Snape just smirked and didn't say a word. Harry couldn't understand that man, he would say he would support and

help every Slytherin but when it came to him he would just ignore him and never look him in the eye for some reason.

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Christmas

Harry and Draco were sitting comfortably in the common room opening their presents.

"You forgot one Potter," said Draco pointing to a medium sized box with colorful wrapping. "Trust me Draco, you don't want to open that one," he said grinning.

"Why not?"

"It's from Austin," Harry replied.

"Austin?" Draco said looking disgusted, "Why would that mudblood be sending you presents?"

"Don't say that word," said Harry sharply "And it's not a real gift, it's a prank gift."

"Hmmm, whatever, we'll get Crabbe or Goyle to open it later then," he said dismissively.

"Whatever," Harry muttered and banished his gifts to his room except for the one Austin had sent.

"Hey, my dad didn't send me a gift!" exclaimed Draco.

"Really?" Harry said, mildly amused by the blondes reaction.

"Yeah..... Maybe he forgot," he muttered "Or maybe it's something dangerous," he said his face lighting up. "Well see you around Harry, got to write to my dad."

Rolling his eyes, Harry got up and made his way to the great hall for breakfast. Harry couldn't help but gasp when he entered the great hall. It was beautiful. There was huge beautifully decorated Christmas tree in the corner of the hall, there were balloons floating all around and Peeves was busy bursting each of them when they

came near him, laughing like a maniac whenever one reached him. Professor Flitwick was enchanting the ceiling to make snow flakes fall.

Impressed Harry went to the Slytherin table to eat. Dumbledore and McGonagall seemed to be in deep conversation. Snape was looking sour as usual and kept glaring at everyone around him. Vector and Sprout were laughing and Hagrid was drinking deeply from his goblet of wine.

After finishing his food Harry was about to leave the hall when he spotted Crabbe and Goyle hurrying towards him. "What's up, you two?" Harry said walking out of the great hall.

"Hey Potter," greeted Goyle panting.

"Potter? Since when have you started calling me Potter?"

"Err.... Yeah... sorry," Goyle stammered.

"Never mind," Harry said rolling his eyes "You going back to the common room?"

"Yeah"

"Well let's go then," Harry said and headed back to the common room.

"Say, pot.... Harry," said Crabbe.

"Yeah"

"Do you know who the heir of Slytherin is?"

"It's me," Harry replied instantly.

Both Crabbe and Goyle stopped in their tracks, shocked.

"I-I-its you?" stammered Crabbe.

"Maybe, maybe not," he said shrugging, "But if I told you who it was, I'd have to kill you," he said looking them straight in the eye.

Both the thugs were looking extremely nervous and scared. Suddenly Harry started laughing loudly, "The look on your faces," he gasped, tears running down his face.

"Yeah very funny, Harry, lets get going," grumbled Crabbe.

Harry stopped laughing and looked at Crabbe curiously.

"What?"

"Since when did you start talking so much?" Harry asked "Usually it's always a grunt or a nod."

"Err... Yeah... Well..." muttered Crabbe, looking very nervous.

"Oh well, whatever, none of my business anyway," dismissed Harry as they reached the entrance to the Slytherin common room. "Pureblood," he said facing the wall.

"Honestly they can't put any decent passwords can they, like Weasley is a moron or something like that," muttered Harry. He didn't notice Goyle clenching his fists.

Malfoy came bounding down the stairs, "Oh, there you are Harry; I've got something cool to show you."

"Say Draco, do you know who the heir of Slytherin is," asked Goyle.

"How many times have I told you two, I don't know! Though I wish I did, I would help the guy," said Draco.

Harry frowned at them, "What's with you two, trying to find out who the heir is all by yourselves are you? I thought you didn't care as long as you weren't attacked?"

"Err... no... we just wanted to know," said Crabbe lamely.

Before Harry could question them further, Draco interrupted, "My dad sent me my Christmas gift and you won't believe what it is!" he said excitably.

"Hmmm, what is it?" Harry asked curiously, not many things made the Malfoy heir so excitable.

"First you open the gift that mudblood sent you then I'll show you mine," he said.

"Are you crazy!" said Harry incredulously "There might be poison gas in there!"

"Ok then, Goyle, open that gift on the table near the fireplace," said Draco.

Goyle looked extremely flustered, "It's Harry's gift why can't he open it?" he said.

Draco narrowed his eyes, "Since when have you started questioning my orders Goyle?"

Looking at Crabbe helplessly Goyle slowly walked towards the box and opened it. There was a hiss and with a yelp Goyle leapt back.

"What happened?" asked Harry eagerly.

Slowly Goyle turned around and Harry and Draco burst out laughing. Goyle's face was completely blue and yellow and green tentacles were sprouting from his face.

"I can't believe she came up with this on her own?" said Harry.

"Why not?" Crabbe asked indignantly which Harry mistook for confusion.

"She's dumb, I'm sure Granger had something to do with this," said Harry simply and turned towards Malfoy completely missing the look of fury that passed on Crabbe's face. "Your turn Malfoy, what's the cool gift your dad sent you?"

"Oh yeah, check it out," he said opening gesturing towards one of the tables. He went next to it opened the covering. Crabbe and Goyle gasped while Harry just peered at the glass box.

"That's a snake," gasped Goyle, the tentacles on his face comically bouncing up and down.

"Yep," Draco said proudly, "Dad says it makes me more Slytherin. It's a viper but without the poison so I can scare as many Gryffindor's as I want," he said grinning widely. "What do you think Harry?"

Harry just stared at the snake curiously and the snake stared back.

"Hello," said Harry.

"You are a speaker," the snake hissed.

"Yes, do you like being inside this glass chamber?"

"NO, I hate it, these humans have removed my poison," the snake hissed angrily.

"I'm sorry, but don't worry, you're new master will take good care of you."

"I want food, I am hungry," it hissed.

Harry turned back towards Draco, "You're snake's hungry, Draco. Got something to feed it?"

Draco and Goyle looked terrified while Crabbe just looked confused by the way Draco and Goyle were acting.

"What? What's with those faces?"

"You... you're... you're a Parselmouth!" exclaimed Draco.

"Huh, what are you talking about, I was speaking in English."

"No you weren't, I heard you, you were speaking Parseltongue, all I heard was hissing," said Goyle looking scared and triumphant as well.

"Wow... that... that's cool," replied Harry "I never knew I could speak Parseltongue. I mean I spoke to a snake once in the zoo but I never realized I was speaking in a different language!"

"You're a dark wizard!" shouted Goyle.

"Stop yelling stupid things tentacle face. You don't even know the definition of a dark wizard and I don't get what the big deal is!"

"Big deal," replied Draco faintly "Salazar Slytherin was famous for being a Parselmouth!"

"I know," Harry replied confused as to why they were reacting like that.

"You know! So it is you! You are the heir of Slytherin!" exclaimed Goyle.

"Of course not you dolt, just because I can speak parseltongue, doesn't mean I'm the heir," he scoffed.

"How- how long have you known you can speak to snakes?" asked Draco.

"Hmmm, I told you, I spoke to a snake in the zoo once and this is the second time, but I don't get what's the big deal, so what if I can speak to snakes, I'm sure loads of other people can speak it too."

"No, they can't! Being a Parselmouth is the mark of a dark wizard and the last known parselmouth was the dark lord. If anyone apart from us finds out you're in big trouble! Makes you even more qualified to be the heir, since half the school thinks you're the heir anyway," said Draco.

"Well then none of you are going to squeal on me are you? I had enough of rumors being spread about me and I don't need more," Harry said, narrowing his eyes, his entire demeanor changing from confused to threatening.

"No, of course not," replied Crabbe nervously.

"I-I got-gotta go," stammered Goyle, "My face hurts," he said and pulled Crabbe along with him and rushed out of the common room.

"What's up with those two?" Harry said staring at them as they literally ran out of the common room.

"Forget those idiots," snapped Malfoy "You're a bloody parselmouth!"

"Okay look Draco... Yes, I can speak Parseltongue and you gaping at me is not going to change the fact that I am a parselmouth! So just forget about it and just don't tell anyone else, alright?"

Draco hesitated for a moment and then nodded.

"Good, now I'm going to bed, I have detention with Lockhart tomorrow and I need my sleep if I'm going to survive," he said, trying to lighten up the mood.

Draco grinned weakly as Harry went up the stairs. Just as Harry vanished from sight the common room entrance slid open and Crabbe and Goyle came in, looking as confused as ever.

"Back so soon?" Draco asked them.

They just nodded dumbly. "Good, I'll be in my room," he said and then added under his breath, "After all I have an important letter to write."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The fake Crabbe and Goyle ran all the way to moaning myrtle's bathroom. Crabbe's hair was lengthening slowly and Goyle's hair was turning red. Seconds later in place of Crabbe and Goyle were Lillian and Ron.

"I told you," said Ron panting.

"Told me what?"

"I told you he's the heir of Slytherin."

"Oh, come on Ron, just because he can talk to snakes doesn't make him the heir of Slytherin does it!" she said exasperatedly.

Ron goggled at her, "Are you crazy, he said it himself that he's the heir, and then he spoke Parseltongue, MARK OF A DARK WIZARD!" he yelled making all the tentacles on his blue face wiggle.

If the situation wasn't so serious she would have burst out laughing.

"Listen Ron, so what if he spoke to the snake! I know he's not the heir, it's not like him to attack muggleborn's and besides, he did help stop Quirrell last year," she said.

"Why are you defending him, you hate him."

"I'm not defending him," she said annoyed, "I'm just telling the truth."

"You like him," accused Ron.

"What! Are you crazy!" she shrieked, "Why do you think that!" she demanded whipping out her wand unconsciously.

"Err... sorry, wasn't thinking," he said nervously, eying her wand, knowing how good she was with hexes. After all he had been at the receiving end too many times.

Lillian just sighed, "Whatever, lets go and talk to Hermione," she said and hurried to the bathroom.

"Hermione... Hermione are you still in there?"

"Go away!" Hermione squeaked.

Lillian and Ron looked at each other.

"What's the matter?" asked Ron. "You must be back to normal by now, we are."

Moaning Myrtle glided suddenly through the stall door. They had never seen her looking so happy.

"Ooooooh, wait till you see," she said gleefully. "It's awful-"

They heard the lock slide back and Hermione emerged, sobbing, her robes pulled up over her head.

"What's up?" said Ron uncertainly. "Have you still got Millicent's nose or something?"

Hermione let her robes fall and Ron backed into the sink. Her face was covered in black fur. Her eyes had turned yellow and there were long, pointed ears poking through her hair.

"It was a c-cat hair!" she howled. "M-Millicent Bulstrode m-must have a cat! And the p-potion isn't supposed to be used for animal transformations!"

"Uh-oh," said Lillian.

"You'll be teased dreadfully," said Myrtle happily.

"Ron?" said Hermione sniffing.

"Yeah Hermione?"

"What happened to your face?"

If it were possible Ron's face became even more blue and Lillian covered her mouth to prevent herself from laughing.

Hermione looked at her and her lower lip trembled, she was about to cry again, "You... you're laughing at me aren't you?"

"No, not at you Hermione, never at you," she said before Hermione started crying again. "I'm laughing at blueberry boy over here."

Hermione gave a small laugh and then started to cry again, "I'm going to look like this for the rest of my life!" she wailed.

"Its okay, Hermione," said Lillian quickly. "Ron will take you up to the hospital wing. Madam Pomfrey never asks too many questions ..."

"Why me!" demanded Ron.

"Coz you're blue in the face," she said immediately.

"Why can't you come with us!"

"I have some things to do," she said evasively.

"What things?" Ron said immediately.

"Ron, if you consider Hermione as your friend take her to the hospital wing and tell her what happened in the Slytherin common

room, I'm sure you'd love to tell her that we found out who the heir of Slytherin is!" she snapped and rushed out of the bathroom.

As soon as she left the bathroom, she ran towards the astronomy tower. She was extremely worried and needed a place to calm down and think. After all what would Ron and Hermione say if she told them, she understood every word that Harry had said to the snake!

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

Chapter 13 – Deadly Confrontation's: Part One

Lillian sat in her room with a smile on her face. She had finally done it. She could actually conjure fire at will. After days of practice she had finally done it!

She glanced at the book beside her and the note stuck to it. There was no name but there was no doubt in her mind about who had sent it. After all, a burst of water did hit her in the face before revealing the book.

It was a book on mediation for the short tempered with a note stuck on it.

Read this book, it will help you with your metal capabilities and temper, so you can control what you wish to control if you catch my drift ... Once you finish reading it, concentrate on conjuring fire in your hands, that's all. If you're lucky it will happen in a few minutes. But, if you don't focus properly it will take you ages. And if you can't manage it after that, it simply means you have a brain like Weasley.

Merry Christmas

Why would he help her, she had no idea. In the hospital wing she was so sure he would refuse but was surprised when he said he would think about it.

"Harry Potter," she sighed. He confused her to no end. He would bug her to no end, yet help her whenever she asked him. The boy was a walking, talking, annoying oxymoron.

Every time she saw him, her hands would itch to curse him till he wasn't recognizable, yet she always went to him for help and answers. Why she went to him and not Hermione, who practically lived in the library she couldn't understand.

"What kind of a person was he?" she wondered. He was cold and rude to everybody around him except a few select individuals, he hated being the centre of attraction, he was a Slytherin, he was the top student in their year without even trying, he loved insulting her at every chance he got, hung out only with Blaise Zabini, and was a parselmouth. That's all everybody knew about him.

Her heart constricted when she thought about him being a parselmouth. How did she understand him? She was a muggleborn wasn't she? Then how on earth could she speak parseltongue?

Ron and Hermione had immediately said that being a parselmouth was a mark of a dark wizard and Hermione started spouting whatever she had read in some rare book she found in the library. Did this mean she was dark and liable to become evil or something?

She punched her pillow in frustration. She had so many questions and she didn't know whom to ask. Her first thought was Harry but knew she couldn't ask him. If she did she would have to reveal how she got to know he is a parselmouth and she was sure he wouldn't hesitate to go to his head of house with a big smile on his face. Even if she did ask him she was afraid of the answer even though she knew she shouldn't be. After all Harry wasn't dark was he?

She wanted to yell and scream at the lack of answers and an outlet was formed when a ball of fire erupted from her hand and ignited the hangings around her bed.

Yelping she scrambled out of her bed and yanked the hangings down and began to stamp the fire out. The other girls in the room began to scream and ran out of the room screaming for help. Suddenly, a stream of water hit the fire putting it out instantly.

For a moment she thought it was Harry, but it turned out to be Hermione, a small stream of water coming out of her wand.

Once the fire was out Hermione turned towards Lillian, who was grinning sheepishly.

"What on earth happened!" she demanded.

"Spell gone wrong, Hermione," she said cheerfully "Nothing else."

Hermione narrowed her eyes, "Be careful next time for Merlin's sake." Hermione had recovered her mishap with the polyjuice potion and was back to her normal self, to Ron and Lillian's relief.

"Yeah, sure Hermione," she said laughing nervously.

"What's that book you're reading?" she asked, spotting Harry's gift on her bed. But before Lillian could stop her she had grabbed the book.

"NO! Don't read... it ..." she finished looking on helplessly.

"20 ways to prove I'm dumb?" she read. "What on earth is this book!" she said incredulously.

Lillian gaped at her, "Let me see that," she said and snatched the book back. When she looked at it, the note and the name of the book were still the same. Then it struck her, Harry must have charmed it. "Err.... Well... I was going to send that to Potter as a Valentine's Day gift," she invented quickly.

"Valentine's Day gift for Potter! Have you lost your mind!"

"Possibly," Lillian muttered, stuffing the book under her bed.

"Honestly," huffed Hermione, "Well come on, Ron will be waiting for us."

"Now?" she said blankly.

"Yes now, it's almost dinner time," Hermione said exasperatedly, pulling her out of the dorm.

"Finally you come down," Ron said angrily "You have any idea how long I've been waiting!"

"Oh shut up Ron, it's not even seven yet," said Hermione, rolling her eyes.

Lillian just ignored him. She hadn't quite forgiven him for accusing her of sneaking around with Potter and being in league with him as he had told Hermione, just because she thought he wasn't the heir. She wondered how long it would be before he revealed it to everybody that Harry was a parselmouth.

The mood in the castle had grown more hopeful. There had been no attacks since the one on Colin. Term would be over in a few months and hopefully the culprit would be caught by then.

"Why do you think Potter's stopped attacking, Hermione?" Ron asked loudly, as they headed down to the great hall. Lillian rolled her eyes; he must have asked that question a thousand times when there was a crowd and forced herself not to respond.

"We have no proof Ronald and I don't think he's stopped. I think he's just lying low and waiting for everybody to drop their guard and then he'll attack," she replied.

"Any idea what the monster could be?" he asked her.

"No, none at all, I remember reading about it in Hogwarts a history but I left my copy at home and all the copies in the library have vanished and anybody I ask doesn't seem to have one," she said exasperatedly.

Lillian smiled to herself, she had a copy but there was no way in hell she was about to give it to Hermione. She didn't know why she was doing this, but for some reason she didn't want them to gain more proof pointing towards Harry. It wasn't that she was doing it for him... she was doing it for her too. If they could name him the heir of Slytherin for being a parselmouth, then they might as well call her the heir too and accuse her of all the attacks.

"I don't get it why we can't tell everyone he's a parselmouth, I'm sure he'll be thrown out once the teachers find out," she heard Ron say.

"We can't Ron, because we don't have any proof like I said before. We could go to any teacher but as long as they don't hear him speak it, they can't and won't do anything."

"Then throw a snake at him and make him talk to it," he said irritably.

Hermione stopped in her tracks and looked at Ron with amazement. "That is a great idea!" she exclaimed. "We could get him to speak to it and everybody will know!"

Lillian stepped in front of them, a look of fury on her face. "You will do no such thing," she said firmly.

Hermione and Ron goggled at her. "What's wrong with you Mary? Don't you want him to be caught?" Hermione asked frowning.

Lillian took a deep breath, "Look, maybe he is a parselmouth, but that is no way to confirm he's the heir." Hermione was about to interrupt but Lillian raised her hand effectively stopping her from saying anything, "If we actually see him attacking someone, only then can we expose him, until then just keep an eye on him alright?" she said, hoping they would agree with her.

To her relief they both nodded grudgingly. "But I'm getting Fred and George to tail him," said Ron.

"Do whatever you want," muttered Lillian just as they entered the great hall.

Lillian and Hermione went to the corner of the Gryffindor table and Ron, true to his word went and pulled his twin brothers to one corner.

"Listen, Fred, George, I think I know who the heir of Slytherin is," Ron began in a low voice filled with self importance.

Fred gasped, "Our Ronnikiens has been doing detective work, brother of mine!"

George nodded seriously, "Too true and I think he's going to name..."

"Harry Potter," the both chorused together.

"Wha – How did you know!"

"It's rather simple, you hate him."

"He's a Slytherin."

"He beat you."

"And us in a duel."

"So it's obvious you think it's him!"

Ron growled, "It's not just me, Hermione thinks so too and if you'll listen to me I'll tell you why."

Fred and George looked at each other, "Alright, our ears are wide open, little brother."

"Potter's a parselmouth."

This time Fred and George gasped for real. "Are you sure!"

"Yeah, Mary and I heard him speaking to a snake," he said importantly.

"Where did you see him?"

"We snuck into the Slytherin common room to find out who the heir is. Potter at first accepted the fact that he is the heir and then denied it in front of everyone else. Malfoy had gotten a snake for Christmas and we heard Potter speaking to it."

"Wow Ron, I'm impressed. You actually managed to get into the snake's common room. We've wanted to sneak in since our first year!"

"Well that's not important now, the thing is I wanted you guys to tail Potter and catch him red handed when he sneaks into the chamber wherever it is or attacks someone. I know you guys are the best at sneaking around unseen."

"You are absolutely right, Ronnikiens, we are the best at this job," said Fred.

"Fear not, if Potter's the one he'll be caught before he can say Quidditch," said George.

"After all we have the right tools don't we Forge?"

"Damn right we do Gred."

"Now Ronnikiens, we have a dinner to finish and some girls to woo, so if you'll excuse us...." They said and hurried over to Angelina and Katie who had just arrived.

Ron grinned triumphantly, thinking he had just accomplished something big. The one time he uses his brain and he's chasing the wrong person. What a pity.

Hidden behind a tapestry was a little girl with red hair who was grinning in amusement, "So, Potter is a parselmouth... interesting... Well little Ginevra, we have important work to do."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Gilderoy Lockhart seemed to think he himself had made the attacks stop. Harry overheard him telling Professor McGonagall while the Slytherin's were lining up for Transfiguration.

"I don't think there'll be any more trouble, Minerva," he said, tapping his nose knowingly and winking. "I think the Chamber has been locked for good this time. The culprit must have known it was only a matter of time before I caught him. Rather sensible to stop now, before I came down hard on him."

"You know, what the school needs now is a morale-booster. Wash away the memories of last term! I won't say any more just now, but I think I know just the thing . . ." He tapped his nose again and strode off.

Lockhart's idea of a morale-booster became clear at breakfast time on February fourteenth. Harry hadn't had much sleep because of a late running Quidditch practice the night before, and he hurried down to the Great Hall, slightly late. He thought, for a moment, that he'd walked through the wrong doors. The walls were all covered with large, lurid pink flowers. Worse still, heart-shaped confetti was falling from the pale blue ceiling. Harry went over to the Slytherin table, where almost all the Slytherin's were looking sickened and a few girls were overcome by giggles, Parkinson included.

"What's going on?" Harry asked them, sitting down and wiping confetti off his bacon.

Blaise pointed to the teachers table, apparently too disgusted to speak.

Lockhart, wearing lurid pink robes to match the decorations, was waving for silence. The teachers on either side of him were looking stony-faced. From where he sat, Harry could see a muscle twitching in Professor McGonagall's cheek. Snape looked as though someone had just fed him a large beaker of Skele-Gro.

"Happy Valentine's Day!" Lockhart shouted. "And may I thank the forty-six people who have so far sent me cards! Yes, I have taken the liberty of arranging this little surprise for you all - and it doesn't end here!"

Lockhart clapped his hands and through the doors to the entrance hall marched a dozen surly-looking dwarfs. Not just any dwarfs, however. Lockhart had them all wearing golden wings and carrying harps.

"My friendly, card-carrying cupids!" said Lockhart beaming. "They will be roaming around the school today delivering your valentines! And the fun doesn't stop here! I'm sure my colleagues will want to enter into the spirit of the occasion! Why not ask Professor Snape to show you how to whip up a Love Potion! And while you're at it, Professor Flitwick knows more about Entrancing Enchantments than any wizard I've ever met, the sly old dog!"

Professor Flitwick buried his face in his hands. Snape was looking as though the first person to ask him for a Love Potion would be force-fed poison.

"Please tell me you weren't one of the forty six, Blaise," Harry said trying to fight the grin forming on his face.

Blaise glared at him with murder in his eyes, "If you weren't my best friend, I would stick you to Lockhart's arse for the rest of your life."

Harry chuckled, "Just checking Blaise, just checking."

All day long, the dwarfs kept barging into their classes to deliver valentines, to the annoyance of the teachers, and late that afternoon as the Slytherin's were walking upstairs for Charms, one of the dwarfs caught up with Harry.

"Oye, you! 'Arry Potter!" shouted a particularly grim-looking dwarf, elbowing people out of the way to get to Harry.

Hot all over at the thought of being given a valentine in front of a line of first years, which happened to include Ginny Weasley. Harry looked at the dwarf horrified, he looked around for an escape route but the dwarf sensing his thoughts, cut his way through the crowd by

kicking people's shins, and reached him before he'd gone two paces. "I've got a musical message to deliver to 'Arry Potter in person," he said, twanging his harp in a threatening sort of way.

"Not here," Harry hissed, "Or you'll find your head in your hands do you understand me, dwarf!" said Harry drawing out his wand.

"Right, lead the way then," the dwarf grunted pushing Harry ahead, not fazed by Harry's threat at all. "Get back to your classes," Harry snapped at the students standing around him.

Growling at the back of his throat Harry literally threw the dwarf into an empty class room. "Right, sing that bloody valentine and get the hell out."

"Here is your singing valentine:

His eyes are as green as a fresh pickled toad,

His hair is as dark as a blackboard.

I wish he was mine, he's really divine,

The hero who conquered the Dark Lord"

"You done," Harry said gritting his teeth.

"Yes," it grunted and walked out of the room.

"If I ever find out who sent this valentine, that person will wish they were never born... Aw, crap, I'm fifteen minutes late for class," he muttered, kicking a chair in his way.

Hurrying out of the empty class room he headed for his charms class but suddenly stopped short half way.

Fred and George Weasley were laying on the floor, rigid and cold, a look of shock frozen on his face, their eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. And that wasn't all. Next to him was another figure, the strangest sight Harry had ever seen.

It was Nearly Headless Nick, no longer pearly-white and transparent, but black and smoky, floating immobile and horizontal, six inches off

the floor. His head was hanging precariously on his neck and his face wore an expression of shock identical to the twins.

Harry stared in front of him, his breathing fast and shallow, his heart was doing a kind of drum roll against his ribs. He looked wildly up and down the deserted corridor and saw a line of spiders scuttling as fast as they could away from the bodies. The only sounds were the muffled voices of the teachers from the classes on either side.

As he stood there, unable to think, a door right next to him opened with a bang. Peeves the Poltergeist came shooting out. "Why, it's potty wee Potter!" cackled Peeves, knocking Harry's glasses askew as he bounced past him. "What's Potter up to? Why's Potter lurking..."

Peeves stopped, halfway through a midair somersault. Upside down, he spotted the twins and Nearly Headless Nick. He flipped the right way up, filled his lungs, and before Harry could stop him, he screamed,

"ATTACK! ATTACK! ANOTHER ATTACK! NO MORTAL OR GHOST IS SAFE! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! ATTAAAACK!"

Crash - crash - crash - door after door flew open along the corridor and people flooded out. For several long minutes, there was a scene of such confusion that twins were in danger of being squashed and people kept standing in Nearly Headless Nick. Harry found himself pinned against the wall as the teachers shouted for quiet. Professor McGonagall came running, followed by her own class, one of whom still had black-and-white-striped hair. She used her wand to set off aloud bang, which restored silence, and ordered everyone back into their classes. No sooner had the scene cleared somewhat Ronald Weasley came panting, on the scene followed closely by Lillian and Hermione.

Ron's eyes bulged when he saw his twin brothers. He looked up and saw Harry standing there expressionless. "MURDERER!" he shouted, pointing his finger at Harry.

"Shut up Weasley, I had nothing to do with this," said Harry calmly, but inside he was panicking, there was no way anyone would believe him now, teachers included.

All of a sudden Ron rushed at him fists raised, ready to knock the living daylights out of him. But Harry just side stepped him, grabbed his neck and slammed him into the wall.

"I said I had nothing to do with this," he said whispered dangerously in Ron's ear "And you best stop opening your mouth so often or something might happen to you."

This obviously was the wrong thing to do at the wrong time.

"Let him go Harry Potter!" shrieked McGonagall.

Harry left him and Ron slid to the ground coughing. He looked up at Harry with pure loathing and said, "He's a parselmouth."

Even though he said it in a low voice, everybody heard it. Harry eyes widened in surprise, did he just speak in parseltongue? No he only did that when he was face to face with a snake. Then how did Weasley know? Slowly everyone started muttering to each other about this revelation.

He heard traces of the student's voices, some muttering about purebloods, something about dark wizards, and all such nonsense which almost sent Harry over the edge.

McGonagall used her wand to set off another bang and everybody shut their mouths immediately. The twins were carried up to the hospital wing by Professor Flitwick and Professor Sinistra of the Astronomy department, but nobody seemed to know what to do for Nearly Headless Nick. In the end, Professor McGonagall conjured a large fan out of thin air, which she gave to Ernie McMillan of Hufflepuff with instructions to waft Nearly Headless Nick up the stairs. This Ernie did, fanning Nick along like a silent black hovercraft.

"Come with me Mr. Potter," she said.

"But, I didn't do anything and you didn't even see me doing anything!" he said furiously.

"Are you going to come along or shall I force you Mr. Potter," she said pointing her wand at him, her hand trembling.

Harry looked at her incredulously. He couldn't believe a teacher, Professor McGonagall, was holding him at wand point. He couldn't believe what was happening. He saw Blaise and the rest of the Slytherin's looking at him, expressionless. He looked at Ron and Hermione, who looked somewhat triumphant. He saw Lillian who looked regretful and sad?

Holding his head high, he glared at the transfiguration teacher and said, "Lead the way, Minerva." McGonagall looked shocked but just poked her wand in his back pushing him forward. They marched in silence and a few minutes later she stopped before a large and extremely ugly stone gargoyle.

"Lemon drop!" she said. This was evidently a password, because the gargoyle sprang suddenly to life and hopped aside as the wall behind him split in two. Even full of dread for what was coming, Harry couldn't fail to be amazed. Behind the wall was a spiral staircase that was moving smoothly upward, like an escalator. As he and Professor McGonagall stepped onto it, Harry heard the wall thud closed behind them. They rose upward in circles, higher and higher, until at last, slightly dizzy, Harry saw a gleaming oak door ahead, with a brass knocker in the shape of a griffin. He knew now where he was being taken. This must be where Dumbledore lived.

They stepped off the stone staircase at the top, and Professor McGonagall rapped on the door. It opened silently and they entered. Professor McGonagall told Harry to wait and left him there, alone. Harry looked around. One thing was certain; of all the teachers offices Harry had visited so far this year, Dumbledore's was by far the most interesting. If he hadn't been so furious and pissed and scared about being sent back to the Dursley's, he would have been very pleased to have a chance to look around it.

It was a large and beautiful circular room, full of funny little noises. A number of curious silver instruments stood on spindle legged tables, whirring and emitting little puffs of smoke. The walls were covered with portraits of old headmasters and headmistresses, all of whom were snoozing gently in their frames. There was also an enormous, claw-footed desk, and, sitting on a shelf behind it, a shabby, tattered wizard's hat - the Sorting Hat.

Then a strange, gagging noise behind him made him wheel around. He wasn't alone after all. Standing on a golden perch behind the

door was a decrepit-looking bird that resembled a half-plucked turkey. Harry stared at it and the bird looked balefully back, making its gagging noise again. Harry thought it looked very ill. Its eyes were dull and, even as Harry watched, a couple more feathers fell out of its tail. Harry was just thinking that all he needed was for Dumbledore's pet bird to die while he was alone in the office with it, when the bird burst into flames.

Harry gaped at the bird in shock; the bird, meanwhile, had become a fireball; it gave one loud shriek and next second there was nothing but a smoldering pile of ash on the floor.

"A phoenix," Harry whispered.

"You are right, Mr. Potter, Fawkes is a phoenix," Dumbledore said from behind him, looking somber, holding a book under his arm. He gently picked the bird coming out of the ashes and placed it on its perch. "Please take a seat Harry," he said gesturing to the seat in front of him.

Hesitantly Harry took a seat. Looking at the headmaster, his anger began to rise. Here was the man who had left him with the Dursley's, who had not told him that he was his magical guardian, had not told him about his vaults. But he managed to control himself and look the headmaster in the eye.

"It's a pity you had to see Fawkes on his burning day Harry," said Dumbledore seating himself behind his desk. "He's really very handsome most of the time, wonderful red and gold plumage. Fascinating creatures, phoenixes.... They can carry immense loads..."

"Carry immense loads, tears have healing powers and are very faithful. I know," Harry said in monotonous voice that betrayed nothing of what he was feeling.

Dumbledore chuckled lightly, "I don't think many students read as much as you do Harry. With the exception of Miss Granger and a few Ravenclaw's I think."

Harry didn't say anything but stare back at Dumbledore with a stony expression on his face.

Seeing Harry wasn't amused Dumbledore sighed and took off his glasses and fixed Harry with a penetrating light blue stare. "Is there anything you want to tell me Harry? Anything at all?" he said softly.

There were many things he wanted to tell the man but he didn't. "No Professor, nothing at all," he said, with a little sarcasm in his voice.

Dumbledore raised his eyebrows, looks like he had to try different tactics to get him to talk. "Is it true you are a parselmouth?"

Harry sighed, "Yes..... Now are you going to expel me or throw me in prison for being one?"

"No, Harry, I am not, parseltongue is just a misunderstood ability. But I must ask you do you know anything about these attacks, anything at all?"

"No, I don't," he said staring into Dumbledore's eyes defiantly.

Dumbledore was frustrated. He couldn't even scan the boy's surface thoughts. There was no way he could determine if Harry was telling the truth or not. Sighing inwards he placed the book he brought with him in front of Harry.

"Do you recognize this book, Harry?" he asked him, watching him carefully for his reaction.

When the book was placed in front of Harry, his mouth dropped open in shock. "The old man had been sneaking around his room!" he thought furiously.

"Since my name is written on it, I think I just might," Harry said gritting his teeth.

"Then would you care to explain me why have you compiled a book on the darkest curses to exist in the magical world?"

"How dare you sneak into my room and go through my things," Harry hissed.

Dumbledore could literally feel the room temperature dropping. He then realized making an elemental angry is not the wisest to do, so he raised his arms in surrender.

"Professor Snape found this book in the common room, Harry. And he read the contents and then realized it belonged to you. I assure you we haven't been looking through your personal belongings."

Harry looked at Dumbledore skeptically, "In the common room?"

"Yes, in the common room, he showed me the book just before Professor McGonagall came to me and informed me of.... recent events."

"So is this your proof that I'm the heir of Slytherin?" Harry asked him, snorting.

"No Harry, I do not think you are the heir of Slytherin," Dumbledore said calmly.

Whatever Harry was going to say next was forgotten. He stared at Dumbledore in shock. "What did you say?"

"I do not think you are the heir of Slytherin, Harry."

"You don't?"

"No, I don't."

"Then why this interrogation, why are we here talking about that book, my Parseltongue ability and god knows what else!" Harry demanded, "Why!"

"The main reason I am talking to you Harry, is because of this book," he said, putting his hand over Harry's book of dark arts.

"If that's the case then I should tell you that I have another book which contains the opposite of those spells. In other words spells and curses you would approve of or like Weasley would say light magic, the idiot."

"Is that so," Dumbledore said quietly, "Then may I ask what motivated you to make this book?"

"Yes you may. Although, I may be...disinclined to answer," Harry spat.

"Harry I just want to help you, guide you," he said.

"Guide me! Help me! Have you lost your marbles old man!" Harry shouted standing up. "If you wanted to help me, why did you leave me with the Dursley's? Why didn't you tell me you are my guardian! Huh? Why didn't you inform me of my vaults? You left me to be raised with monsters, and kept me from the truth, which by far is the worst thing you have done to me!"

At every accusation Dumbledore grew paler and paler.

"And finally, where is the will of my parents which supposedly made you my magical guardian!"

Harry was seething now, one wrong word from Dumbledore and there was no doubt in the headmaster's mind that Harry would lose control and attempt to level his office to ground.

"TELL ME!" Harry screamed banging his fist in the table ignoring the outraged voices of the portraits berating him.

Dumbledore seemed to suddenly age 10 years during Harry's rant. Removing his glasses he looked at Harry regretfully. "Please sit down Harry."

"No."

"I shall be honest with you if you would just sit down and let me explain."

Glaring at the headmaster, he sat in his chair folding his arms waiting for Dumbledore to speak.

"Would you tell me how you got this information Harry," he said gently.

Harry just glared at him not opening his mouth.

"Please Harry."

"The goblins," Harry answered finally. "When I asked them to tell me how much money I had, they sent me to a goblin named blood something and he told me everything."

"Of course," Dumbledore muttered.

"Of course what?"

"Nothing Harry, nothing at all."

"Well then are you going to start explaining?"

"What do you want to know first?"

"Why don't you just start talking," Harry said rudely.

"To start talking one must know where to start," Dumbledore said jokingly.

"Don't...." he said, his voice trembling with fury, but he calmed himself and decided to just comply with the headmasters wishes.... for now. "Why didn't you tell me you were my magical guardian?"

"I didn't tell you because you didn't need to know. If I told you earlier would it make any difference? I felt it would be best if our relationship was limited to student and teacher."

Harry didn't know how to respond to that, he realized the old coot was somewhat right but that only brought up a hundred different questions in his head.

"If things were to remain as student and teacher, then why didn't you tell me about my vaults? Did you start acting like a father and thought 'Oh, the boy will spend all the money, we must keep him in line' huh?"

"Yes, I did think that way," Dumbledore admitted. "I was going to tell you when you were at least fifteen or older, when you became more mature."

Harry scoffed, "A magical child who grows up with the Dursley's is a hundred times mature than others."

"What do you mean Harry?" asked Dumbledore frowning.

"You don't ask questions until mine are over. So next question, where is the will of my parents? To become my magical guardian I'm sure it would have to be mentioned in the will. And if you didn't do it legally I can hopefully get you thrown in prison."

Dumbledore just looked at Harry calmly, "I assure you I didn't do anything illegal to become your guardian," he said, his eyes boring into Harry's but Harry wasn't fazed one bit. After all he had endured worse at the hands of his uncle.

"I'm sure you didn't," Harry replied coolly, "So where is it?"

Dumbledore flicked his wand and a file came floating towards him. He didn't take his eyes off Harry and neither did Harry—it was as if it were a sort of competition of who backed down first. Finally Dumbledore broke the gaze and opened the file. Harry was crowing victory in his head.

The headmaster took out a parchment and handed it to Harry. "The original copy of your parent's will."

Harry stared at the parchment, feeling a little scared and excited at the same time about finally reading his parent's will.

"Take it, Harry," said Dumbledore, his eyes softening.

Slowly Harry took the parchment from Dumbledore's hand and began to read.

The Will of James Harold Potter and Lily Evans Potter

I, James Harold Potter and I, Lily Evans Potter leave everything we own to our son, Harry James Potter. In the case of our death, Sirius Orion Black, Harry James Potter's godfather is to gain custody of our son. If for any valid reason he is not able to take the child, Remus John Lupin is to gain custody, and if Remus John Lupin is unable to care for the child Peter Pettigrew is to raise our son.

If none of the above are capable then we leave Albus Dumbledore to choose a good family for our son.

Harry's expression didn't change one bit when he read the will. It was short and simple. Dumbledore was right. He didn't do anything wrong at all. It wasn't mentioned anywhere that Harry wasn't to go to the Dursley's or a Muggle family. He couldn't help but feel a little angry towards his parents for not being specific.

"It's short," Harry commented, dropping the parchment on the table.

"They meant to change it but never got the chance."

"But it said I was to go to my godfather, Sirius Black. What happened to him?"

"He's in Azkaban," Dumbledore said shortly.

"Why?"

Dumbledore didn't respond he just looked even sadder if that was possible.

"Why," Harry asked again, feeling a little nervous.

Dumbledore still didn't say anything.

"Is he dead?"

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"Are you going to tell me or just look like your husband has just died?" Harry said, irritably.

"He betrayed your parents," Dumbledore said simply, bowing his head.

There was pin drop silence for a few seconds.

"W-What?"

"He betrayed your parents. He is the reason your parents are dead."

Harry didn't know what to say. He didn't know what to feel. He just felt empty, like he was lost in space. His stony expression crumbled and he looked up at Dumbledore his eyes pleading for answers. "But he's... was, my godfather," Harry stammered.

"Harry, this is the reason I didn't want you to read this will. You don't have to know."

"The hell I do! This guy betrayed my parents according to you and you don't want to tell me how and why! I have every right to know!"

Dumbledore sighed, "Sirius Black was your father's best friend. They were like brothers. They were never seen without the other. After your parents graduated they got married straight away. He was their best man. But then, Voldemort started targeting your parents which forced them to go into hiding. I suggested the Fidelius charm. Do you know what that is?"

"I think," Harry replied still in shock.

"Well, the Fidelius Charm is an ancient use of rune magic, warding, essentially, combined with advanced charms. It requires the complete and utter trust from the one who resides in the charm, for the one who is the secret keeper. I asked your parents if they would allow me to be their secret keeper, because someone close to your parents was a spy, but we didn't know who. Your father decided to make Sirius Black their secret keeper and refused to keep anyone else. But a month later, on Halloween 1981, Voldemort found your parents. And the only way he could have known where they were, was if...."

"The secret keeper gave the location to him," Harry replied softly.

"Yes, but then Voldemort was defeated by you and Black fled. But before he got too far, Peter Pettigrew caught up to him. Sirius then killed Pettigrew along with thirteen muggles before he was caught by the Aurors and thrown in Azkaban," he said heavily, sinking back into his chair.

"Is he still alive?"

"Yes, but he's most likely insane by now. Azkaban is guarded by Dementors and anyone would go insane if they lived there for more than a year."

Dumbledore looked at Harry worriedly. He was just staring at the desk in front of him. He patiently waited for him to say something, knowing that such knowledge is bound to cause a number of painful thoughts to go through his mind.

"What happened to Remus Lupin?" he suddenly asked.

"Sorry?" Dumbledore said a little startled.

"What happened to Remus Lupin, it said that if that man can't take me then he was supposed to raise me."

Dumbledore noticed the bitterness in his voice when he mentioned Sirius indirectly. "He has a terrible illness because of which he couldn't take you and still can't."

"So he's still out there?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't he ever come and visit me or you for that matter. Why didn't you come at least once to just see if I was alive or hadn't run away! What if the Dursley's had killed me!" he asked his voice rising again.

"You don't mean that do you Harry? I'm sure the Dursley's wouldn't mistreat you."

That particular sentence made Harry snap. He laughed loudly, a rather maniacal laugh in Dumbledore's opinion. "You think they treated me like a normal child! They beat me almost everyday; I was made to work like a slave and was hardly fed anything. If it weren't for my magic I would be dead now. Almost every week their whole of a son and his friends broke at least one bone in my body-trust me it ain't a cakewalk!" he said, laughing rather insanely again.

Dumbledore was getting rather alarmed by Harry's behavior. "So tell me Dumbledore, do you think that's prince like treatment? If I got better marks than Dudley I was locked in the cupboard for days with

just one meal a day. Sometimes I wouldn't even get a meal! Do you know the kid's favorite game in Privet drive? Do you think it was Go Fish? Hide 'n' seek? Maybe checkers? Nope, wrong on all counts. They called it Harry hunting. A rather apt name, I believe. You see, the object of 'Harry Hunting,' was to hunt down Harry. After you caught him, you would hold him up while you kicked him! It was a very entertaining game, professor. I imagine my pulse rate had rocketed past three-hundred at some points."

"But then...." he said grinning, "When I was six, something happened, I had always known I was different, I wasn't like the other kids, I was abnormal," he whispered. "Then I was able to scare the Dursley's with my abnormality, oh how I loved it to see them scared. It was so satisfying that they were scared to even touch me.... So don't you dare tell me that I am lying about how the Dursley's are...And you know what?"

"Its. All. Your. Fault," he said leaning towards Dumbledore, a dangerous glint in his eye. "You are the one responsible my miserable life. You alone, are the epicenter of my problems-not my dead parents. Not even Black. Definitely not Lupin."

Dumbledore was really getting worried now; Harry was acting insane and was reminding him more and more of another boy he had seen almost 50 years ago. The only difference was that he grew up in an orphan age and Harry grew up with his relatives.

He let out a breath he didn't realize he was holding when Harry finally sank back in his chair looking extremely pained.

"I am truly sorry Harry," he began.

Harry just raised his hand and said, "Don't say that word when you don't know what it means."

"Harry, I..."

"Do you know I almost died last summer," Harry said suddenly.

"No Harry, I don't, Dumbledore said, dreading what Harry might say next.

"I had a block on my magic which was slowly killing me?"

"Excuse me!" Dumbledore said incredulously.

"Someone somehow managed to put a block on my magic which was slowly killing me," he said again sounding far away.

"That's impossible, the block can't kill anyone, and its purpose is to just limit the flow of magic until the person reaches the age of sixteen!" he said, without thinking.

Harry's eyes narrowed when Dumbledore said those words. Even Dumbledore was cursing himself for opening his mouth without thinking.

"What did you say?" Harry said dangerously, rising from the chair again.

"Harry, please..."

"It was you wasn't it? You put the block on my magic. After all you're the one who left me with the Dursley's... it was you....." he whispered.

"Harry, sit down," said Dumbledore firmly. Any other witch or wizard wouldn't dare disobey Dumbledore when he spoke in that tone but Harry was beyond reason, all he saw was red.

"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't kill you?" whispered Harry. There was a flash of light and Harry's wand was in his hand. "Tell me Professor, why shouldn't I kill you for literally destroying my life single handedly?"

"Harry, sit down," he said loudly and firmly, drawing his wand and letting the beginnings of his aura show. But it didn't affect Harry one bit. A silver circle was forming in Harry's eyes as if it was being traced slowly and began to glow. The instant that happened Dumbledore knew Harry was not in control of his senses anymore.

The temperature in the room dropped to freezing and Fawkes flamed out with a squawk. The floor began to freeze below Harry's feet and he slowly raised his wand and the other hand ready to blast Dumbledore to oblivion. The trinkets in office started vibrating and Dumbledore leveled his wand at Harry, uncertain as to what was

going to happen. He could feel the power radiating out of Harry, and he found it hard to remove his eyes from Harry's own. Dumbledore sighed. Harry was going to be a powerful wizard one day... Preparing himself, he raised the level of his aura even more, so much so that it was almost visible. Harry's eyes continued to glow, and the circle ran closer and closer to being closed.

But then, the door to Dumbledore's office opened and McGonagall and Snape marched in, Blaise and Ron coming in arguing behind them.

As soon as the door opened they were hit by a blast of cold air and were almost hurled out of the office. Four eyes widened in shock and fear. McGonagall screamed bloody murder.

As soon as the door opened, Harry turned back sharply and glared at them, his eyes glowing green and silver with half formed silver circles around his eyes. But when he heard McGonagall scream, the half formed silver circles vanished and the room temperature came back to normal and everyone was quiet except for the yells coming from the portraits fallen on the floor.

Harry looked confused for a second before he realized what had happened. He had lost control, just like Lillian. If McGonagall hadn't screamed he couldn't imagine what kind of damage he would have done.

He looked at McGonagall and Snape, both looked extremely shaken and staring at Harry with fear, the latter more with apprehension. Behind them, Weasley and Blaise were kneeling on the floor shivering. Ron was looking plain terrified and flinched horribly when Harry looked at him, Blaise reacted the same way.

Harry just turned back towards Dumbledore and glared at him, before turning around and walking out of the office.

Everybody stared at him as he left the office, nobody attempting to stop him.

"Al-Albus?" said McGonagall hesitantly, her eyes flickering from the headmaster to the door. "What just happened here?"

"Just a terrible mistake Minerva, a terrible mistake," he said wearily collapsing in his chair.

"Back to your common rooms," barked Snape. "Minerva, please escort your student back while I take mine," he said giving her a meaning full look.

She nodded, "Come along Mr. Weasley," she said guiding Ron out who was staring at the floor unable to meet anyone's eyes.

Snape turned back to Dumbledore, "Shall I bring back Mr. Potter, headmaster?"

"No Severus, just leave him for now and thank Minerva for coming in when she did. I'm not sure what I would have had to do to stop him."

Snape nodded and left the office, his robes billowing behind him and Blaise hurried behind him, he had to find Harry.

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"In you go Mr. Weasley, your punishment will be handed out later," she said. Ron just nodded, not really listening.

He muttered the password and entered the common room where Lillian and Hermione were waiting for him anxiously.

"Ron, what happened?" said Hermione immediately. "Did you get detention or just loose a large number of house points." Ron just collapsed in the armchair not answering.

"Ron," she said softly again, "What happened?"

He just shook his head in negative.

"Are you thinking about your brothers?" she asked again.

Again he shook his head.

"Then will you bloody tell us what the head said!" said Lillian exasperatedly.

"Mary!" said Hermione, "Something serious must have happened! Give him time!"

Ron laughed when he heard this. Finally he opened his mouth, "Potter was still there."

"Still!" said Lillian incredulously "He was sent there like two hours ago!"

"He and the headmaster were pointing their wands at each other and were about to attack each other."

Silence, the entire common room heard him.

"W-what!" stammered Neville Longbottom "Potter attacked the headmaster?"

Ron just nodded distractedly. "You should have been there. As soon as we entered the Dumbledore's office I felt like something was squeezing my lungs forcing the air out of me, I....," he trailed off.

"What do you mean," asked a third year.

Ron wasn't paying attention to anyone, he didn't even know they were just listening to him but he just went on regardless. "It- it was scary you know, the entire room was freezing cold and the floor was completely frozen, It was like... and Potter's eyes....." he said, a shiver running down his back. "The instant I saw them I just fell to the ground. I couldn't take my eyes of them and yet I just wanted to scream and run as far as I could.... it was like it was crushing the life out of me.... I've never felt so terrified before.... If he had asked me to do something I would have done it without question... They were glowing in a weird way with those half formed silver rings in his eyes....." he just trailed off shuddering.

As soon as he said that Lillian looked at him startled. "What do you mean?" she said.

"I mean his eyes were glowing green and silver and they were scary. When we went in Professor McGonagall screamed and instantly everything became normal in the room, but the fear still lingered," he whispered, he was rocking back and forth now.

The entire common room was silent, just by watching him half the common room was shaking in fear.

Lillian had, had a number of dreams or rather nightmares after her duel with Harry. Usually she would see herself surrounded by fire with a weird glow in her eye with orange rings in her eyes. The scene would then change to one where she was burning a weak version of herself; she would then proceed to kill everyone in the castle until she was confronted by Harry who had a silver ring in his green eyes. But she always woke up before she could see what happened next. She couldn't figure out what these dreams meant and did they always start off with her killing herself.

"Are you sure Ronald?" asked Percy, fingering his prefect badge.

The whole common room stared at him. Ron looked up blankly.

"Then why hasn't Professor McGonagall informed us prefects," he said, sounding worried. "Its protocol to inform us prefects when such incidents take place. Maybe I should go and..."

Every word Percy said made Ron get angrier and angrier.

"Shut up Percy, you're not so important that the teachers would inform you if someone attacked the HEADMASTER! You're just a sodding stuck up who can't keep his nose out of business that doesn't concern you!" he yelled and stomped up to his dorm.

A few people chuckled nervously but no one else bothered to laugh. They shot filthy looks at Percy and if looks could kill, Percy would be dead a hundred times over.

"Ok everyone, stories over, back to your dorms," he said nervously and hurried back to his own dorm as fast as he could.

Lillian and Hermione exchanged dark looks, "Just watching him describe it is giving me the creeps," Lillian muttered.

"You think Potter's going to be expelled?" asked Hermione, still staring at the stairs to the boys rooms worriedly.

Lillian just shrugged, lost in her own thoughts.

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Dumbledore was pacing in his office wondering how to approach Harry. There were so many questions running through his head about the boy, like how did Harry know that he had a block on his magical core? What did he mean that it almost killed him... did that mean he managed to remove the block? But Dumbledore knew that was impossible, the block he had put on Harry was one which would disappear over a period of time, there was no way to remove it as far as he knew. On the other hand why was Harry making a list of dark art spells and rituals? What did he mean he managed to scare the Dursley's when he was six, was it accidental magic or was he aware of his powers? And the boys wand... it was the elder wand! He could recognize that wand anywhere and it had chosen Harry! How was that possible? That wand hadn't even accepted him as its master. What did that mean? Is that supposed to be the power the dark lord knows not? How powerful was the boy? And where was he now? Severus had informed him that he wasn't in the dormitory and was last seen in the common room. He needed to find the boy and explain to him why he did what he did.

Sighing he went to the window and stared outside at the darkening sky, relishing the feel of the cool air on his face. He had never felt so out of control of a situation before.

He looked over the Quidditch ground and was surprised to find someone flying at this hour. The boy shot towards the ground at terrifying speed causing Dumbledore's heart to almost pop out of his mouth, but at the last second he gracefully pulled out of the dive and rose in the sky again.

Dumbledore knew only one person who could pull off such death defying moves like those and immediately rushed out of his office and made his way to the Quidditch ground.

Meanwhile, Harry was flying a little too recklessly. Flying always made him feel like he had no troubles at all. And now he needed to forget all he had learnt in the headmaster's office. The betrayal of his godfather, Dumbledore being the one responsible for his magical block, Dumbledore dumping him with the Dursley's, it was all too much for his twelve year old head, even though he wasn't any normal twelve year old.

He heard someone fly up too him and was startled to see Dumbledore flying on one of the school brooms.

"Hello Harry," he greeted cheerfully.

Harry just ignored the headmaster and dived again. When he was back in the sky Dumbledore came flying towards him again. "Harry please let me explain," he begged.

Harry just glared at him at shot off in the opposite direction, away from the headmaster. He knew he was acting a little childish now.

He turned back hoping to see Dumbledore give up but was shocked to see him right next to him.

Groaning in frustration, Harry looked at him, somewhat resigned for what was to come. "What do you want?" he asked flatly.

"I wish to explain to you why I placed a magical block upon you."

"Go ahead then, I'm all ears."

"It was to protect you."

"And please tell me how on earth was that going to protect me?" said Harry, disbelievingly.

"Harry, I knew your relatives did not like magic. So I decided to put a block so that you wouldn't perform accidental magic and anger your relatives. I hoped that they would treat you like their son if you didn't any magic, but clearly it didn't work," he said, the regret evident in his voice.

"They don't like magic? Forgive me professor but I don't thing you understand the magnitude of their hatred of the magical world. Maybe you should stay for a day with them and then you will realize what kind of people they are, I wouldn't be surprised if they put a bullet through you head. Maybe then you will understand what it is like to grow up with the Dursley's."

"I'm so sorry Harry."

"Don't say you're sorry that you left me with the Dursley's when we both know you aren't sorry at all. If you were sorry you'd remove from that hell hole a long time ago or at least sent someone to keep an eye on me," he said tonelessly. Little did he know someone was keeping an eye on him.

Dumbledore didn't say anything but the look on his face said it all.

"I thought so," Harry said quietly, "Although, you haven't told me why you decided to leave me with the Dursley's when you could have left me with any good wizarding family?"

"Do you remember what I told you when you asked me why couldn't Quirrell touch you?"

"How could I forget."

"The same blood that runs within you runs in your mother's sister's Petunia's veins as well. Thus the protection your mother left within you will be the most powerful as long as you are close any of her blood relatives. Using that protection I created wards around your house based on blood. As long as you are within those wards, no one with the intent to cause harm to you can enter."

"Except from within."

Dumbledore sighed, "Harry, you must understand that after Voldemort felt his followers were still around and would have given anything to see you dead for destroying their master. They wouldn't have thought about looking for you in the muggle world and with the blood wards you were practically untouchable. The other reason I didn't want you to grow up in the wizarding world was because everybody saw you as a hero and not a person. Various pureblood families would contest over adopting you for their own political reasons, you would be hero worshipped where ever you went, people would fall over your feet and want to touch you if you came out in public and reporters would constantly hound you for interviews as soon as you were old enough to talk properly. But if you were to live with your relatives, then you would be free to live like a normal child is supposed to live but then, I should have known Petunia Dursley would never consider you as part of her family and would go as far as to mistreat you. Professor McGonagall turned out to be right after all."

Harry quietly ran the headmaster reasoning over and over in his head and to his annoyance he could find no way to contradict him. "What do mean professor McGonagall was right?"

"She was against the idea of you living with the Dursley's."

Harry was surprised, "How many of you were there when you left me with those pigs?"

Dumbledore chuckled, "Myself, Professor McGonagall and Hagrid."

"Why on earth were McGonagall and Hagrid there?" As much as Harry hated the man right now, he couldn't stop himself from asking questions.

"That's Professor McGonagall to you Harry," chided Dumbledore. Harry glared at him, not amused at all. "Anyway, professor McGonagall was observing the Dursley's for a day and Hagrid was the one who brought you from Gormley's hollow to the Dursley's."

Dumbledore waited for Harry to ask any other question he had on his mind. He had to gain the boy's trust and the only way that would be done was to answer everything he asked truthfully. He himself had loads of questions to ask but they could always wait. After all, the boy would be at Hogwarts for another 5 years.

Ten minutes passed and Harry still hadn't uttered a word. He was just floating silently staring at the moon. Dumbledore couldn't figure out what he was thinking about.

"If you don't have any thing else to ask me Harry, may I ask a few questions of my own?" said Dumbledore.

"Go ahead, ask," Harry said vaguely.

"Your wand," he began hesitantly, "did... Ollivander mention that it had belonged to someone else before you...?"

A small smile could be seen on Harry's face for the briefest of seconds. "The wand does not belong to anybody."

"I see," he said slowly trying to keep the excitement in his voice from showing, "And did the wand choose you?" he said, holding his breath in anticipation of the answer.

"Yes."

"Amazing," breathed Dumbledore.

"What is so amazing about a wand choosing me?" Harry asked, even though he knew Dumbledore had possessed the wand before him.

Dumbledore blinked. "Don't you know the wonderful story behind your wand?"

Harry was amused by the way Dumbledore was acting. "I know the story behind the wand better than anyone else in the world except for its creator of course."

"Did Ollivander tell you...?"

"Ollivander knows nothing, neither do you nor did your friend Grindelwald and the other before him," said Harry.

Dumbledore almost fell off his broom, before realizing he was about 30 feet above the ground. He stared at Harry wide eyed behind his half moon spectacles.

Harry himself was surprised to see Dumbledore react the way he did, he didn't realize he had called Grindelwald Dumbledore's friend. He was even more surprised when he saw the way Dumbledore's eyes widened in shock and fear?

"Err.... Professor? Is something wrong?"

"How did you..... What..... How?" stammered Dumbledore.

"What are you talking about sir?" asked Harry, completely confused now.

Dumbledore looked at Harry at bit fearfully before closing his eyes and taking a deep breath and mumbling something incoherent

under his breath. Suddenly his eyes shot open and he looked completely normal again. "I'm sorry Harry, just bad memories."

Harry just nodded, not believing the headmaster one bit. He had reacted to something Harry had said and Harry was going to find out what that was.

"Ah where we Harry? Yes, you were just about to tell me the story behind that wonderful wand of yours," he said his eyes twinkling.

Harry was amazed by the sudden change in Dumbledore's behavior. One moment he was serious then he looked like he almost suffered a nervous breakdown and now he was acting all cheerful. What kind of a person changed personalities that fast!

"You were saying, Harry?"

"Huh, Oh yeah, I wasn't going to explain the story behind my wand. I merely said that your version of the story was a bit off."

"A bit off....? Would you... care to explain?"

"Sorry sir, but I can't."

Dumbledore frowned and then looked at Harry, his twinkling eyes screaming TRUST ME, "You can trust me Harry," he said gently.

Harry smirked, "Sorry headmaster, but you haven't done anything to earn my trust."

"I'm sorry to hear that Harry, but I hope you will change your mind in the near future," he said sadly, trying to guilt Harry into telling him, but there was no way any self respecting Slytherin would fall for such a trick.

"Maybe," Harry said shrugging, "But it doesn't matter right? After all you're just my headmaster, not my guardian."

Dumbledore opened his mouth to correct Harry, but Harry beat him to it.

"Technically you are, but practically you're not. You said it yourself, your job was to find me a place to live-and I must say, you did that job quite admirably," he said, the sarcasm evident in his voice.

"I am truly sorry about that Harry."

"I have honestly lost count of the number of times you must have said sorry, sir. You seem to be sorry about quite a number of things, don't you?"

Dumbledore realized he was treading on dangerous grounds again. He had to change subjects before Harry would lose whatever little trust Harry had in him.

"Ah before I forget, I have something to return to you Harry," he said and waved his wand.

Harry watched in interest wondering what did Dumbledore have that belonged to him and his interest vanished and anger took its place when he saw the familiar brown covered book flying towards the headmaster.

"Here you are, Harry," he said handing the book to Harry.

Harry accepted the book without saying a word.

"Harry I must warn you, the dark arts may look attractive but they truly destroy a person's soul. I hope you haven't used any of those spells you have in that book, because once you do, there's nothing to stop you from using the more harmful ones," he said seriously.

Harry looked at the headmaster coldly, "Are you accusing me of using the dark arts headmaster?"

"No Harry, I am merely warning you. Even the best of wizards once lured by the dark side are lost to the darkness in a blink of an eye. And I do not want that to happen to you."

"Why? Speaking from personal experience?"

Dumbledore was once again thrown by Harry's response. "I... no, I never used the dark arts but I saw a good friend lose himself in the darkness. I tried to make him see light but failed. Now he is wreck, a

mere shadow of his former self, powerless and helpless doomed to spend the rest of his life in prison," he said bitterly.

"But enough about my past," he said firmly, Harry knew this was an order, not a request. "Now have you ever used any if these curses?"

"I know the affects of the dark arts better than you professor, why it shouldn't be used and why does it lure people to the dark side. You don't need to lecture me," said Harry.

"Then I am glad, although I am curious why are you listing such curses if you don't plan on using them?"

"Protection and knowledge," said Harry simply.

Dumbledore simply nodded, Harry wondered why he didn't question him about protection against what. "I believe we should head back now Harry, it is way past curfew and we wouldn't your friends to be worried in these dangerous times," he said gravely.

Harry turned back to walk back to the castle and was shocked to see his feet weren't on the ground. Dumbledore chuckled at his disorientation.

"I forgot I was on a broom too... and I must say, this is the first time I have ever had a conversation with a student on a broomstick," he said, his eyes twinkling happily.

Harry smiled, and they headed to back to the ground. Dumbledore banished the broom back to the broom shed and Harry slung his over his shoulder and they walked back to the castle together until they reached the Slytherin common room. Before Harry could utter the password Dumbledore stopped him.

"Harry, I must have said it a thousand times but I am truly sorry and I hope you can forgive me in time," he said regretfully.

"Hmmm... maybe," Harry said vaguely.

"Have a good night Harry," said Dumbledore and walked away.

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"Wait professor!"

Dumbledore stopped and looked back.

"Erm... Weasley saw our not so little confrontation in your office and I'm sure he would have spread rumors about it. I was hoping you could do something to.... You know, rectify the situation," he said uncertainly.

"I do my best Harry," he said simply.

"Thank you sir," he said and walked back to his common room.

Dumbledore saw the entrance slid back. Sighing he walked back to his office. He had a lot of explaining to do tomorrow, though on the bright side he had managed to form a bond with Harry. Initially, he had planned on talking to him, make the boy trust him, introducing him to Fawkes and slowly build a relationship with him and guide him on the right path, the one he had hoped Harry would follow. But instead the boy had shown incredible knowledge, was clearly extremely intelligent and perceptive and was incredibly powerful for his age. He shuddered at the thought of what could have happened if Minerva hadn't interrupted them when she did, he would have had to use a powerful restraining spell on boy which would undoubtedly have other consequences, none for the good.

Dumbledore rubbed his forehead tiredly. He looked up and was surprised to find himself back in his office.

"Potter boy giving you trouble, Albus?" said the portrait of Phineas Nigellus slyly.

"You have no idea," muttered Dumbledore.

"I told you, the kids today have no respect for the elderly at all, they need to be strung upside down and beaten to submission until they learn to respect."

"Then I would be no better than Lord Voldemort," Dumbledore said softly.

"Maybe if you stopped hiding so many things from the boy, he would learn to trust you, Dumbledore. You'd best stop trying to mould his future to your liking else he will become like the one you lost 50 years ago. If the boy found out what you did last year you can forget any hopes you had of him trusting you. He's not going to grow up to be the perfect hero you wanted. You saw the power he has inside him and you don't want it directed towards you," said the portrait of Armando Dippet.

Dumbledore sighed, "Maybe you're right Armando, I only hope I haven't done too much damage... yet," he said and decided to think what to do with Harry later, after all he needed to make up a story else within a week there would be rumors of Harry nearing killing him and becoming a dark lord in training. He couldn't have the people think bad about Harry, they needed to view him as a good person not a..... He smacked himself on the head. He was doing it again, trying to dictate the boy's life. Maybe he needed to take a vacation, the stress of handling the students fights, Malfoy senior pushing for the headmaster removal as headmaster at every chance he got, Fudge badgering him for advice every second of the day, the chamber of secrets being opened again.... purebloods being attacked, he was sure it wouldn't be long before he would be sacked, no doubt by Lucius Malfoy himself.

"I really need a vacation," he said aloud, walking to his sleeping chamber.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

Chapter 14 – Deadly Confrontation's: Part Two

"What do you think would have happened if we hadn't come in when we did?" asked a wide eyed Blaise.

"God only knows, but I'm sure I wouldn't have even managed to put a scratch on him," said Harry, rolling his eyes.

"Yeah right From my point of view you would have blown him apart in an instant."

"And why do you think that?" asked Harry, amused.

"Well because I saw you and trust me, the look in your eyes was enough to send anyone turn around and run away with their tails between their legs. When I saw you, it didn't even register in my head that, that was you in front of the headmaster. It was more like some powerful, dangerous wizard was going to assassinate our esteemed headmaster. Even Professor Snape and Professor McGonagall were shaken and Weasley almost wet his pants!"

"So what do you see me as now?" Harry asked dryly.

"An insane wizard with too much power who can off Dumbledore with his eyes closed."

Harry laughed, "Yeah well if you notice Dumbledore wasn't fazed at all by my little outburst. Trust me if he wanted to stop me he would have done it in an instant."

"Then why didn't he stop you or was it because he couldn't stop you."

"Blaise!" said Harry exasperatedly. "He didn't stop me because he wanted me to stop myself ... or he was waiting for me to completely lose control or I think he didn't want to raise his wand against me," said Harry, looking thoughtful. "Yeah that's it! He didn't want to raise his wand against me! He had just told all these things he did to me and he didn't want to look even worse than he already was in my eyes!"

"What are you talking about Harry! And what are these things Dumbledore did to you!"

"Private things between me at the head which I can't tell you," Harry said immediately.

"And why not," huffed Blaise "You think I'll tell everyone?"

"No I don't think you will, I don't want to tell you because it's extremely personal, if you understand what that means."

"Then I'll keep pestering you until you tell me what it is. I can't imagine what Dumbledore must have done to make you loose control, like the way you did."

"If you keep pestering me I'll just memory charm you," said Harry, changing into his pajamas.

"You'll what!" cried Blaise.

"I'll what?" said Harry pretending to be confused. Why did he have to blurt that out!

"Since when do you know how to memory charm a person?" he demanded.

"When did I say I know how to memory charm a person?" said Harry, though not very convincingly.

"Don't pretend you didn't say it or else...." Blaise threatened.

"I don't know what you're talking about... honest!"

"No! I heard you and you clearly said you'll memory charm me if I don't shut up."

"I didn't"

"You did"

"I'm telling you I didn't!"

"And I'm telling you, you did and don't say you didn't again!"

Harry groaned knowing Blaise wouldn't let it go, "Alright I said it.... But I was only joking!"

"Oh no you weren't you let that slip and you're horrible at lying to me when you say something you're not supposed too!"

Harry winced.

"You do know how to cast a memory charm!" cried Blaise.

"Will you stop yelling!" hissed Harry. "Yes I know how to cast a memory charm now shut up and go to sleep."

"I'm not going to stop until you tell me when did you learn how to cast a memory charm and whom did you practice on!"

Harry rubbed his forehead tiredly, Blaise was so persistent sometimes!

"It.... You didn't practice on me did you?" asked Blaise suddenly, looking a little scared.

"If I did then you wouldn't remember, which would mean I did learn how to cast it properly," said Harry slyly, deciding to play with Blaise for a bit.

"Now Harry, you're joking aren't you.... I mean too many memory charms can damage a persons mind..... you really didn't practice on me did you?" he asked Harry nervously, tapping his head, as if trying to see if there was something wrong with his brain.

"Maybe I did cast it on you about twenty times or so," Harry said frowning, "I really don't remember"

"HARRY!"

"Relax Blaise, I didn't practice on you," Harry said chuckling. "But I can if you'd let me," he added hopefully.

"No way in hell!" yelled Blaise.

"Awww, damn, you'd make a wonderful scapegoat," said Harry, mock disappointed.

"Very funny Harry, very funny," said Blaise, laughing weakly. "So whom did you practice on anyway?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Oh come on! You won't tell me what you and Dumbledore talked about, you won't tell me where this secret hideout of yours is, you won't tell me whom did you use for target practice..... You won't tell me anything!"

"And why would I tell you everything?"

"Cause I'm your best friend," said Blaise, pouting.

"Will you stop pouting like a stupid girl!" said Harry laughing. "Alright, you ask me one question and I'll answer you truthfully."

"Just one?" said Blaise, disappointed.

"Just one. No more, no less."

"Hmmm one question only," muttering Blaise frowning wondering what he should ask. It had to be good or it would be a waste of a question. Should he ask him about what happened with Dumbledore or why does he practice so much or whom does he practice on or what was so cool about his wand that he wouldn't let him touch it.

Slowly minutes passed by and different questions kept flooding his head.

"Will you hurry up! I want to sleep!" said Harry irritably.

"What! It's not my fault you're such a secretive person!"

Harry groaned, "Well just pick a question and ask already!"

"Fine, fine, here's my question. Where do you vanish sometimes during the night and why do you vanish and on whom did you practice your memory charms and what did you discuss with the headmaster?" he finished with a grin.

Harry raised an eyebrow but didn't comment.

"Where do I vanish during the nights? I go to a place I built for myself to practice my elemental ability and various different spells, read books and other various things. It's like my personal study room and you just wasted a question on asking me something you could have figured out on your own.... very Slytherin of you Blaise," Harry said sarcastically.

"You didn't answer the full question!" spluttered Blaise. "There was more to it!"

"Those were different questions. I answered the first and now its time for me to sleep."

"Not fair! I'm sleepy... I wasn't thinking!"

"Not my fault, you should have waited until tomorrow before interrogating me."

"Argh! At least tell me whom did you practice on!"

Harry sighed loudly, "Take a wild guess."

"Err.... Filch?" Blaise said uncertainly.

"Congrats! You win a million galleons for giving the right answer. Now go to sleep and collect your reward tomorrow!"

"You practiced on Filch! Are you crazy! What if you were caught!" said a shell shocked Blaise.

"Blaise!" groaned Harry covering his head with the pillow, "It's almost midnight and I have to deal with the whole school pouncing on me tomorrow!"

"Did it work?" asked Blaise eagerly, ignoring what Harry said.

"Yes, Zabini it worked, now stop acting like a stupid Gryffindor and Go. To. Sleep!"

"Ouch, that cut me real deep Harry, real deep," Blaise said holding his chest and falling back dramatically.

"I should have chosen Crabbe or Goyle as a room mate. At least they never talk," Harry said glaring at Blaise who was playing dead, half his body hanging over his bed. Suddenly he shot up and jumped towards Harry.

"You stay away from me!" cried Harry holding his pillow instead of his wand, "I don't want you to exhibit your animalist tendencies when you're this close to me."

"Shuddap Harry, I just want details," he said rolling his eyes.

"Will you leave me alone if I tell you," Harry said desperately.

Blaise nodded solemnly.

"Okay, at first I practiced on nothing, just reading the theory behind it and casting the charm in the air. Then one night when I was coming back to the common room, hours after curfew, when Filch caught me, I panicked and cast the first charm that came to my head and it was the memory charm. Imagine my surprise when it worked exactly how it should have and Filch forgot what he was doing for the past ten minutes. I meant for him to forget seeing me but he lost his memory of what happened for the past ten minutes. I didn't modify his memories or anything, I just ran after that. No point in staying back and letting him catch me again. After that day I tried memory charming him and modifying his memories and they worked like a charm."

"Wow.... Talk about luck. You're damn lucky you didn't fry his brain not that it's a bad idea," said Blaise, shaking his head in wonder. "No matter how hard you try to stay out of trouble, trouble always finds you."

Harry snorted, "Truer words ever never spoken my friend," he said seriously. A second later they both burst out laughing and another few minutes later Blaise was fast asleep, half his body hanging from the bed.

Harry stared at the still form of Blaise.

"What the hell!"

-x-x-x-x-x-x-

The next few days were extremely tense for Harry. The entire school had heard of the attack on Weasley twins and was convinced that Harry was the heir of Slytherin. Just when everybody was beginning to relax two purebloods were attacked and that was enough to send everyone into panic, including the Slytherin's. Malfoy was the only one unconcerned. According to him blood traitors are as bad as mudblood's so they deserved what they got, but that didn't reassure most of the Slytherin's at all.

But it wasn't the fate of the Weasley twins that concerned them; it was the fate of nearly headless Nick. What sort of power could harm one that was already dead, they asked each other fearfully.

Surprisingly Harry's stand off with Dumbledore was not known by any other house apart from the Gryffindor's, who were all eyeing Harry wearily. Apparently Dumbledore had visited them before they could leave their common room in the morning and had warned them against talking about it; it was a matter between the headmaster and Harry and wasn't meant to be public knowledge. But that didn't stop them from trying to curse him every time they saw him. Ron, Hermione and Lillian hadn't confronted him yet and he was extremely glad they hadn't because he was sure that if Weasley opened his mouth in front of him, the red head would be spending a long time in the hospital wing.

Soon things got so bad that Harry found himself roaming the corridors under his invisibility cloak, even during the day. He was tired of the way everybody panicked when they saw him, tired of the hisses and the stares he received everywhere he went.

But what vexed him the most was Lockhart. The man had made up his mind that Harry was attacking students for attention. Every class Harry attended, he had to endure Lockhart's speeches on how to gain fame and win the approval of the crowd. Harry was ready to kill the man but Blaise somehow always managed to calm him down. If it weren't for Blaise the defense professor would have been dead ages ago.

Right now the Slytherin's had been to yet another defense class. One in which Lockhart had tried to convince Harry to howl like a wolf, to demonstrate his famed werewolf story but changed his mind when he saw the look on Harry's face.

"Once this year is over I am going to kill that bastard," Harry said with venom in his voice.

"Now, now Harry, I know Lockhart gets to you, but you don't need to go to Azkaban just because he pisses you off," said Blaise.

"He doesn't piss me off, he makes me want to rip his guts out and then stuff them down his throat!"

Blaise winced, "That's just sick," he said. "How on earth do you come up with these things?"

Harry shrugged, "I have a very wide imagination and that reminds me, I need your help."

"You need my help!" said Blaise incredulously.

"Yeah, I need you to do a spell on me and I need you to do it with immense accuracy."

"What spell?" Blaise asked suspiciously.

"Nothing dangerous if done right," Harry replied nonchalantly.

"If done right?" Blaise said confused, "What in Merlin's name do you want me to do, Harry?"

"Follow me and I'll tell you," said Harry.

Harry led Blaise to an abandoned section of the castle on the sixth floor. Blaise followed Harry quietly, getting more and more confused as to where Harry was leading him.

"Where are we going Harry?"

"My private study."

"You mean the one where you disappear to during the night!" Blaise said a little excitement in his voice.

"That's the one," Harry said dryly and they continued to walk silently.

"How far is this place Harry?"

"Just a little further," replied Harry.

"Where are we anyway?" asked Blaise.

"Other end of the castle."

"We're here," he said stopping in front of a statue of a mermaid.

"Erm... Harry, I hate to point it out but you're staring at a mermaid, a beautiful one too," he said staring at the statue. To his immense shock and surprise, the statue giggled and said, "Why thank you young man!"

Blaise yelled and backed away and tripped and fell head first into the suit of armor behind him.

Slowly Blaise stood up rubbing his head, gawking at the statue and at Harry in shock.

Harry just looked amused. "Now watch and don't laugh," he said with a note of warning in his voice.

"Don't laugh?" he said, still in shock.

"Yes, don't laugh," Harry said and stood in front of the statue. He then leaned in and lightly kissed the mermaid on the lip.

The mermaid giggled again, "I think I'm in love," she said, looking love stuck.

"Shut up and move," Harry muttered, blushing, not looking at Blaise.

"As you wish my love," she said dramatically and she hopped aside using her tail, revealing an entrance.

"Get in," Harry said looking at Blaise who was watching Harry with his mouth open.

"You... kiss.... Statue....mermaid..."

"Just get in Blaise," Harry said exasperatedly, pushing him inside. Just as they entered the mermaid jumped back to her place leaving them facing a door. Blaise moved forward to open the door but withdrew his hand immediately. The handle was scalding hot!

"You shouldn't have touched that – there are loads of charms in that door. Only I can open it," said Harry reaching forward and opening the door. "Welcome to my hide out," he said with a light grin.

For the second time in minutes Blaise's mouth dropped open in shock and awe. The room was huge and was covered in all the house colors. There was a bed in one corner similar to the one in their dorm. In the centre of the room there was a round table covered with papers and books and some weird Muggle quills. In another corner there was a book shelf completely filled with books. There was a small gold trunk under the bed which had Harry's name inscribed on it and in another corner was a pile of galleons. The wall opposite Harry's bed had a huge painting of the Hogwarts crest with a huge window under it with an owl cage hanging next to it.

Harry watched Blaise walk around the room and make his way to the window which overlooked the forbidden forest.

"This is the other end of the castle. All our classes are held in the section that overlooks the Quidditch ground. This part of the castle is practically abandoned," said Harry suddenly startling Blaise.

"Why is it abandoned," Blaise asked curiously.

"The castle is huge," Harry said shrugging, "We barely use half the castle for our purposes. There are a number of secret passages and secret rooms scattered around the castle."

"And pray, please tell me how did you discover this room," Blaise said sniggering.

"I told you not to laugh!" Harry said, annoyed. "It was by accident actually. I tripped on the armor outside and fell on the mermaid. Imagine my shock when she giggles and shows me the entrance to this room."

"So you accidentally kissed a statue of a mermaid? Sounds suspicious," said Blaise with a grin.

"Might I remind you, you are in my domain right now, I could curse you till you won't recognize yourself and then we'll see who has the last laugh," said Harry irritably, though his face was red with embarrassment.

"Okay, okay, relax!" said Blaise hastily. "So what's the deal with the bed?"

"I've spent a lot of nights in this room. It has a bathroom and a store room of sorts."

Blaise looked around; he hadn't spotted any other doors. "Where is it? I see only this room with a window that's all."

Giving a superior smirk Harry walked towards the wall near his bed and walked straight through it. Blaise could only gape in shock at the spot where Harry vanished. Suddenly Harry's head popped out of the wall, "Come on in," he said cheerfully, enjoying the look on Blaise.

Hesitantly Blaise walked in and found himself in a room covered with ice and water. There were puddles of water on the floor and a number of ice pieces sticking out of the walls and huge blocks of ice slowly melting on the floor. There were a number of scorch marks on the wall too.

"This is where I practice. I cast an unbreakable charm on the walls, so I can keep blasting them with different curses and nothing will happen at all," Harry explained.

Beside the door through which they had entered there was another. "That's the door to the bathroom," said Harry.

Nodding Blaise walked in dazed by the place Harry called his private study. Whatever thoughts that were running through his head vanished the moment he stepped into Harry's so called bathroom.

It wasn't like he had just walked into a bathroom, it was like he had just walked into a mini swimming pool, one that was gold and surrounded by a number of taps, each having a different color.

"Bloody hell Harry, what is this place!" he said in wonder.

"I think it belonged to one of the founders, must have been Gryffindor considering the entrance or it's a room where all four met and discussed stuff, considering the coloring of the room.

"Do any of the professors know about this place?"

"No, I asked Ariel outside and she said no one has spoken to her in centuries."

"Ariel! That mermaids got a name!" asked Blaise incredulously.

"Yeah, I was surprised too but then she promised not to let anyone enter except for me if I called her by her name," said Harry. "Anyway come out, I brought you here for a reason, not to admire the bathroom."

"Who wouldn't admire this place," Blaise muttered under his breath.

Once they were back inside, Harry waved his wand and conjured two comfortable chairs.

"Wow when did you learn that!" he said impressed.

"Ages ago," said Harry, not elaborating.

"So how come you decided to bring me to your hidey hole? After all, I've been begging you for ages and you always refused."

"I need you to perform an eye correction charm on me. It's not very complicated and you should be able to do it," said Harry.

"What!"

"An eye sight correction charm Blaise. Honestly haven't you ever heard of it?"

"Nope"

Harry sighed, "Read this," he said picking a piece of paper from the table and passing it to Blaise. "I can't do it on my own and someone else need to cast the charm else it won't work."

"Pupula Corrigo?" he asked.

"Yep, you have to aim exactly between my eyes and say the words clearly else you'll damage my eyes and don't remove your wand until I say so."

Blaise looked nervous, "Why can't madam Pomfrey do it?"

"Cause it's not legal," Harry said bluntly.

"Not legal?" asked Blaise raising his eyebrow.

"According to the ministry this is a dark spell," Harry said with a snort.

"And it's not?"

"No it's not, I would have known if it was a dark spell."

"And how would you know that?"

"It comes under one of the many things I can't tell you about."

"Alright then," he said with a sigh, "Lean back and get ready to have better eyes, for Blaise has a mission to do!" he said dramatically.

Harry looked surprised and irritated at the same time, if that were possible.

"What?"

"I expected you to protest and say you wouldn't do it."

"I was going to but then I realized you would have convinced me somehow if I said no, so there was no point in refusing."

"Nice to know you're using your brain for once," Harry said smirking.

"You better wipe that smirk off you're face, the fate of your eyes are in my hands right now," said Blaise playfully.

"Just do it, and remember.... Don't remove your wand until the light from the wand is completely absorbed by my eyes, get it?" said Harry looking slightly worried.

"Don't worry, I'll do it right. Now lean back," he said rolling his eyes.

Taking a deep breath he leant back and looked straight ahead.

Blaise read the notes Harry had given him once more before carefully placing his wand in between Harry's eyes and said the spell. Slowly a violet light wiggled out of his wand and entered Harry's eyes making him wince in pain. The violet thread like light kept coming out of Blaise's wand for a whole minute. Once they stopped coming out Harry's eyes began to glow and Blaise didn't remove his wand in fear of damaging Harry's eyes.

Another minute later Harry's eye color came back to normal and he stared at Blaise impassively.

"You alright Harry?" asked Blaise, slightly worried that the spell went wrong. "Harry? You okay?"

Slowly Harry's lips curled into a grin and Blaise realized Harry was playing with him.

"Bastard! I thought I did something wrong!" he shouted.

Harry started laughing hard, "I can't believe it, I can see even better without those blasted specs!" he said delightedly.

"So it worked?"

"Of course it worked! I can see you can't I?"

"You can see me clearly?"

"I can see you better than I could with my spectacles."

"Now that's done with, what are you going to tell everybody else?"

"I'll tell them I got contact lenses," Harry said grinning widely.

"Contact lenses?"

"It's a Muggle thing, instead of specs you get a small plastic like thing which fits perfectly into your eyes. They're like smaller version of specs but those which can't be seen."

"Muggles come up with the weirdest things," said Blaise shaking his head.

"You'll be surprised at the things they come up with," Harry said dryly, imagining how pureblood wizards would react to televisions, computers and other electronics. "Well come on lets get going, it's almost dinner time."

"What's this Harry?" asked Blaise, picking piece of paper with random lines on it, nothing making any sense at all.

"What?"

"This," he said, handing the paper to Harry.

Glancing at it Harry realized it was the map to the Potter ancestral house. He had been trying to figure out how to read it but had no such luck so far.

"It's a map. I've been trying to figure out how to read it but haven't had any luck so far."

"A map to what?" asked Blaise.

"To a house."

"Who's house?"

"Can you read it?" Harry asked him, ignoring his question.

Blaise took it and examined it. "It's nothing but lines and dots," he said looking at the paper from every angle, waving it around in hopes that it would reveal something.

Harry sighed, disappointed. He was about to take it back, when Blaise yelled in excitement.

"What! What happened?" Harry asked urgently.

"Look! Hold it over the candle," he said excitedly.

Harry did as Blaise said and to his immense surprise a sentence materialized at the corner.

The key lies in La Gioconda, one of my greatest works – L.D.V

Harry and Blaise exchanged perplexed looks.

"What the hell!"

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

"Otter.... P...ter... Ha...y Harry.... HARRY!"

Harry woke up with a jerk, "wozgoinon..." he mumbled sleepily.

"Mr. Potter this is a class room, not your dormitory," said an outraged transfiguration teacher.

"Mmmm.... abracadabra," Harry muttered, waving his hand over his head, pushing the person near him away.

"Well I never! ... Aguamenti!"

A wave of water hit Harry's face jerking him back into awareness of his surroundings. "What the ...," he began but his voice died out when he saw Professor McGonagall standing in front of him, looking absolutely livid.

"Oh crap," muttered Harry under his breath, he had fallen asleep in McGonagall's class and everybody knew that was suicide.

"Transfigure this pillow into a goblet Mr. Potter," she said, her voice crisp.

Harry blinked, pillow to goblet? That was child's play. What was the professor thinking?

"Mr. Potter!"

"Oh, yeah," he said, ignoring the glare the professor the sending him.

He waved his wand lazily and the pillow changed to a silver goblet with the Slytherin crest on it.

McGonagall spluttered when she saw him transfigure the pillow into a flawless silver goblet on his first try. In all her years she had never seen anybody so gifted when it came to transfiguration. Just when she was about to award him 50 points Harry had to open his mouth.

"That good enough Professor?" he said sweetly.

McGonagall's lips thinned which was never a good sign. "Detention Potter," she said icily.

"Detention for what!" he cried indignantly, all sleep forgotten.

"For sleeping in class and talking back to a teacher."

"But I transfigured the bloody pillow didn't I?" he said furiously.

McGonagall's expression was stormy.... she felt like strangling Harry but knew that wasn't an option. So instead she decided to change tactics. "Your detention will be at eight with Professor Lockhart, I'm sure he'd adjust his time to have you over," she said smiling and went back to her chair feeling immensely pleased.

"Lo- Lockhart!" spluttered Harry, "No professor, you can't," he began desperately.

"Mr. Potter, practice your transfiguration or I will be forced to take points."

"Take points but not Lockhart professor," he said pleadingly.

McGonagall just raised an eyebrow, "My decision is final Potter," she said and turned her back on him.

Harry's eyes darkened in anger, he was about to give a sarcastic remark when he felt someone pulling him down. It was Malfoy. "Sit

down before the hag decides to take points," he said quietly, glaring at the professor.

If Harry was surprised by Malfoy's support he didn't show it. He glanced at Blaise and they communicated silently each knowing what the other was thinking. Malfoy was changing, why they had no clue.

As soon as class ended Harry stormed out, ignoring the calls of the professor. He was closely followed by Blaise and Malfoy.

"What on earth is her problem with me!" he burst as soon as they were a respectable distance from the transfiguration class room.

"Forget her and worry about the Quidditch match Harry," said Malfoy. "We play the Ravenclaw's in another hour. We need our seeker to be in top form or Flint will be hopping mad."

"Oh yeah, that guy has a nasty temper," said Harry shuddering.

"Yeah, I don't think we've had one practice session without him screaming himself hoarse or punching a player," said Draco.

"I don't care about him yelling, but if he ever touches me I'll separate that part of his body and hand to him on a platter."

Draco looked at him incredulously. "You can actually do that!"

"He can and he will," said Blaise.

"Did you get a reply from your dad yet Blaise?" asked Harry, swiftly changing topics.

"About the thing you asked me to ask him about?"

"Yeah."

"Not yet, he's extremely busy but he sent a letter saying he'll do his best and maybe you'll get a reply by the end of the month," said Blaise.

"Hope it doesn't take too long," Harry said sighing.

An hour later two teams walked onto the field to tumultuous applause. Madam Hooch released the bludger's and the snitch and made Flint and the Ravenclaw captain Roger Davis shake hands or rather crush each others hands from Harry's point of view.

Harry was just mounting his broom, ready to launch when professor McGonagall came half marching, half running across the pitch, carrying an enormous purple megaphone.

"This match has been cancelled," professor McGonagall called through the megaphone, addressing the packed stadium. There were Boos and shouts and the entire Slytherin team looked devastated.

The whole team flew towards McGonagall, "Professor this is the final! You can't just cancel the match!" said a furious Flint.

McGonagall just ignored him and continued yelling through the megaphone, "All students are to make their way to the house common room, where the heads of houses will give them further information. As quickly as you can please!"

"What about the match!" shouted Flint. Harry knew this was a mistake, obviously there had been an attack else there was no reason for the match to be cancelled.

"I assure you Flint, there's a good reason for the match being cancelled. Now head back to your common room before I deduct points," she said sternly. "Mr. Weasley, Ms. Austin," she called through the crowd.

That instant Harry knew who had been attacked. Quietly he flew back to the castle before people started blaming him again. When every Slytherin had gathered in the common room professor Snape came to the common room and announced that there had been a double attack. Granger and a Ravenclaw prefect, Penelope Clearwater had been attacked in the library.

They were to be back in their common rooms before six o' clock in the evening. They were to be escorted to each lesson by a teacher and they weren't even allowed to go to the bathroom alone.

Harry fumed silently in his place. He wouldn't be able to go to his study in the evenings without the risk of getting caught. Though that didn't mean he wouldn't try.

"Mr. Potter," called Snape startling Harry.

"Yes professor?"

"I am to accompany you to Professor Lockhart's office at eight o'clock. Be ready five minutes prior and I will come and collect you," he said and twirled and left Harry gaping, his robes billowing behind him as he left the common room.

"I can't believe I still have detention after all that happened today," he muttered to himself.

True to his word, Snape was waiting for Harry at the entrance of the common room at five minutes to eight. Harry followed Snape to Lockhart's office silently, knowing he was in for the worst detention ever, all thanks to a stupid cat. Both professor and student never realized that a small red head girl who had a small black diary clutched tightly in her hand was following them.

"Make sure he brings you back before ten Potter," said Snape, before turning around and vanishing in the darkness.

Gritting his teeth Harry knocked on the door which flew open right away.

"Ah, here's my young apprentice!" he said jovially. "Come in, Harry, come in."

Shining brightly on the walls by the light of many candles were countless framed photographs of Lockhart. He had even signed a few of them. Another large pile lay on his desk.

"You can address the envelopes!" Lockhart told Harry, as though this was a huge treat. "This first one's to Gladys Gudgeon, bless her - huge fan of mine -"

The minutes snailed by and Harry let Lockhart's voice wash over him, occasionally saying, "Mmmm" and "Right" and "Yeah." Now

and then he caught a phrase like, "Fame's a fickle friend, Harry," or "Celebrity is as celebrity does, remember that."

The candles burned lower and lower, making the light dance over the many moving faces of Lockhart watching him. Harry moved his aching hand over what felt like the thousandth envelope, writing out Veronica Smethley's address. It must be nearly time to leave, Harry thought miserably, please let it be nearly time... And then he heard something - something quite apart from the spitting of the dying candles and Lockhart's prattle about his fans.

It was the voice he heard when Mrs. Norris was attacked, the same ice cold venomous voice.

"Come ... come to me... look at me..... Let me rip you... Let me tear you... Let me kill you"

Harry jumped up, wand in his hand.

"Good gracious Harry! What is the matter!

"That voice did you hear it!"

"What voice?" asked Lockhart looking puzzled.

"That – that voice that said – didn't you hear it?"

Lockhart was looking at Harry in high astonishment. "Now Harry, what are you talking about? You must have been getting a little drowsy? Great Scott! It's almost ten! We've been working hard haven't we Harry," he said, flashing his brilliantly white teeth.

"Yeah, sure professor," Harry said distractedly, he was straining his ears to hear that voice again. Why could he hear the voice and Lockhart couldn't? Did he have better hearing or was Lockhart just pretending not to hear it?

"Well let us go before professor Snape gets worried shall we?" he said and literally dragged Harry out.

Harry followed Lockhart silently, trying to figure out what the voice was or rather who was it? The last time he had heard it a cat was

attacked. Whatever it was, Harry was sure it was ready to attack someone. He held his wand tightly in his hand, his eyes darting around to spot anything out of place. Lockhart was babbling something about learning how to charm the ladies but Harry didn't listen to a word he was saying, he just kept his ears open just in case he heard that voice again.

They were on the second floor when Harry felt his wand vibrate and then a harsh voice filled his head.

"Evil approaches!"

"What!" yelled Harry, looking around wildly.

"Are you alright Harry?" asked Lockhart, looking absolutely bewildered.

"Hide!" Harry told him roughly.

"The witch is possessed!"

"What the hell are you talking about? There's no one here!" Harry hissed under his breath. He carefully scanned the area but didn't stop anybody around.

"Are you trying to impress me Harry?" said Lockhart suddenly, smiling brightly. "I must tell you it's not a good attempt."

"Impress you!" Harry said incredulously, "Have you lost your mind!"

"Now come along Harry, I shall give you tips later but now we must get going!" he said.

"Shut the hell up, whatever has been attacking the students is close, so if you value your life don't move and don't talk! Get it!"

Lockhart looked terrified, "Shouldn't we run!" he squeaked.

"That makes us target practice."

"B-but..."

"Silencio"

Lockhart looked outraged and terrified and was trying to break the spell with his wand. In the end he gave up knowing it was no use and hid himself behind a suit of armor. Harry just ignored him and lit his wand and carefully checked his surroundings. It was then he realized he was near the second floor girl's bathroom, the one where the cat was attacked.

"EVIL APPROACHES!" a voice thundered in his head.

Harry stiffened and suddenly he spotted something moving near the entrance of the bathroom.

"Stop! Whoever you are!" he yelled, his wand light falling on a person with long red hair.

"Evil possesses the witch" his wand whispered to him.

Slowly the figure turned around and surveyed Harry tilting her head to the left slightly, her face void of emotion.

"Ginevra!" said Harry, his eyes widening in disbelief.

"Harry Potter," she whispered in a voice that wasn't quite her own. "I had hoped we would have met under different circumstances."

Harry narrowed his eyes surveying the girl, his eyes lingering on the small book she held tightly in one hand. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"I'm Ginevra Weasley, Slytherin first year. Have you forgotten?" she said.

"Don't give me that crap; I know she's being possessed by you... whoever you are."

Ginny smiled a twisted sort of smile, which looked oddly placed on the eleven year olds face. She simply raised her wand and whispered, "Avada Kedavra."

Harry eyes widened in terror, but before he could even react the deadly green light flashed past him missing him by mere inches.

He heard a thud and slowly turned his head.

Gilderoy Lockhart's body was lying crumpled in a heap on the cold stone floor. His eyes wide open, blank and expressionless, he was dead.

Harry mind went numb. Before he could fully comprehend what had just happened, Ginny spoke again, in that cold voice of hers.

"Weren't you going to stop me Harry," said Ginny, her lips curling into a cruel smile.

Harry was afraid; whoever was possessing Ginny was dangerous. Trying to compose himself and put the image of a dead Lockhart out of his mind, he turned around and faced Ginny.

"Well now that you failed to kill me, mind telling me who you are?" said Harry coolly, his face blank.

"I didn't fail to kill you Potter, I merely disposed the trash first and now it's your turn. And as for who am I, you'll find out soon enough" said Ginny, sneering. "But first I have a few questions to ask you."

"And why would you want to ask me questions?" said Harry not moving, his wand at the ready.

"I have been wanting to meet you ever since little Ginevra told me all about the defeat of lord Voldemort at your hands," she said, her eyes flashing red for an instant.

"So are some admiring fan of mine? That you want to meet me because I defeated Voldemort? Do you want my autograph?" asked Harry, knowing he must be infuriating the person possessing Ginny.

"Insolent fool, I want to know how did you... a one year old baby manage to defeat the greatest wizard in the history of the wizarding world!"

"And why would I tell you that?"

"Because if you do, I might consider letting you live."

"And what makes you think that you're going to kill me," said Harry scoffing.

Ginny snarled and fired a disarming hex which Harry casually deflected.

"So you have some skill boy, but you will not be able to match the power of lord Voldemort!"

"You're Voldemort? You're possessing Ginny like you did with Quirrell last year?" he said, his heart racing.

Ginny looked confused. "I was here last year? Interesting..... Perhaps you could tell me more..." said Ginny curiously.

Harry was stumped, what was going on? Had Voldemort lost his memory?

"You don't remember me kicking your arse last year?" Harry said smirking.

Ginny looked furious, "What are you talking about?"

"Are you really Voldemort?" asked Harry.

"Of course I am!" hissed Voldemort/Ginny. "I am Lord Voldemort, heir of Slytherin, preserved in a diary for fifty years whose purpose is to kill all the muggleborn's and blood traitors in this castle! And you can add yourself to the list!"

"If you preserved yourself in a diary for fifty years then how come you're still around?" asked Harry. He was trying to waste time in hopes of any teacher or Dumbledore coming and catching this monster.

Ginny smiled. "I am a genius, you wouldn't understand anything I told you," Voldemort/Ginny hissed.

"Try me, Mr. Evil genius," said Harry.

"Enough talk, if you won't tell me how you defeated me then it is time for you to meet your end."

Harry tensed, waiting for him to make the first move.

"Come to me the greatest of Hogwarts four!"

As soon as he said those words in parseltongue, Harry heard something move in the bathroom and had a great sense of forbidding. Suddenly he saw two big round yellow eyes glaring at him but nothing happened.

Ginny/Voldemort was furious, "Why are you not dead!"

"Should I be dead?"

Her eyes widened in fury, "You are a parselmouth!"

"Expelliarmus!" shouted Harry but Voldemort deflected it.

Voldemort/Ginny's face contorted in fury, "Crucio!"

Harry conjured a block of ice which blocked the incoming curse. Without wasting a second he sent a stunner and another disarming hex back which was easily blocked by the young dark lord. He didn't want to hurt Ginny, he had to find a way to UN-possess her.

"Elemental!" hissed Ginny, a note of fear in her voice.

Harry smirked, "You should know that you don't stand a chance against me."

"Avada Kedavra!"

Harry conjured another block of ice which blocked the killing curse. Raising his hands he fired an ice spike followed by another huge block of ice which was sure to pulverize anyone in its path. But Voldemort was no slouch either. He blasted the ice pieces to oblivion and made a slashing gesture with Ginny's wand sending a swirling purple vortex towards Harry.

Not fazed in the slightest Harry erected a shield and sent a powerful cutting hex back.

"Not afraid to harm the girl are you," snarled Ginny as she failed to block the curse completely, drawing blood from her arm.

"She means nothing to me and you shouldn't let your guard down," he said, realizing it was futile to hold back in fear of hurting Ginny. It was either her or him and he chose himself over her.

"Lumos Solarium!" shouted Harry blinding the dark lord. "moenia muto funiculus!" the moment he said those words the entire wall began to shimmer and ropes started springing out and tied themselves around Ginny firmly, effectively stopping all her moments.

The light slowly died out revealing a very angry dark lord in an eleven year old girl's body and a smug looking Harry Potter.

"For a dark lord in training, I'm surprised all you use are unforgivable's instead of something more... creative," Harry commented.

"Let me go!" she snarled, spit flying from her mouth.

Harry sighed in relief, "Now how do I get Dumbledore down here?"

"No you won't!" hissed Ginny/Voldemort, "Kill the boy, greatest of Hogwarts four!"

Harry looked confused, but soon it changed to horror when something huge came streaking out of the bathroom. It was an abnormally huge acid green serpent with huge round yellow eyes and was heading straight towards Harry.

Harry dived into a corner just as the snake zipped past him. It covered almost the entire length of the corridor and smashed into the wall in front of it demolishing the entire wall and disappearing in the debris.

Shakily Harry came out of his little hiding place. He looked around and saw Lockhart's body lying in one corner of the corridor; the snake must have run over it. Ginny's body was nowhere to be seen. How on earth could a 60 foot snake just vanish he wondered.

"This is what you will get for standing against me Potter," said a male voice.

Spinning around, Harry saw a translucent boy standing behind him. Ginny was lying beside him with the diary still in her hand. "So that was how Voldemort looked fifty years ago. Have to destroy that diary," he thought, "It must be the source of his power."

But before he could summon the diary, the ceiling broke and the snake came hurtling towards him. Harry lunged to his left missing the snake's fangs by inches, but he wasn't that lucky. The snake's tail came whipping through the air and smashed into him as it broke through the floor, leaving a gaping hole.

Harry went flying and smashed into a suit of armor. Groaning he somehow managed to get back to his feet. His back was aching horribly and when he touched his sides he felt something sticking out. He looked to his side and saw a piece of metal jutting out of his abdomen area, dripping with blood.

"Shit," Harry cursed weakly looking away.

He could hear the boy's laughter ringing in his head. "You see Potter; you can never match the strength of Lord Voldemort."

Hate bubbling inside him, Harry pocketed his wand.

"Giving up Harry?" said Voldemort junior with sadistic glee.

"No, now you're going to wish you never angered an elemental." The next time that snake showed up, he was going to turn it into an ice statue. On cue the huge snake came slithering towards him from the hole it had made previously in the wall.

Harry raised his hands, the fury evident in his eyes. Just as the snake came barreling towards him, fangs barred, freezing cold water erupted from Harry's hands which could freeze anything in their path.

For 10 seconds there was nothing but water and fog to be seen in the fateful corridor.

Once the air cleared, there was one Harry Potter standing inches away from a half frozen snake, its fangs still showing and tail still moving. "Say goodbye to your pet serpent Voldemort," said Harry grimly drawing his wand.

"Diffindo!" Harry shouted.

"NOOOO!" shrieked Voldemort in fury as the snake shattered, sending huge chunks of ice in various directions. "You'll pay Potter!" screamed Voldemort. "Confringo!" he shouted.

Harry threw a piece of the snake in the path of the incoming curse which exploded with the force of a bomb.

"Eradico pectus," shouted Harry, but to his shock the curse just passed through the boy.

"You can't harm me Potter! And I will kill you! Avada Kedavra!"

Harry dived aside as the green curse came hurtling towards him. "Destructo," Harry shouted again, but the curse passed through Voldemort like he weren't there and blew up the entire wall behind him covering the body of Gilderoy Lockhart.

Voldemort laughed again, an insane bone chilling laugh. "You best give up Potter, you can't beat me!" he screamed.

"Where the hell are the professor's!" Harry wondered. "How could anyone not have heard this," he thought as he dodged another killing curse followed by a black curse, which he identified as the nightmare curse. "How do I kill him!" he thought furiously and then he spotted the black diary, still in the hands of Ginny Weasley.

Harry jumped out of his hiding place and faced Voldemort.

"Given up Potter!" he asked, an insane look in his translucent eyes.

"Goodbye Voldemort junior, time for you to go to hell," Harry said calmly and summoned the diary to him. At the same time he sent a frozen fang lying next to him at the diary with a wave of his hand.

Voldemort looked at him in horror. But before he could react the fang pierced the diary.

There was a long, dreadful, piercing scream. Ink spurted out of the diary in torrents in mid air, flooding the floor. Voldemort was writhing and twisting, screaming and flailing and then - then he was gone.

The diary fell to the floor with a thump. The venom from the snake's fang had burned a sizzling hole through it.

There was silence except for the steady drip of Harry blood falling from the piece of metal stuck in him. There were huge pieces of ice everywhere and parts of the wall and ceiling were still falling apart.

Ignoring his aching side, Harry made his way to Ginny. She looked fine except that she was covered in dust and ice pieces and her face was cut in several places, apart from that she seemed to be alright.

He turned to his side and looked at the piece of metal stuck in his abdomen and wondered what to do. Whether to leave it as it were or pull it out of his body.

He made a rash decision and yanked the metal out. The pain he felt on removing it was terrible. Blood started pouring out faster than ever and his world started spinning and everything turned blurry. He could hear footsteps in the distance. As the footsteps got closer, he felt as if his head was going to be cleaved in two.

He heard a gasp and could vaguely hear someone calling his name. Blinking rapidly he could make out the outline of two or was it four people standing in front of him. He tried fighting the impulse to go to sleep but was failing miserably.

"Took you long enough to get here," he said feebly.

He felt someone kneel down next to him. Desperately trying to stay awake, Harry saw that it was Dumbledore who just began waving his wand over him and Harry then let the darkness engulf him.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

Chapter 15 – The Entrance

"Is he going to be alright Poppy?"

"He'll be fine. Although if that metal piece had penetrated further and higher, it would have pierced his liver and I doubt he would have survived that," she said grimly.

"Then it's lucky we got there in time."

"No, we didn't get there in time. He's still suffering from massive blood loss which has effectively shut down his system and he's not going to wake anytime soon."

"How long do you think it'll take?"

"He should regain consciousness by morning and the girl in a few hours."

"She's fine then?"

"Yes, she is. But she's suffering from magical exhaustion and I have no idea how that could have happened, unless she was in an intense duel and that looks like a pretty good explanation to me after looking at the boy and I would have believed that, if she wasn't a first year and him a second year!"

Dumbledore was silent.

"What on earth happened out there Albus! Corridor absolutely destroyed with huge holes in the floor and ceiling!"

"That's not all Poppy," said Dumbledore sighing "We found Lockhart buried under the rubble, dead. And by the looks of it, it seems he was killed by the killing curse."

Madam Pomfrey gasped. "The killing curse! b-but who!"

"That's the every question I want answered," he replied.

"D-do you have any idea who did this?" she began hesitantly.

"I have a few," he said clenching the diary in his pocket tighter, his mind on the remains of the huge basilisk which was now a tea pot, thanks to professor McGonagall and was safely locked up in Severus's personal chamber.

"Where is Professor Lockhart?"

"In Severus's office."

"Why didn't you bring him here?"

"I didn't want to create a panic in case anyone else saw his body," he said quietly.

Dumbledore stood still as Madam Pomfrey checked on her patients.

"Although, I am curious Professor Dumbledore, as to how come you weren't alerted when an unforgivable was used in the castle. I thought the headmaster was always alerted by the wards when an unforgivable or a number of dangerous dark arts spells were used in the castle," said Madam Pomfrey.

"I was alerted but unfortunately the location was not known thus the delay," he said sadly. "But there's nothing we can do about it now. We must wait for Mr. Potter and Ms. Weasley to wake and give us the answers we so desperately need."

5 minutes before Lockhart's death.

The headmaster's office.

"How is the potion coming along Severus?"

"As well as can be expected, give it another day or two and the heir will be caught."

Dumbledore raised his eyebrow, "I thought you said it would take a week or two just during breakfast?"

"I did," he said stiffly.

Dumbledore chuckled, "Potion masters never ever reveal their secrets do they?"

"Are you aware you are going to be sacked Albus?" asked Snape, ignoring the statement.

The twinkle in the headmaster's eyes dimmed, "Yes I am," he said simply. "I imagine you were informed by Lucius Malfoy?"

"Through his beloved son," replied the potions master.

"Well, I imagine the news broke his heart," he said, the twinkle returning in full force.

"Don't joke around Albus! With you gone how in Merlin's name are we going to stop the attacks!"

"I don't know Severus," he replied heavily. "But I am no close to finding out the truth than anyone else. We only have one choice that is to wait for the heir to make a mistake."

"Do you have any idea who it might be!"

"None at all."

"Who opened it last time?" asked Snape.

Dumbledore looked into Snape's eyes and said, "Who do you think?"

Snape stared back. "It cannot be him, Albus, because if your sources are right, he is currently hiding in Albania."

"Exactly and if it is not him, then I have no idea who could it be, for I am certain nobody else is capable of doing what he did."

Suddenly Dumbledore went rigid.

"What is it Albus?"

Dumbledore didn't answer but drew his wand and headed straight for the door. "Wand out and follow me Severus," was all he said.

But suddenly a trill from Fawkes stopped him in his path.

"Fawkes?"

Fawkes flew towards Dumbledore and crooned in his ear.

Dumbledore looked sharply at Fawkes who had flown back to his perch and was gazing at Dumbledore calmly. "You want me to wait!" he said incredulously.

Fawkes let out another trill in confirmation and simply looked at Albus with a knowing glint in his coal black eyes.

End flashback.

"Headmaster! The boys coming around!" exclaimed Madam Pomfrey, breaking Dumbledore out of his stupor.

Harry's hands twitched and his eyes half opened before closing again.

"I thought you said he wouldn't wake up until morning," said Dumbledore.

"It depends on how fast the body heals itself and in his case it seems to have recovered really fast," she said.

"Lemme sleep you pig," muttered Harry.

"Are you awake, Mr. Potter?" asked Dumbledore.

"Screw you," Harry muttered again before burying his face in the pillow.

Suddenly something must have registered in his mind because he shot up and then waves of pain hit him due to the sudden movement causing him to clench his wounded abdomen and he rolled over and fell out of his bed.

"Mr. Potter!" shrieked Madam Pomfrey, hurrying over to Harry and helped him back onto the bed while trying to stuff some potion down his throat.

"Ack... are you trying to choke me women!" said Harry spitting the potion out.

"Those are pain relief potions Mr. Potter. Now will you take them willingly or do I have to stun you," she said irritably.

Harry stared at her and she glared back, a vial in her hand.

"What am I doing here?" he said finally.

"Do not remember what happened Mr. Potter?"

"Headmaster!"

"Drink this Mr. Potter!"

"Add some flavor to it, and then I'll have it willingly," Harry said mutinously.

Suddenly he found his mouth being opened forcefully and a thick horrible tasting liquid being poured into his mouth. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't spit it out and he had no choice but to swallow it.

Dumbledore chuckled.

Harry scowled and Madam Pomfrey smiled victoriously.

"Now that, that is out of the way, may I have a word with Mr. Potter Poppy?" said Dumbledore pleasantly.

"Of course headmaster," she said and walked away but not before throwing a nasty look at Harry who happily returned it.

"Why must you antagonize her Mr. Potter?" asked Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling brightly.

"How would you like it if I forced foul smelling and tasting liquids down your throat?" he said, massaging his side unconsciously which did not go unnoticed by Dumbledore.

"I would swallow a lemon drop the next instant," he said and popped a lemon drop into his mouth.

Harry shook his head in disgust.

"Well Mr. Potter, I'm sure you realize I'm not here to discuss how to make potions taste better," he said seriously, the twinkle in his eyes dimming.

"Then why are you here Professor Dumbledore?" retorted Harry.

To Harry's surprise Dumbledore chuckled.

"What's so funny?" he asked, confused.

"Only you Harry... only you have ever contradicted me or questioned me back when I speak in that tone."

"I'm honored," Harry said, dryly "How do the others respond?"

"Well, if it were a teacher I would get a straight forward yes or no and if it were a student he would just lower his or her head and look guilty if they have done something wrong."

Harry just stared back at Dumbledore looking bored wiping the smile of the headmasters face. Sighing Dumbledore leaned closer to Harry.

"What happened tonight Harry?" he said the twinkle now completely gone from his eyes. He looked dead serious.

"Voldemort happened."

"What!" exclaimed Dumbledore looking shocked.

Harry sighed. "I suppose you would want to hear the grand adventure of the infamous Harry Potter from the beginning?"

"Please do begin," he said solemnly.

So Harry told him about the voices he was hearing in the walls, how he caught Ginny lurking around in the second floor corridor and how she in turn, turned out to be possessed by Voldemort who was supposedly preserved in a diary for fifty years. He told the headmaster how Lockhart was killed and how the future dark lord summoned the basilisk and how it tried to kill him. He told him how the sixteen-year-old Voldemort was somehow brought back as a

ghost and how he could not cast spells on him but Voldemort could and how in the end destroying the diary somehow killed the ghost Voldemort.

"And then I think I lost consciousness," finished Harry.

Dumbledore was silent for a while, lost in his own thoughts. He knew if he had gone the basilisk stare would have most likely killed him. Had Fawkes known what was going on? On the other hand, was there some other reason he did not want him to go sooner?

"You didn't tell me how you managed to freeze a 60 foot long basilisk?"

"That snake was a basilisk!" exclaimed Harry.

"Yes, you didn't stare into its eyes did you?"

"Yes I did," said Harry "That's why he was surprised when I didn't die when I looked into its eyes."

"And how did you manage to stay alive after staring into a basilisk's eyes! How?" asked Dumbledore, amazed.

"I think it was because I'm a parselmouth," replied Harry.

"And how did you kill it?"

"Err.... I somehow froze it and then smashed it to bits," he said quickly, a little too quickly.

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow at the horrible lie. "I believe this is the first time I'm sure that you're lying to me," he said casually.

"What makes you think I'm lying?" asked Harry, equally casual.

Dumbledore sighed. He removed his glasses and wiped them on his robes. "I know you're an elemental, Harry. One who can control water to be precise."

Harry looked into Dumbledore's eyes, his face betraying nothing. "I suppose you realized after the little show I put up during the dueling club," he said with a sigh.

"Yes and I also know that Ms. Austin is a fire elemental."

"Hmmm.... Who else knows?"

"Professor McGonagall, Professor Snape and myself," replied the headmaster.

"And yet you didn't approach me when you realized what I was and I think you haven't approached Austin either."

"Even if I did figure it out, I didn't want to intrude into your personal space after all that I have done to you and was hoping you'd rather come to me," said Dumbledore, bowing his head.

"We're straying off the topic here," muttered Harry uncomfortably.

"Indeed we are."

"How do you think Voldemort managed to preserve himself in a diary? And speaking of the diary, how on earth did it get into Ginevra's hands and where is it?"

"The diary is with me, Harry and I think you should know that Voldemort's real name isn't Voldemort. It's Tom Marvolo Riddle."

"You're kidding!"

"No I'm not kidding, Harry. He was a model student during his time at Hogwarts, was a prefect, head boy, got perfect scores in all his subjects... no one would have ever suspected him to become the greatest dark lord in the history of wizard kind."

"You taught him!"

"Yes, I was the transfiguration teacher at that time before old Armando Dippet retired and I took got the job of being the headmaster of this school."

"And that was about fifty years ago?"

"How old is Voldemort?" asked Harry, smirking.

"Old age has nothing to do with knowledge and power Harry. As a matter of fact, the older you get, the stronger your magic becomes," countered Dumbledore, smiling.

"So, Erm.... What's the condition of the corridor?" asked Harry.

"The basilisk and Professor Lockhart have been moved and Professor Snape and Professor McGonagall are currently working on fixing the corridor. There will be no lasting damage to the students petrified and Professor Snape has informed me that the Mandrake draught will be ready in a few more hours and we will revive the students before lunch tomorrow."

"That's.... good. What about Ginevra? Do you plan on telling her she was the one attacking the students if she doesn't remember what she was up to?"

"Ms. Weasley is not responsible for anything Mr. Potter," said Dumbledore sharply. "She was hoodwinked by Lord Voldemort like many before her."

"Sure, sure, but she's still going to blame herself. Most likely have nightmares and become even more withdrawn than she already is."

Dumbledore sighed, "I will talk to her and convince her that this wasn't her fault."

"I'm sure you will."

"And perhaps you will be kind enough to become her friend and help her cope up and recover from this terrible experience she has gone through," he said, with a small smile.

Harry snorted, "If you think I'm going to let a girl cry and sob on my shoulder, you must be absolutely retarded."

"Now Harry, there's no need to be rude. She needs a friend and I'm sure if she was being possessed by lord Voldemort, she hasn't made any."

"Then she'll have to make them on her own," he said simply. "Maybe you can announce tomorrow that she battled Voldemort in her head

and won thus stopping the attacks once and for all or something like that, leave me out of it. I'm sure she'll make lots of friends then."

"You do not want any credit Harry?"

"Sure I do, but I prefer it to be unlimited access to the restricted section and perhaps another favor when I desire it. But I don't want anyone else to know what I did, including the Weasley girl. I have enough attention already."

Dumbledore chuckled, "Might I inquire to why you want unlimited access to the restricted section?"

"So I can infuriate Granger whenever she visits the library," Harry replied promptly.

Dumbledore blinked.

"I see.... Any other reason?" he asked slowly.

"Nope, that's it."

"Very well, I shall talk to Madam Pince and I think Slytherin house should get 100 points for bravery and courage."

"I prefer to say for getting rid of Lockhart, but then it'd be insulting to his memory so bravery and courage it is," said Harry, smirking. "It was a joke, professor," added Harry hastily, seeing the grave look on Dumbledore's face.

"I shall take my leave Mr. Potter. You get some rest as I have to talk to Ms. Weasley's parents," said the headmaster.

"They're here?" asked Harry.

"Not yet, I believe they shall be here in the morning. I have to inform them about Ms. Weasley's condition and put their anxiety to ease."

"You do that," muttered Harry, "Just leave my name out of it."

"Good night Mr. Potter."

"Whatever..."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The next day Harry woke to loud chatter. If Blaise was singing in the bathroom again he was going to vanish his balls, Harry thought viciously before last night's memories came rushing back and he realized he was in the hospital wing.

Wondering what all the noise was, he poked his head out of the curtains and was a whole herd of red heads around Ginevra's bed. He checked his abdomen and saw there wasn't even a scratch left and he felt no pain at all. Nodding to himself he changed into his school robes and decided to head back to his common room.

"Where do you think you're going Mr. Potter," came the sharp voice of madam Pomfrey.

Wincing Harry turned around to face the matron, "Back to my common room madam Pomfrey," he said sweetly.

Pomfrey scowled, "Did I give you permission to leave," she said angrily.

"I feel fine," protested Harry, "The scars gone, the pains gone, what more do you want?"

The Weasley's sniggered behind his back.

"I'll be the judge of that," she said and waved her wand over Harry. She waved it once, twice and then sighed. "Very well, you may leave and I pray I do not see you in here again."

"Me too. This place stinks."

"Figuratively," he said quickly seeing the look on her face.

Madam Pomfrey just glared at him and walked off to her office in a huff.

As soon as she was out of hearing distance the Weasley's burst out laughing.

"So Potter, I guess you'll be leaving tonight," said Ron making Harry stop in his path.

"What are you talking about carrot top?" he asked, puzzled.

"We know you're the heir Potter," said Fred Weasley.

"Yeah, we were petrified while we were following you," added George Weasley.

"You're awake," Harry said simply to the Weasley twins.

"Yup, madam Pomfrey gave all the students the mandrake draught this morning," said Ron smugly. "And our parents are talking to professor Dumbledore right now."

"Oh, they are, are they," said Harry, looking highly amused "Well then you better say farewell to your sister. After all it would be a shame to let the heiress of Slytherin remain in the school after what she's done," he said and walked out leaving three shell shocked Weasley's in the hospital wing.

"W-what did he mean by that Fred?" asked George, looking at his twin.

"I don't know, but I hope it isn't what I think it is."

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"Did he just mean Ginny is the heir of Slytherin!" spluttered Ron.

Fred and George rolled their eyes, "You catch on real quick Ronnikins," said George sarcastically.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry walked towards the second floor corridor chuckling. "Those Weasley's are really retarded," he said to himself, as he made his way to the bathroom he saw the serpent come out from.

"Out of order huh, wonder why," Harry said to himself reading the sign on the door as he made his way in.

It was a rather gloomy looking bathroom, no different than the boy's bathroom except for the huge mirror on the wall. "Guess girls like staring at themselves," he muttered. "Now where did that serpent come out from?" he said looking around for clues to the entrance of the chamber of secrets.

"This is a girl's bathroom you know," came an extremely girlish voice from behind him.

Harry turned around sharply, his heart thumping hard against his chest. "Just a ghost," he said, the relief evident in his voice.

The ghost in question sniffed, "I have a name you know!" she said sounding extremely offended.

"Cool, so what it is?" Harry asked absently while pressing and tapping the wall.

"Myrtle"

"Wonderful, I'm Harry."

"Harry? Harry Potter?"

"Yes and how does a ghost know my name?" he said while looking under the sink.

"Oh Ronald Weasley and Hermione Granger use to keep talking about you even they were in here. About how evil and bad you are!"

Harry stopped whatever he was doing and stared at Myrtle who smiled back sweetly now that she had caught his attention. "Weasley and Granger came in here together and alone?" asked Harry, a grin playing on his lips.

"Oh no, it's not what you think!" she said, seeing the grin on his lip. "They were making a potion and even Mary Austin was with them."

"They were making a potion? In a girl's bathroom? What potion?" Harry asked her rapidly.

"I think it was to change themselves into different people but something went wrong and Hermione Granger became a cat!" she said, laughing in delight.

"Change into other people?" muttered Harry, "She doesn't mean polyjuice potion does she? Myrtle, did you see them change into different people?"

"Oh yes! They changed into two ugly looking boys who resemble gorillas!" she said giggling.

Harry frowned... and then his eyes widened in dawning comprehension, "Crabbe and Goyle! Christmas! Did this happen on Christmas myrtle!" he asked her hurriedly.

"Hmmm... it was the day Peeves was teasing me about my glasses," she said, her eyes misting.

"I think your glasses look wonderful myrtle," Harry said quickly.

Myrtle looked at Harry in wonder and slowly silvery tears started leaking out of her eyes. "Nobody's ever told me that," she said, her voice trembling.

"Err.... Myrtle... did they change into other people on Christmas?" Harry asked hesitantly, trying to be nice.

"Eh yes, it was Christmas," she said vaguely and zoomed out of the bathroom.

"Unbelievable," murmured Harry, before his lips twitched upwards. "This is great black mail material," he thought as he began to look around for places where a snake could come out of. Then he struck gold, he spotted a small black snake carved behind one of the taps. "Bingo," he muttered and began pressing the snake and the area around it, searching for some secret lever.

After five minutes of pushing, pulling and pressing he smacked his forehead. "This is Slytherin's secret chamber! Obviously you'll have to speak in Parseltongue to open it!" he said loudly.

Taking a deep breath, he pictured a snake in his head and hissed, "open."

The moment he uttered those words, the tap started spinning rapidly and then suddenly the whole sink, sunk into the wall revealing a pipe big enough for 3 people to fit it.

"Perfect for a sixty foot serpent," thought Harry as he peered inside. The pipe was dark, slimy and smelly. Harry wondered if this was how Slytherin traveled to and fro from his chamber. "If I go in then how on earth do I come out?"

"Here's an idea," he said to himself and then hissed, "stairs," but nothing happened. Sighing Harry gave the command for the entrance to close and decided to come back later. After all he was the only parselmouth in the school and there was no hurry to get into the chamber. He'd take Slytherin's ring when he'd go in, it might come in handy.

Fate must have had it in for him today for he ran into the one person he didn't want to meet the moment he stepped out.

"What you doing in a girl's bathroom scarhead?"

"Why? Why her of all the people I could bump into! Why her?" he thought exasperatedly.

"You didn't answer Potter," said Hermione.

"Well, well, well, looks like little miss know it all is out of the hospital wing. How come you're without your third tag along what's his name.....? Roonil, Ramzey... carrot top! That's the one..." he said triumphantly.

"Such wonderful language... your parents would be proud."

"Thanks Freckles, but unfortunately my parents aren't bound to this world no more or have you forgotten?"

Lillian reddened in embarrassment.

"You didn't tell us what you were doing in a girl's toilet Potter," snapped Hermione. "I think we have a right to know!"

Harry laughed, "You have a right to know! And what makes you think that?"

"Mainly because it's a girl's toilet," said Hermione stiffly. Beside her Lillian just looked on dumbfounded.

Harry laughed again, "Alright Granger, I'll tell you what I was doing in there," he said.

"You will?" asked Lillian surprised while Hermione just looked triumphant.

"I was chatting with Myrtle. She has the most amazing stories to tell. She was just telling me one about how someone turned into a cat after drinking a potion," he said looking at Hermione, "And she also said something about some guy and girl changing into ugly troll looking boys and sneaking around the school. Now you wouldn't know anything about that now would you?" he said with a predatory grin.

Both girls stared at him in horror.

"Now you keep shut about me being in there and I will be kind enough not to let the teachers know about your little adventure in the Slytherin common room.... Do we have a deal?"

"You can't prove it," said Hermione.

"Does madam Pomfrey know how you turned into a cat? Or how on earth does carrot top know I'm a Parseltongue when only 4 Slytherin's are supposed to know. And I'm sure Crabbe and Goyle do not remember being in the common room after breakfast at all.... Do you want me to continue?"

They shook their heads rapidly.

"Good, because if you do anything that annoys me, Professor Snape might just catch the person responsible for stealing from his most private potions cupboard. Have a nice day, Ms. Austin, Ms.

Granger," he said and walked away with a satisfied smirk in place. The day was turning out to be good after all!

-X-X-X-X-X-

It was the last day of school and exams had been canceled as a school treat.

The school had been told that the spirit of Lord Voldemort had been attacking the students and had tried to possess Ginny Weasley but failed to do so due to the strength and will power of the girls desire not to harm her friends. She had been welcomed back with open arms by her brothers after that piece of news.

"Pieces of shit," thought Harry.

There was a quiet one minute silence in memory of Professor Lockhart, during which half the female population shed tears enough to flood the entire great hall. The Slytherin's were fighting to keep the smiles off their faces and toasted to a great after life for the professor.

Finally it was time to leave and Harry, Blaise, Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis were sharing a compartment.

"Pretty eventful year wasn't it," commented Tracey.

"Yeah, I couldn't believe it when Dumbledore announced that you know who's spirit was possessing Weasley!" said Daphne.

"I can believe that... what I can't believe is that she fought him off and won! What do you think Harry? You think she actually managed to push him out of her body or whatever it is she did to get unpossessed," Tracey asked Harry.

Harry looked up startled, "What?"

"I said, do you actually believe Weasley managed to banish you know who's spirit from her body?"

"Maybe," said Harry.

"What do you mean maybe?"

"I mean she might have fought against his control over her and then Dumbledore must have arrived on the scene and done something to help her."

"Yeah, that makes sense," muttered Daphne. "What do you think happened to her? You think she's going to be alright?"

"Why Daphne, you concerned about a Weasley?" said Harry smirking.

"A Weasley who is a Slytherin," she shot back, "And all Slytherin's are supposed to look out for each other."

"Well then you should help her out next year shouldn't you?" said Blaise, idly flicking through the weekly Quidditch magazine.

"Yeah, we should," said Tracey. "We all pretty much ignored her this year because she was a Weasley."

"Let's hope she isn't like the rest of those Gryffindor morons," muttered Harry. "Cause if she is, she ain't going to survive."

"She's one of us," said Daphne confidently.

"What makes you think that?" said Blaise, raising his eyebrow.

"I saw her cursing her brothers after they tried to apologize to her. I also heard her yell that she's a Slytherin so they better deal with it and not try and not ask Dumbledore to put her in Gryffindor," she said with a grin.

Harry raised an eyebrow, "She's going to fit in real well then."

"Yeah she is," agreed Tracey.

"I can't wait for next term to start," said Blaise suddenly.

"Why?" asked Harry.

"Hogsmeade!" he said with a grin.

"Ohh yeah!" said the girls excitedly. "We get to visit Gladerag's and have butter beer!"

"And have fire whiskey and visit the Quidditch store!" added Blaise.

"Fire whiskey! What makes you think madam Rosmerta will let you have Fire whiskey!" said Daphne appalled.

"Who said I'll buy it from the Three Broomsticks," he said with a smirk.

Tracey scowled, "You'd go to Hogshead alone?"

"Who said I'd be alone. I'll have Harry with me!"

"Harry? What can he do against those creepy people in there," demanded Daphne.

"Trust me, one look at his scar and they'd be offering me drinks on the house," he said happily.

"And what makes you think I'm going to accompany you?" said Harry finally.

Blaise blanched. "Oh come on Harry! I know you want to try Fire whiskey! And you owe me a favor for doing you know what," he finished with a victorious grin.

"I hate it when I owe favors to people," said Harry irritably.

"But you love it when people owe you favors," said Blaise.

"Of course," said Harry simply.

"Jackass," muttered Blaise.

"You know if you go into Hogshead, someone might kidnap you and hold you for a ransom or something," said Daphne seriously.

Harry and Blaise exchanged a glance before bursting out laughing.

"What's so funny?" asked Tracey, bewildered. "She's serious!"

But Blaise just shook his head and both boys continued to laugh.

"Honestly! Come on! Let us in on the joke too!" said Daphne indignantly.

"N-no joke!" said Blaise gasping.

"Yeah, just forgot it," said Harry, still chuckling.

"Boys," muttered Daphne.

"Anyway, Blaise, did you get a reply from your dad yet?" asked Harry.

"No, not yet. Looks like I'll have to check it out myself," said Blaise sighing.

"What. In Merlin's name are you both talking about?" said Tracey.

"Secret stuff," said Harry and Blaise together.

"You two have too many secrets you know?" said Daphne, sounding annoyed.

"And you're too nosy," shot back Harry.

Both girls glared at him.

"Don't mind Harry girls. If you think I have secrets, Harry has mine multiplied by a million," said Blaise.

The four lapsed into silence and the journey was fairly uneventful after that.

Harry was busy planning how to get the Dursley's to sign his Hogsmeade form but little did he know how eventful and dangerous his summer was going to be.

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REVIEW!

Chapter 16 – Sirius Black

"Now you listen to me boy and you listen well! I have put up with your freakishness for long enough and I do not want you to use your hocus pocus under my roof and foul my house!"

"You don't like it Uncle Vernon? Well then you should take off your shoes and feel how the rug feels on your feet. It's like walking on a mountain of cotton and is very relaxing. And what's best is you don't have to pay a penny!" said Harry, enjoying himself thoroughly.

Vernon's face turned blue, "I don't care!" he hissed, "We gave this room to you to stay in. Not to practice your unnaturalness!"

"Now come on uncle Vernon, you're not jealous that my room looks better than the rest of the house are you?"

Vernon clenched his fists.

"I could refurnish the entire house you, you know. All it would take is a wave of my wand," he said, summoning his wand.

Vernon's face turned purple and he looked like he wanted to punch something real bad. "Keep your god damn room the way you want it," he ground out finally. "Just stay away from my family," he said and stomped out of Harry's room.

"Fat arse," muttered Harry as the door banged shut. He turned back to admire his work, he had transfigured his table into a beautiful Victorian style study, his bed now resembled the bed in his dorm, the floor was covered with a soft maroon carpet, he had a book shelf which was magically enlarged to fit all his books and they had been charmed to be fire and water proof in case Dudley had any ideas, but then that wasn't necessary since he had put up a ward that would not allow anyone to enter the room without his permission. Hedwig's cage was enlarged and was big enough for her to comfortably stretch her wings and his bathroom now resembled a bathroom fit for a king.

The only thing he was having difficulty with was making his room big enough for another room, where he could practice his magic in, but then, he couldn't have everything could he? He'd have to practice in his room for the time being until he came up with a better alternative.

For once his summer was going the way he wanted it. Speaking of summer, he remembered the promise he had made to a house elf called Dobby. He felt a little guilty for not even attempting to find out more about the elf but didn't dwell on it. If he ever got a chance, he would free the elf in a heart beat.

He opened his cupboard and eyed the clothes inside with disgust. Everything was faded and five sizes too large for him. Even his undergarments were once Dudley's. Just the thought of wearing Dudley's clothes made him feel like throwing up.

"Well, maybe it's time I did a little shopping of my own," he muttered. He summoned all the clothes belonging to Dudley and threw them out of the window leaving behind the few clothes that actually fitted him which consisted of one jean and two shirts which belonged to Dudley when he was eight.

"Dinner!" came the shrill voice of aunt Petunia.

Harry sighed and glanced back at his now empty cupboard. "We have a lot of work to do tomorrow Hedwig," he said to the owl who was watching Harry curiously. Casting another admiring look at his new room he went downstairs.

X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The Dursley's and Harry were eating their dinner quietly when Vernon cleared his throat. All of them knew it was a signal for them to stop eating and listen but Harry continued to eat his pasta.

Vernon cleared his throat again, this time louder.

Harry sighed and lowered his fork. "Yes?"

"I received a letter from Marge today."

Harry knew this was going to be bad news.

"She's coming to visit in three days time."

Harry groaned.

"She'll be staying with us for a week and she'll be bringing her dog with her."

This time Petunia winced. She hated dogs.

"And she thinks you, boy, attend St. Brutus school, for incurable criminal children," he said with a nasty smile.

"What!" shouted Harry furiously.

"Sit down," snapped Vernon. "You will bloody well stick to that story or you will find yourself on the roads!"

"I'll bloody well be on the roads than stick to that story!" he spat.

"BOY! YOU WILL STICK TO THAT STORY, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME!"

"What are you going to do if don't Vernon," said Harry coldly, summoning his wand.

Vernon paled at the sight of the wand. "Now listen up Potter," he said nervously. "You know we can't tell her about you don't you?"

"Oh I don't uncle Vernon, she's family after all isn't she?"

"Boy...." said Vernon, his voice trembling in anger.

"But I could stick to your story if you do something for me," he said slowly.

And what is that?" asked uncle Vernon, narrowing his eyes.

"I need a form signed, to visit the village next to our school and I need the signature of my guardian which to my great regret is you. So you sign my form and I'll be a good criminal in your house."

"You will not do any magic in the house and you will get rid of your ruddy bird?"

"I will not do magic in front of her eyes, but I won't be getting rid of Hedwig and my room stays as it is. You will just have to keep her out of it."

"Boy!" said uncle Vernon threateningly.

"You know you can't do anything to me so drop the act uncle," said Harry.

There was silence for a minute in which Vernon looked like he was doing some furious thinking and Petunia and Dudley were looking fearfully at Harry while Harry was calmly staring at Vernon waiting for an answer.

"Alright"

"What was that uncle?"

"I said fine, you stay away from Marge and make sure she doesn't see any of your unnaturalness and I'll sign your form after she has gone."

Harry glared at uncle Vernon. "Fine, I'll keep my mouth shut, let her chatter like a monkey and make sure she knows nothing about me and you and the rest of you will keep her away from me and make sure she doesn't say anything that causes me to lose my temper and after she leaves you will sign my form. Do we have a deal?"

"Go back to your room and stay there until morning," said Petunia suddenly, making herself known.

Harry smiled, "I'll take that as a yes," he said and left the table. "Oh and by the way," he said suddenly as he neared the stairs "I'll need a lift to London tomorrow, I have a little bit of shopping to do."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry was lost. He had finally found something he had no clue off and was horrible at it, it was shopping for clothes!

He had absolutely no idea what he wanted and was roaming around the store for the past hour wondering what on earth he should buy.

"Hey kid, need help!" said one of the sales girls coming up to him.

"Err... yeah. I need to buy clothes...."

"That would be obvious seeing this is a clothes store wouldn't it?" she said with a laugh.

"Whatever, I want to buy clothes which can last me a week and are comfortable to be in. Nothing too fancy though."

"Hmmm... your parents not with you kid?"

"No, and don't call me kid."

"Whatever you say handsome," she said, winking at him. "Follow me."

Harry followed her to the changing rooms.

"Alright," she said and took out her measuring tape and checked his waist, chest and height. "Okay, you wait here while I pick out some cool stuff for you," she said jovially and walked away, her blonde hair swigging behind her.

Harry sighed and looked around. There were men and women constantly entering and exiting from the changing rooms. Some ladies carried arm full of clothes into the rooms and wouldn't come out for ages. There were sales boys and girls hurrying everywhere, folding the clothes removed by the customers. There were some high school boys trying to flirt with one of the sales girls and there were two women arguing over a skirt they both wanted to buy and the manager of the store was desperately trying to pacify them but they continued to screech at each other and kept tugging skirt towards each other. Harry was sure it would tear any second.

Finally his blonde sales girl came back, her arms laden with clothes.

Harry's eyes widened at the amount of clothes she had brought with her. "I don't need so many clothes!" he said incredulously.

"I know! Now we just have to make you try on each one and see which suits you the best!"

"No! You just choose what you like and give me a wardrobe which will last me a week!"

"Awww come on! How will we make the chicks fall for you if we don't choose what looks perfect on you!"

"Listen Blondie, all I want are clothes so that I don't have to roam around naked on the streets! So just pick what you like and I'll buy them!"

"Kid, at least try out a few! It'll be fun. Like check out this green hoodie. It brings out the color of your eyes and it can go with this, this and this!" she said, showing him three different jeans. "Then we have an Arsenal jersey and then a gray track suit and so many T-shirts! Come on, it'll hardly take much time and then you have to see which kind of jeans you find most comfortable or if you prefer cargo's over jeans and then there are these jackets and I got some cute designer underwear too which will feel really comfortable or so I'm told!"

"Ok, ok, ok! I'll try out a few clothes!" he said loudly, to make her shut up before she embarrassed him more. "Just shut up please!"

"Great!" she said looking pleased. "Let's start with this aannndd this."

Harry snatched the clothes she had given him and walked towards a changing room sullenly. He couldn't believe he was being forced to model for some dumb irritating blonde.

He didn't notice a girl with black hair and red streaks enter the changing room he was heading to. Unknowingly he used magic to open the door and entered.

"EEEEkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk," came a loud shriek from inside and Harry came rushing out, his face bright red.

The girl came stomping out a minute later and screamed, "PERVERT!" causing a crowd to gather.

"Me? A pervert! You left the door unlocked!"

"I did not!"

"Did too, if not then how did it open!"

"I locked it and I'm sure of it!" she yelled back.

Both were red in the face and then they recognized each other.

"YOU!" they both said at the same time.

"Huh, you both know each other?" said the blonde sales girl.

"Unfortunately," muttered Harry, glaring at her.

Slowly the crowd dispersed muttering and laughing.

"You... you..." said Lillian, words failing her.

"Me what?"

"What the hell are you doing here anyway!" she spat. "Can't you see that is a girls changing room!"

Harry glanced up and sure enough, there was a ladies sign above the room. "I didn't see and should you be locking the door before you decide to strip! My eyes are still hurting from that horrific sight!"

"Just you wait," she said, breathing heavily, "I'll get you back in school!"

"You two look sooo cute together!" said Blondie suddenly making the young witch and wizard glare at the sales girl.

"Hey," she said nervously, "Just expressing my views!"

"Keep them to yourself!" spat Lillian and stomped back to the changing room slamming the door as she went in.

"Bitch," muttered Harry under his breath.

Blondie sighed, "Young love," she said dreamily. "You two are made for each other!"

Harry stared at her, "You should really change your hair color."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

At half past seven, Harry made his way to number four Privet drive and rang the bell looking absolutely dead on his feet.

The door was opened and Harry was yanked in.

"Where were you!" said Aunt Petunia "You were supposed to be back by 4!"

"I lied," said Harry simply.

"Well get in and change! Marge will be here in half an hour!"

"WHAT!" yelled Harry.

"Yes, now go and freshen up! You better look respectable or you're not getting any dinner."

"If that's your threat, then I'm not coming down. I've had a good meal outside and I'm in no need for your pathetic food. Good night," he said and went to his room and was asleep as soon as he crashed on his bed.

This had been one of the worst days ever. Getting tortured by a blonde terror, seeing Freckles strip, then almost getting hit in the nuts by her on his way out, getting lost on the streets of London and then finally summoning the knight bus and heading back for Privet drive, his prison.

And added to that, he was going to have to handle insults from Aunt Marge and he couldn't do a thing about it if he wanted to be able to visit Hogsmeade.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Four days had passed since Marge had arrived and Harry was at the edge of loosing his temper. Both his aunt and uncle were aware of that fact and were doing there best to keep Marge away from Harry, but Marge wouldn't miss a chance to insult him and compare him to Dudley and keep pointing out his short comings in life and how he didn't deserve to live in such a beautiful house.

All Harry wanted to do was pick her dog and stuff it down her throat and rip out her vocal cords and feed them to her dog.

"Did I ever tell you about the Keating incident Petunia!" said Marge, taking a deep sip from her glass of brandy.

Dudley was listening to all the scandals and stories with interest, while Harry looked bored to death and was thinking about different curses he could use on the Dursley's.

"No you didn't Marge," said Petunia, her glass of brandy lying as it were at the start of their meal.

"Well it happened about three months ago. Mr. Keating was having an affair with the neighbor Mrs. Ranger."

"An affair," exclaimed Petunia.

"That's right, Mrs. Keating was ran a business and was usually out of town for a week or so and she was a terrible bore," said Marge.

"Then one night, Mr. Keating invited Mrs. Ranger over for drinks as Mrs. Keating was out of town. That was about seven months ago. Ever since that night every time Mrs. Keating was out of town either Mr. Keating would go over to Ranger's house or she use to head to his house. Now none of the neighbors failed to notice their meeting every time Rose was out of town.

At first everyone thought they were just good friends but then one day Mrs. Parker saw them kissing at the door step and Mr. Keating pulled Jennifer inside and slammed the door shut!" she whispered.

"Mrs. Parker told Rose what she saw but Rose didn't believe her husband could be capable of such treachery. But Mrs. Parker continued to insist and told her how Jennifer visits her husband when she was out of town."

"So one night," she said softly, leaning in, "She told him that she was leaving for a week and hid in a cupboard under the stairs. Then to her shock and horror, she saw Jennifer and her husband glued to the lip with a bottle of wine in her hand!"

Petunia covered her mouth, her eyes wide open.

"Poor Rose lost her mind, she took a knife and crept upstairs and found them in bed! She took the knife and stabbed her husband not once, not twice but eight times! Jennifer began to scream and that roused the neighbors who hurried over. But it was too late; Rose had stabbed Jenny too and was standing over their bodies, panting heavily, her hands covered in blood!"

"Did Jenny die?" whispered Petunia.

"No, she survived, but Rose went insane. She couldn't handle the betrayal of her husband and is now rotting in a mental hospital. Jennifer moved to her parents place and has been living with them ever since."

"What about Jennifer's husband?" grunted Vernon.

"He died years ago. Was the victim of a hit and run incident."

"Hmmm, it's a shame, to cheat on your wife with a widow," said Vernon, looking disgusted.

Marge laughed, "Oh, don't blame Keating. Rose was a terrible bore and I'm sure he never got any action from her!"

All three Dursley's began to laugh.

"Oh by the way Marge, did you hear about that escaped prisoner?" asked Vernon.

"Of course I did! Was and still is big news right? He escaped from a high security prison, killing nine guards to make his escape!"

"That's right," he said "Posters plastered all over the place and there's reward out for his capture too."

"Really! How much?"

"5000 pounds."

"5000 pounds!" yelped Dudley.

"That's right Dudders," said Vernon chuckling. "You don't fancy yourself capturing him do you? Though, he wouldn't stand a chance if he came up against you!"

"That's right dad! I'll give the old upper cut and he'll be out before he hits the ground," he said grinning.

"What was his name Vernon?" asked Petunia.

"Black," said Vernon "Sirius Black."

Harry dropped his fork, attracting all the Dursley's attention.

"What's the matter boy," said Marge "The name familiar to you? Your idol is he or famous at your school is he? What school does he go to Vernon?"

"St. Brutus School for incurable criminals," he said, looking at Harry nervously.

"That's right," spat Marge, "Goes to a no good school for pathetic losers like you and you dead family. Or was your father, that Potter in league with Black when he was alive?" she continued, not noticing the growing anger and hatred on Harry's face.

"How did they die Vernon?"

"Car crash," he said in a small voice.

"That's right!" she said, "Must have been drinking and driving!"

"More brandy Marge!" said Vernon loudly "Boy go upstairs."

"No, no Vernon, the boy should hear the truth about his parents. How his father was a drunk and a criminal and his mother must have been a whore!" she said, sneering at him.

"Enough," said Harry suddenly, his voice trembling in fury.

"Boy upstairs now!" said Vernon panicking.

"Leave it Vernon. Proud of your parents are you? You should be lucky that..." But she couldn't finish as she was suddenly blown of

her feet with so much force that she slammed into the wall behind her making it crack. She slid down unconscious leaving a trail of blood behind her.

"Marge!" screamed Petunia.

"Boy!" bellowed Vernon. "You've done it now!"

"Shut your freakin' trap," said Harry coldly "She deserved what she got and you'll be next if you don't get out of my way."

But Vernon was blinded by anger. With a roar he leaped at Harry and Harry blasted him out of his way with a wave of his hand and Vernon went crashing into the television set.

Breathing hard Harry looked around at the destruction he had caused and knew he could no longer call this place his home. He barely noticed aunt Petunia and Dudley scamper out of the room.

He drew his wand and summoned his belongings down and with another twirl they all neatly arranged themselves inside his trunk. He pulled out his invisibility cloak and shrunk his trunk.

He turned around to say something to his aunt when there was a loud bang and a sharp pain in his left shoulder.

He looked at Petunia and was shocked to see a gun in her hand. He slowly moved his right hand to his shoulder and felt something sticky. Turning his head, he saw his shirt slowly turn red.

"F-fix them," she said, her hands trembling and Dudley was cowering behind her.

"You... you shot me!" said Harry in shock and pain.

"Fix them and make them f-forget or I'll shoot again," she said again. This time more firmly.

"You bitch!" said Harry panting and the gun was torn away from her hand. He had lost all rational thought now. "You're going to pay for that!"

With a wave of his hand the broken glass pieces from the television rose and impaled themselves in her hands and feet making her scream in pain.

"You want to try something Dudley?" he said breathing heavily, the gun now hovering in the air pointing towards Dudley.

Dudley shook his head rapidly, backing away from Harry with his fearful eyes fixed on the gun.

Harry slowly walked up to his aunt and placed the tip of his wand against her neck. She was weeping, screaming and begging for mercy.

"You don't deserve mercy," spat Harry. He summoned the gun and shot her in the knee ignoring the high pitched scream that ripped through the house. He didn't even feel an ounce of remorse when he did so. He then placed the gun on her other knee and shot once more splattering her blood all over.

Harry threw the gun aside and pointed his wand at Dudley.

"Wha-what are you doing?" stammered Dudley.

Harry would have loved to get some payback against Dudley but the pain in his shoulder was increasing. So scrunching his eyes in concentration he raised his wand and said, "Obliviate."

He then turned his wand on a now passed out Petunia and wiped her mind of all the memories she had of him. He did the same with Vernon and Marge too, then threw the cloak over him and stumbled out of the house.

A few minutes later he heard Dudley's scream of terror and confusion and saw a number of people hurrying towards the Dursley's house having heard the gun shot's and the screams.

He walked slowly towards the park, cursing himself for not having learnt any healing spells.

He felt the pain intensifying and he fell on the grass in the park, his face covered with sweat. He removed his invisibility cloak and tried

to examine his wound but his vision began to blur. He saw people hurrying in and out of the Dursley's residence calling for help.

Panting and clenching his fists in pain he tried to think of a plan but his mind wouldn't function.

"Is this the end?" he wondered vaguely.

Suddenly he heard a low growl coming from the bushes and tried to point his wand in that direction but it turned out to be a huge black dog.

"Get away dog," he said weakly falling on his back and groaning in pain, but the dog came next to him and nuzzled his face and began to whine.

Harry chuckled at the dog's antics but just coughed up blood and his vision began to fade. He knew it wouldn't be long until he blacked out again or died.

Through his blurry vision he thought he saw the dog morph into a man and he was sure his mind was playing tricks on him. The man then pulled him into his arms and Harry tried to move away but the man held on firmly.

"Don't worry Harry, I'll take care of you," whispered the dog/man in Harry's ear and then... Harry lost consciousness.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

Chapter 17 - Confessions

The sound of the ambulance resonated through out the street called Privet Drive. An old woman made her way through the crowd of people and found herself stopped by a police man.

"I'm sorry ma'am, only family permitted," said the police officer in a deep voice.

"Could you please tell me what's going on inside officer. The Dursley's are close friends of mine," said Mrs. Figg.

"Husband got drunk, knocked out his sister and tried to kill his wife. Son was unharmed, just unconscious," answered the cop.

"Oh my!" gasped Mrs. Figg. "Any news on their nephew? He lives with them during the summer."

"Nephew? The boy didn't say anything about anyone else so I'm guessing, he wasn't around."

Mrs. Figg paled. "How did you find out what happened in there sir?"

"Didn't I tell you their son told us? He was too much in shock to lie about anything and the evidence inside confirms his story. Mr. Dursley first attacked his sister, then proceeded to try and stab his wife with broken glass and in the end stumbled onto the television set and passed out. I reckon their kid passed out of fear.

So now why don't you go back..." The cop looked around to find her gone. "Crazy old woman," he muttered.

Mrs. Figg hurried back to her house in panic. Harry was gone and the Dursley's have apparently had their memories modified!

She hurried to her fireplace and threw in some floo powder and yelled "Hogwarts headmaster's office!"

She felt her head spinning and it was something she hated doing but this was an emergency. "Dumbledore!" she yelled as soon as she felt her head stop spinning, "Dumbledore, where are you! This is urgent!"

She heard footsteps and a door appeared in the wall opposite her and Dumbledore stepped out wearing an orange night gown.

"Mrs. Figg! What a pleasant surprise! To what do I owe this visit?"

"Albus, the boy has gone! Black's gotten to him!" she said in a panicky voice.

"Calm down Arabella," he said sharply, "Tell me what happened from the beginning."

Mrs. Figg took deep breaths and swallowed a large amount of soot in the process. Sighing Dumbledore waved his wand and stopped her from coughing uncontrollably.

"Thank you Albus."

"Now, about Harry"

"The boys gone Albus and I think someone has modified the Dursley's memories."

"What!"

"Yes, the muggle police are there and they say that Vernon got drunk and attacked his family and they said there was nobody in the house except for the Dursley's. It looks like Black got to Harry Albus!"

"Impossible, the wards will not allow anyone with the intention to harm Harry inside the house."

"He is Harry's godfather and he might have found a way in."

Dumbledore sighed. "I'm going to have to take a look at the house myself. Arabella, I want you to alert Lupin and Moody about the situation, nobody else. Tell them what has happened here and who could be responsible. Ask them to look around and make sure none of the ministry members find out about this. We don't want Fudge to create a hue and cry for his own purpose."

"Err...Albus?"

"Yes"

"I don't know where Lupin lives."

Dumbledore sighed again, "Alright, I'll send him an owl and you alert Moody."

"Alright..... Will you be coming through the floo or will you apparate?"

"I'll apparate, I need to look like a muggle to gain entrance to the house," he said with a smile. "Now hurry up Arabella, if Black has indeed captured Harry we must move quickly before he does any harm to Harry."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Dumbledore apparated to a dark alley near Privet Drive and made his way to the Dursley's residence. He found the house surrounded by a yellow tape and a man guarding the entrance. Else there was complete silence in the neighborhood.

"I'm sorry sir, but this area is out of bound for all except authorized personals."

"Ah yes, I am with a special department of the government and I have been authorized to investigate the area," said Dumbledore with a twinkle.

The man looked at Dumbledore incredulously. "Aren't you too old to be working sir?"

"Age is nothing in front of the power of the mind," replied Dumbledore.

"Riigghhttt, I'm going to have to some ID if you want to go in."

"ID?"

"Identification sir?"

"Oh right," said Dumbledore and waved his wand at the guard discreetly.

"Thank you sir, enjoy doing whatever is it you do," he said, looking slightly dazed.

"Thank you," said Dumbledore and walked in.

He found a man and a woman inside the house wearing gloves and whispering to each other.

Dumbledore cleared his throat.

Both of them jumped, their hands moving to their weapons.

"Who are you?" asked the woman.

"I'm Albus Dumbledore and I am here to investigate," he replied calmly, eying the weapon in the woman's hands curiously.

"That's our job," said the man, "Which department are you with?"

Dumbledore sighed again and waved his wand once more.

"Oh I'm sorry sir, we're just a bit on the edge," said the woman.

"It's quite understandable Miss...?"

"Davis, its Jenny Davis."

"Thank you Ms. Davis. Could you please tell me what you've found out so far?" asked Dumbledore.

"Well it look's like we have to ask a lot of questions to the Dursley's," said the man.

"Yeah, we found two bullet shells instead of one in the living room and a few drops of blood near the door which belongs to none of the Dursley's. Apparently someone else was there at the time of this incident and was shot by the one of the Dursley's or by someone else."

"We think it could have been someone else the gun has unidentifiable fingerprints all over it and the fact that we found two bullet shells," said the man.

"But we found out that Mr. Dursley had purchased a 9 mm pistol about two years ago. His reason was safety against intruders," said Jenny.

"Load of crap if you ask me."

Dumbledore's mind was racing at a million miles a second. He looked around and could feel the magic which had been cast recently in the house. He could only think of two possibilities, one that Harry was attacked by the Dursley's and he fought and escaped or Sirius Black had somehow gained access to the house and there was a struggle in which Harry was captured.

It seemed that Black kidnapping Harry seemed more likely because if Harry had done magic, it would have been detected by the ministry. But the question was how did Black get through the wards?

"Are you alright sir?" asked Jenny.

Dumbledore looked up, startled "I'm sorry you were saying?"

"I said we also found something interesting in the cupboard under the stairs," she said.

"Might I have a look?" asked Dumbledore politely.

"That's why I told you," she replied, "Come on, have a look."

She held a blue light in her hand and asked him to look inside. "Look, there's a small bed and a light inside. Looking at that what would you say?"

"Err... someone lived here?"

She gave Dumbledore a scathing look. "You'd say it would be too small for someone to live in and if someone would have to live in here, he or she would have to be like less than ten years old!"

"Oh"

"And not only that.... You see those stains on the bed and the floor?"

"Yes?"

"Those are blood stains."

"Blood stain?"

"Yes, of course they are completely dried up and if I had to take a guess the blood seems to be about five to six years old."

"And how would you know that?" asked Dumbledore carefully.

This time both of them stared at Dumbledore and answered at the same time, "Experience."

"I see.... Is there any thing else."

Both of them exchanged a look. "Yes," answered Jenny slowly "There's a room on top which none of us were able to open. Every time someone touched the handle they would simply get a violent shock and it wouldn't budge when we tried to break it down. We called for a sledge hammer and a chain saw in the morning to get it open."

"May I see the room?"

"Of course, maybe you'll have better luck than us," said the man.

"So this is the room," asked Dumbledore.

"Yep and I wouldn't touch the handle if I were you," warned Jenny.

Dumbledore carefully examined the door. There was a ward which prevented anyone not keyed in from entering, there was a complex locking charm and a charm he didn't recognize.

"Please stand back," he said quietly to the two detectives.

"What are...?"

Dumbledore placed his wand on the handle and a low whistling sound began to emit from the door. It went higher and higher until it

suddenly stopped and the door clicked open and Dumbledore pulled it open.

Both the detectives started at the headmaster in amazement.

"How did you do that!" exclaimed Jenny.

Dumbledore smiled and said, "Experience."

"Why couldn't we open the door?"

"It was a security system, a very well made and strong one too," he said and walked into the room and switched on the light.

"WOW!" gasped Jenny in shock and awe.

"Jesus!" whispered the man. "Are we still in the same house!"

Dumbledore didn't reply. He was himself astounded at the level of magic that had been used in room.

"Is it just me or does the room seem bigger than it's supposed to be?" asked the man in a daze.

"It's not just you Karl," said Jenny, "What do you think Mr. Dumbledore?"

Dumbledore didn't reply again. He was lost in his own thoughts. Without giving a thought to the other two in the room, he drew his wand and muttered finite, but it had no effect. Frowning, he put a little more power into the spell and said 'finite incantatem'.

Slowly all the furniture in the room morphed back into their original forms and the room too shrank back to its original size.

"You have a lot of explaining to do Harry," murmured Dumbledore. He heard a clicking sound behind him and saw the two detectives pointing their guns at him, their hands shaking.

"W-who or w-what are you!" demanded Karl. "What the hell did you do!"

"Did I not explain?" said Dumbledore politely.

"And what's that stick in your hand?"

"Oh, this?" he said pointing the wand at them.

"Point it else where!"

"This is called a wand, it is a tool which helps a wizard or a witch to pull out their magical power and use it for various tasks."

Jenny and Karl stared at Dumbledore with disbelief written all over their faces.

"You don't believe me? Oh, well, I might as well demonstrate," he said with a sigh. He then moved his wand faster than their eyes could follow and said, "Obliviate."

Five minutes later, all traces of Harry vanished from the house and nobody in Privet Drive remembered anything about a boy called Harry Potter.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

"Tea Professor?" asked Mrs. Figg.

"Thank you Arabella. Did you contact Moody?"

"Of course," she said. "My head was turned into a tea kettle too."

Dumbledore laughed.

"Did you find Harry professor?"

"No."

"Did you find any clues in the house?"

"Many."

"What did you find out?"

"Enough to know that Sirius Black was not responsible for what happened tonight, it was all Harry."

"Harry did that to the Dursley's!" gasped Mrs. Figg. "Harry would never do that kind of a thing to anybody! And even if he did, he would have used magic and it would have been detected by the ministry!"

"It was Harry, Arabella. And magic done with Harry's wand cannot be detected by the ministry," he said with a heavy sigh.

"W-what, how is that possible?"

"He's a smart boy, he must have figured out something. And I doubt Moody and Lupin will have any luck finding him. From what I've observed at Hogwarts, if that boy wants to hide, nobody can find him. Not even me."

"But he is going to come back to Hogwarts, is he not?"

"He will. I am sure of it. It is only his safety for which I'm worried about. I only hope that we find him before Black does."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry felt pain. No it wasn't pain, it was agony. He couldn't move and he couldn't open his eyes. But he could hear and feel everything going on around him. He felt as if something was digging into his shoulder, trying to go deeper and deeper, moving around as if searching for something and then... and then it was out.

He felt the pain reducing and slowly started becoming aware of things other than the pain. He realized he was on a bed and there was someone standing next to him, slowly and gently bandaging his shoulder and pressing a wet cloth to his forehead.

He tried to open his eyes but he couldn't. Every time he tried, it felt like they were glued together and grew stronger every time he attempted to open them.

The man must have realized that he was somewhat awake and began whispering things he couldn't understand at all. He heard something sounding like a wand... need... heal, but they made no sense to him at all. Suddenly the man's voice began to fade and he lost consciousness again.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

When Harry awoke the next day, he found himself in a dark room, unlike his beautiful room, back in Privet Drive.

Suddenly the memories of the previous night came crashing back to him and turned sharply to look at his shoulder. But to his immense surprise he found it heavily bandaged and it didn't seem to hurt at all!

"Where the hell am I?" he said to himself.

"You're in number 12 Grimmauld Place," came a hoarse voice from the corner.

In an instant Harry's wand was in his uninjured hand and was pointed in the direction of the sound, only to reveal a tall, bearded, dirty man who was shielding his eyes.

"Easy Harry, I'm not going to hurt you," he said.

"Who are you?" demanded Harry weakly.

The man just rose from the chair in the corner and looked at Harry.

"I asked you a question!"

But the man kept staring at Harry, an unreadable expression on his face.

"Who are you!" shouted Harry.

And then came the reply, "You look just like your father. If it weren't for Lily's eyes, I'd think you were a reincarnation of James, though you are in a way."

Harry was dumbfounded, "What?"

"Your hair is exactly like James, same color, stands at almost the same places, but you got Lily's nose. Thank god for that, cause James nose was like a was a major turn off for any girl when she got up close to him. Lily always complained that she'd hit his nose first

rather than his lip and he'd always she'd pull him down too fast, so he'd use a switching spell and replace his nose with hers and hers with his and she'd go mad and curse his hair off and then James would go crying to Lupin for help..."

"SHUT UP!" screamed Harry effectively stopping the man from talking. I bloody asked you who are you! Not talk about my dead parents like they were your best friends! Now tell me WHO ARE YOU!"

The man looked slightly confused and then he realized where he was. "I'm sorry. I was just lost in the past."

"This is the last time I'm going to ask you, who are you?"

"I don't think you might have heard of me," he began hesitantly, "My names Sirius Black, and I'm you're godfather."

Harry's eyes widened in shock and horror. For a moment he was unable to think, unable to move. He was just frozen in his spot.

"Harry?"

Harry looked up, "What did you say?" he said, his voice trembling.

"I said my names Sirius Black, Harry," he said, sounding a bit worried.

"That's impossible," whispered Harry.

"Harry, are you alright?"

"Stop playing games with me and tell me who you are or I'm going to blast you through that wall!"

Suddenly it dawned on Sirius that Harry might actually know about his alleged crime. "Harry, what do you know about Sirius Black?" he asked urgently.

There was a bang and Sirius dove to his right and almost instantaneously the wall behind him was blown to bits.

"Harry, please wait! Let me explain! If I wanted to kill you would I try to heal your shoulder!" he shouted.

Harry lowered his wand a bit.

"I swear I'm not going to hurt you Harry."

"Who are you?" Harry asked again.

"I'm Sirius Black, but I swear I'm not going to hurt you!" he shouted, seeing Harry raise his wand again. "Just hear me out please!"

"Sirius Black murdered my parents," hissed Harry, "Why on earth would he try to save my life and help me?"

"Because what you've heard about Sirius Black is not true!"

"What?" said Harry, his wand hand falling to his side.

"Look, you must have heard that I sold out your parents to Voldemort and then murdered a dozen muggles but it's not true!"

Harry stared at Sirius who was crouching behind a chair.

"Please hear me out and then you can do whatever you wish," he pleaded.

"Talk," said Harry shortly.

Sirius slowly came out of his hiding place, eyeing Harry's wand warily. "Maybe you should sit down or you'll end up hurting your shoulder."

"I said talk."

"Maybe I could borrow your wand and do a spell that will ensure that I speak the truth?"

There was no response.

"Erm... I really don't know where to begin..."

"Were you my parent's secret keeper?" asked Harry suddenly without any trace of emotion on his face.

"No," said Sirius venomously.

"That's not what everyone else says."

"That's because nobody knew who the real secret keeper was except for me, James and Lily."

"Then who was."

"Peter Pettigrew."

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"You killed him.... along with 13 muggles..... There were a dozen witnesses."

"They didn't see what they thought they saw Harry! Yes I went there with the intention of killing Peter because he betrayed your parents not me!"

"Are you saying he's still alive!"

"Yes, that little bastard is still alive but not..."

"The biggest piece of Peter that was found was a finger after you blew him to bits. How can you say he's still alive after that?"

"That's because Peter got better of me at that time. You see when your father and I were at school we the best of friends, we were like brothers. We were a band of four best friends that included James, Remus, Peter and me," he began but stopped at the look on Harry's face.

"Harry please, you have to believe me! You'd understand if you knew the past!"

"All you have told me is that you didn't betray my parents, a dead man did. You didn't kill that dead man and a number of muggles. In short you're innocent but you haven't offered me any hard proof. To me it sounds like a desperate lie made a desperate murderer."

"If... if only you knew the truth!" he groaned.

"I haven't stopped you from telling me anything."

Sirius moved towards Harry.

"Stay where you are else you'll be holding your head in your hands. Now I'm going to give you fifteen minutes to convince me. After that you'll find yourself back in Azkaban before you'd know it."

"It's not going to Azkaban for me, it'll be the dementors kiss," Sirius said quietly.

"I couldn't care less."

Sirius closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "We met on the train, your father and I, and we were like the best of friends instantly. He was a complete Gryffindor to the core and his whole family was all Gryffindor's too. But me, I came from a background of Slytherin's, but to my delight and relief I was placed in Gryffindor along with your father. There we met Remus and Peter. Remus was a bookworm and Peter... well Peter was a coward and a tag along. Being roommates we soon became friends unlike anyone else. We hung out together, played pranks together, had detention together and what not.

But then, in our third year, we realized that Remus kept vanishing on full moon nights and came back the next day making excuses about being ill or visiting his grandmother and all sorts of nonsense. Of course we didn't believe him and we realized he was a werewolf."

Sirius looked like he was no longer aware of where he was but was simply remembering the happier times of his life. The memories he could not recall in Azkaban.

"When we confronted him about it, he began panicking and actually tried to run for it, really stupid of him. So we decided to keep him company when he transformed. Of course you can't keep a werewolf company when you're human so James came up with the brilliant idea of becoming animagi, the ability to change into an animal at will. At first the idea sounded insane and Remus objected furiously but James was a genius at transfiguration and by the end of our fifth year we had successfully managed to change into an animal at our will.

James was a stag, I was a dog and Peter... Peter was a rat."

He glanced at Harry hoping to see some reaction but had no luck. Harry was stone faced and was listening to Sirius quietly.

"Then James started dating Lily in our seventh year and they got married right after graduation. They didn't want to wait because Voldemort was taking over everywhere and they wanted to spend every second of the day together. You were born soon after and months later Dumbledore comes to Lily and James and tells them you might be in danger."

"Me!" said Harry, startled.

"Yes you, he told us that for some reason Voldemort was after you and urged them to go into hiding. Of course James refused at first saying he wanted to fight but your safety came first and they decided to cast the fidelius charm over their house. It is a charm which..."

"I know what it does," said Harry shortly.

"Well Dumbledore wanted to be secret keeper but James refused and insisted that I be the secret keeper. It was decided that they would cast the charm a few weeks before your birthday and Lily would be the one to do the spell. Three days prior to the day the spell was cast I approached James and told him to change the secret keeper to Peter because it would be too obvious if it were me since I was their closet friend and if there had to be a secret keeper, it would be me.

We didn't tell anyone because there was a spy on our side and we suspected Remus since he was a werewolf and all the werewolf's

were joining Voldemort. We didn't even tell Dumbledore thinking it was a perfect plan. Nobody would even suspect that Peter, the boy who used to worship James in school would be his secret keeper.

We thought there were no miscalculations.... That was our biggest miscalculation. And then on Halloween Voldemort came to your house and killed your parents and then tried to kill you but met his end. When I heard the news I rushed to Peter's hide out thinking he had been tortured and was forced to give up the location but when I reached his house, there was no sign of a struggle. And that moment I knew, I knew that Peter was the spy not Remus. After all it was just like him to run to the more powerful men and ask for their protection.

I then rushed to your house and found it in half blown apart. I found James and Lily lying together, dead and Hagrid crying over their bodies holding you. I insisted that he give you to me since I was your godfather but he refused. He said that Dumbledore was going to put you in a safe place temporarily and he was not to give you to anyone else. So I agreed and gave him my motorcycle for a safe journey.

I was devastated at the death of my best friends and driven by grief I decided to go after Peter and make him pay for what he had done."

At this point Sirius looked fairly ferocious.

"I found him in a muggle street and before I could say a word he shouted to every one that I betrayed James and Lily and he blew apart the street with his wand hidden behind his back. Before I could react he cut off his finger and transformed into a rat and made his escape.

I was in shock, I didn't know what to do and I began to laugh. I couldn't believe what was going on. My friends were dead, Remus had been missing for months and Peter had betrayed us all and I was all alone. Even when the aurors arrived I continued to laugh and they arrested me and threw me in Azkaban. They threw me in Azkaban without giving me a trial and without even listening to a word I had to say.

For days I screamed I was innocent but the prison guards just laughed. I hoped someone would come and visit me but no one did,

I prayed Dumbledore would come and at least demand an explanation from me but he never came. Soon I gave up hope, hope that I would somehow get out of this hell, hope that I would meet you and raise you like you were my son but it wasn't to be.

The dementors would come and go but I never lost my mind like the other prisoners. The dementors suck away a person's happiness and make him reveal his worst memories but I didn't have a happy memory. I didn't have a single happy thought; all I knew was that I was innocent. The knowledge that I was innocent was like a life line to me and I held on to it desperately, it helped me remain sane. A few times I would transform into a dog and that would reduce the effects of the dementors and I began spending more of my time as a dog. I didn't know how long it was since I was thrown in prison but I never lost my mind. One day the minister was inspecting the prison and as he was passing my cell I called out to him and asked him for the newspaper. I told him I missed doing the crossword and the look on his face was enough to brighten up my day. He simply nodded and handed me the paper and literally ran away. And then, I saw Peter. I saw Peter right on the front page."

He dug his hand into his pocket and removed a dirty crumpled paper and handed it to Harry.

"Look at the picture," he croaked, "Look at the rat."

Harry looked at the picture and instantly recognized the Weasley family. His eyes moved to Ron and he saw the rat sitting on his shoulder.

"Look carefully, it has one paw missing," said Sirius. "And after the number of times I have seen Peter transform into a rat, I'd never fail to recognize his animagus form anywhere. After seeing his picture in the paper, the feeling of revenge came back to me, I transformed into a dog and when the dementors came to give me my dinner, I slipped out of the bars and made my escape. I swam to the mainland and broke into a muggles barn. I then made my way to Knockturn alley and broke into a local library and began searching for the Weasley's address but instead I found yours. I then made my way to Privet drive and found you terribly wounded. I tried to look for your wand but I couldn't find it so I covered us both with your invisibility cloak and apparated us to this house.

Lily had once forced us all to read a muggle medical book saying that it might come in handy during the war if we lost our wands. I somehow managed to remove that bullet from your shoulder and bandaged it up. You might want to visit a healer though."

"It's been thirty minutes," said Harry.

"What?"

"And I said I'd give you only fifteen."

Sirius stared at Harry, mouth opened.

"Though I must say, it certainly is a very convincing story."

"You don't believe me!" whispered Sirius.

"I don't want to."

"Harry, I say the same things under veritaserum too or just lend me your wand and I'll swear on my magic that whatever I've told you is the truth!"

Harry didn't know what to do. He wanted to believe the man in front of him and he didn't want to at the same time.

Sighing he raised his wand and pointed it at Sirius. "Trumus," he muttered.

A pale green light washed over Sirius.

"What was that?"

"Whatever you have said to me in the past half hour... is it or is it not true?" he asked Sirius, his voice trembling.

"Every word I have said is the truth," said Sirius.

Sirius began to glow pink.

"What is this?" he asked looking at himself.

"It was a truth spell," said Harry tiredly.

"So.... You believe me?" he asked hopefully.

Harry nodded. "I have to," he said and yet he was filled with a sense of relief and joy and sadness. He was really confused.

"I... wow... that's just great..." began Sirius, his face breaking into a huge smile.

"So what now?" asked Harry, his stony expression changing to a somewhat uncomfortable one "How are you going to capture Pettigrew and do you plan on going to Dumbledore?"

"Why don't we go to the kitchen and talk Harry," said Sirius, his face glowing with happiness. "This room gives me the creeps."

"Then why did you put me in here?"

"It was the only clean room available."

"You're kidding! Whose house is this anyway!"

"Its mine, you are in the most ancient and noble house of the Blacks, in other words a haven for dark wizards and criminals," said Sirius cheerfully.

"Like you?"

"Like me," he agreed.

-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-

Two days had passed since Harry arrived at Grimmauld place and Harry and Sirius had begun to bond somewhat. For Harry it was like finding a person he could somewhat talk to and for Sirius it was like getting a second chance at life.

"This house is seriously depressing Sirius," complained Harry, as Sirius showed him around the house.

"I lived in this house for sixteen years, don't tell me about depressing! It was a relief when I started Hogwarts. The Gryffindor common room was like heaven compared to this dump."

"I'm sure the Gryffindor common room is nothing compared to Slytherin common room."

Sirius muttered something under his breath.

"You say something Sirius?" said Harry, sounding a bit amused.

"I said I still can't believe you're a slimy Slytherin!"

"I still can't believe you're still going on about that. Stop being a baby and grow up!"

"Oh, what has the world come to... I leave the world for thirteen years and a Potter ends up getting sorted to Slytherin!?"

"Better than being a Gryffindork," said Harry.

"Gryffindor is a hundred times better than Slytherin!"

"No it's not."

"Yes it is!"

"No it's not!"

"Yes it is and there's no doubt about it!"

"Slytherin is the best and the record proves it too!"

"Well..... The people in it suck!"

Harry sighed, "I have to agree with you on that."

"HA!"

"But they're not all bad, there a just a few bad eggs who ruin the name of the house."

"They're all bad," muttered Sirius.

"How mature of you...," said Harry sarcastically.

Harry and Sirius glared at each other and then sat down in a huff.

"Kreacher!" shouted Sirius.

There was a crack and an ugly house elf bowed to Sirius.

"Master called?" it croaked.

"Get some cake and tea. Don't poison it and make it perfectly and don't talk to my mother and bring it within twenty minutes."

It gave Sirius a pure look of loathing and vanished with a crack.

"Why don't you get rid of that elf?"

"I don't know myself," he said, sounding bewildered.

"Why doesn't he clean the house?" asked Harry.

"Cause he's mad. He's lost his mind after taking orders from my insane mother for more than fifteen years."

"Where is her portrait anyway?"

"By the entrance hall, behind the moth eaten velvet curtains," he said "If you want your ears intact, I suggest you tread carefully when you walk past her."

"Right," muttered Harry and stood up.

"Where you going?" asked Sirius.

"To get rid of your mother," replied Harry.

"I wish you luck!"

Sirius waited with baited breath and then the screaming began.... But to his utter surprise, it stopped within seconds and a minute later Harry came strolling inside looking pleased.

"What happened?"

"Mrs. Black is no more," said Harry.

"Huh?"

"You heard me."

"I'm sorry, I thought you said you destroyed my mother's portrait."

"That's exactly what I said."

"Huh?"

"Stop acting like a Gryffindork Sirius... oh sorry I forgot, you are one," said Harry with a smirk.

"Wha.... Hey!"

"I just told you I destroyed your mother's portrait and all you say is huh!" demanded Harry.

"I said huh, because she put a permanent sticking charm on that portrait and you'd have to magic to remove it and it still wouldn't come out because it's a permanent sticking charm!"

Harry raised an eyebrow, "What makes you think I didn't use magic?"

"If you did you'd be expelled from Hogwarts."

"There's no letter," remarked Harry.

Sirius stared at Harry in disbelief. He then stood up went out of the room and came back looking amazed 10 seconds later.

"How in Merlin's name did you get rid of the bitch!" he all but shouted in joy.

"Magic," was Harry's simple reply.

"You're underage."

"That doesn't stop me."

"You used magic outside Hogwarts?"

"How do you think I survived at the Dursley's?"

"Your shoulder looks good doesn't it?"

"Shut it! I didn't expect that bitch to shoot me! I'd expected that only from the senior fat arse!"

"But seriously Harry, the ministry has ways to detect underage magic. There's no way you could do magic outside Hogwarts without them detecting it."

Harry sighed.

"Close your eyes," he said.

Sirius frowned, "What are you going to do?"

"Clean this house with one spell," was Harry's reply.

Sirius laughed, "There's no way you can clean this house with one spell!" he said with a scoff.

"We'll see."

Sirius closed his eyes, "If you pull this off, I'll shave my head and kick Kreacher out."

Harry stopped, "How about you do anything I say for the rest of the year instead of shaving your head and kicking Kreacher out?"

"You have deal Prongs junior."

Harry smiled. He closed his eyes and recalled the spell he'd found in the advanced charms book he had found in his vault.

He placed the tip of his wand on the floor and muttered 'abstergo' under his breath. Slowly a breeze began to form around him and began spreading in all directions. A minute later the breeze died down and Harry stood up.

"You can open your eyes now Sirius."

"H-H-HOLY CRAP!"

"That's a good reaction," said Harry, sniggering.

"What the hell did you do?"

"Magic"

"But you're underage!"

"Yep"

"And there's no letter from the ministry!"

"That's right"

"There's not a speck of dirt left!"

"I told you."

"Even my clothes have become clean!"

"Including you."

"Everything looks brand new!"

"Even any pest in the house will have been removed except for Kreacher.... Unfortunately."

"I've never heard of such a spell."

"I don't doubt it."

Sirius looked at Harry in amazement and sank into the chair. At the same time Kreacher came in with the cake and tea.

"Put it down on the table and stay in the kitchen and don't touch anything unless I tell you," said Sirius.

He looked at Sirius with hate and Harry with fear and retreated back into the kitchen.

"You're a scary kid you know that."

"Don't call me kid."

"Whatever you say kiddo," said Sirius with a grin.

"Do you want to know what else I can do with my wand?"

"No, no, I don't!" said Sirius hastily.

"Then don't call me kid."

"Whatever you say Harry," he said quickly.

"So what do say we go to Diagon alley tomorrow?" asked Harry suddenly.

"You sure you want to go there? I'm sure Dumbledore will be looking for you and if he finds you I don't know where he'll make you stay."

"He can't do a thing," said Harry.

"How do you know that?"

"I modified the Dursley's memories before I left. And on top of that if Dumbledore did find out the truth I'm hundred percent sure he would have modified the memories of all the people who knew me in Privet drive and on top of that magic done by my wand cannot be traced so he'll have no proof and he would have removed all proof of my existence from Privet drive to prevent me from getting into trouble in any way.

And if he says he wants to keep me safe from you.... Well, we both know there's no need to worry about that."

"And I was wondering why you were placed in Slytherin," muttered Sirius.

"I still don't get it, why you don't want to meet Dumbledore and clear your name," said Harry ignoring his godfathers comment.

"I already told you... Dumbledore never even doubted that I was capable of betraying your parents and never even came to ask me why I did it. This is my fight and I'm not going to let anyone else fight

it for me.... Peter destroyed me and I'm going to find and kill him myself."

"That's why we call Gryffindor's Gryffindork's," said Harry.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"What makes you think that Peter's going to let him get caught so easily. You think you can break into Hogwarts, sneak into the Gryffindor common room, get into the boys dorm and get Peter without anyone spotting you?"

"Yes," said Sirius confidently.

Harry sighed, "That's why you're an idiot and that's why you got thrown into Azkaban."

Sirius was ready to interrupt but Harry stopped him.

"I'm going to be at Hogwarts, it will be easier for me to get to him than you. I can get the help of one of the Gryffindor's and get them to get Peter to me. Once I have him, I can take him to the Dumbledore and you will be free.... Now how does that sound compared to your plan of breaking into Hogwarts, finding Peter and killing him on the spot?"

"Much better," grumbled Sirius.

"Now about that trip to Diagon alley."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

Sorry people... this seems to be the last update until December... I have serious work to do in college and will not have time to update, but I will do so if I can.

The story is not abandoned and never will be.

Cheers!

Chapter 18 – Dementor's

Remus Lupin made his way quietly through the corridors of Hogwarts towards the headmaster's office.

How long had it been since he had walked through these halls and experienced the best years of his life.

How long had it been since he had felt such pain and regret of losing the only good friends he ever had.

Sighing heavily he shook his head in an effort to get rid of those sad thoughts and wondered why the headmaster would want to speak to him.

"Bumblebee," he said, reaching the entrance to the headmaster's office. He walked up the circular stairs thinking that the last time he had walked up these stairs was with James, Sirius and Peter for vanishing Snape's clothes in the great hall.

Before he knew it he was in front of the great oak door and raised his hand to knock. Before his hand could touch the door he heard a 'come in Remus' from inside effectively stopping his knocking sequence.

He smiled and wondered for the millionth time, how was it that the headmaster knew who was outside his door. Maybe the Gargoyle at the entrance informed him or he had some sort of enchantment near the door alerting him about the identity of the person outside.

"Good evening headmaster," he said pleasantly.

"Good evening Remus, I gather you got my message?"

"Yes, sir," he said taking a seat. "May I ask why you wanted to see me?"

"Ah yes, you see I had a proposal for you."

"A proposal?"

"Yes.... You see I am unable to find a defense against the dark arts teacher and I am desperately in the need for a competent one," said Albus, his eyes twinkling.

"So do you want me to look for a teacher?"

"No, no, you misunderstand Remus. I want you to teach at Hogwarts this year. If you remember correctly you had received an outstanding on your defense OWL and it was and still remains one of your strongest subjects."

"Absolutely not headmaster, you know what I am and you know how the parents would react if they found out what kind of a creature is teaching their students!"

"Remus.... I wouldn't have asked you to take the job if I didn't think it was safe for you to teach here and I need you here this year for reasons I think you know without me having to bring them up!"

Remus looked up, his face darkening. "Teaching here would hamper my efforts to capture him."

"Teaching here would ensure that you capture him," replied Dumbledore gravely.

"Explain," said Remus shortly.

"Before Black escaped, the guards told the minister that he would keep uttering one sentence over and over during his sleep."

"And that is...?"

"He's at Hogwarts."

Remus paled.

"That's right Remus, he coming after the last Potter and the best place for you to capture Black would be staying close to Harry Potter."

"Regarding Harry, have you found him yet?"

Dumbledore sighed, "No, I haven't. But I am pretty sure he is staying in a muggle house, safe from wizards and you know who."

"You're sure that he's not in Blacks custody already!"

"Positive."

Remus sighed, "Where on earth could he be! It's not safe for him to be all alone out there without any protection with a mass murderer on the loose."

"I have the same concerns my friend but I am sure Harry is safe."

"What makes you so confident?"

"Mundungus Fletcher spotted him in Diagon Alley. He had changed his hair and eye color but you know what kind of gadgets Fletcher carries. He saw right through Harry's disguise and contacted me immediately."

"Why didn't you confront him and send him back his home!" cried Remus.

"That was my intention, but by the time I got there he was gone without leaving a single trace behind."

"Without leaving a trace that even you couldn't follow!"

"I could have found him if I really wanted to but from what I know of Harry, he wouldn't appreciate me barging into his privacy and if I did that, it would destroy whatever trust he has in me."

"But it's for his own safety and he is only thirteen! How can you expect him to survive without any help from an adult?"

"I am confident Harry can take care of himself and will show up on September 1st and as for his safety, let's just say I have ways to make sure he doesn't come to any harm."

Remus sighed, "Okay professor, I have faith in you to keep the boy safe. But I cannot accept your offer. It is just too risky and I don't want to hurt any student by accident."

"During your stay here, Professor Snape will supply you with wolfsbane potion regularly ensuring your sanity during full moon nights and I will put up some wards around your office making sure you do not by any chance leave the safety of your office and all the professors will not, under any circumstances reveal the nature of your illness to any student," said Dumbledore firmly.

Remus could not find a way to contradict the headmaster.

"So do I have a new defense professor Remus?"

"It seems there's no way for me to decline is there?" said Remus with a smile.

"Sadly no..."

"Well then, I accept Professor Dumbledore."

"Excellent! I'll have Dinky show you your new room," said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling brightly.

"Err... I know where the staff quarters are headmaster," said Remus with a guilty smile.

"Of course... of course... there wasn't a single place in Hogwarts that you and your friends didn't know about was there?"

"As far as we know.... Knew.... There isn't."

Dumbledore chuckled "It's a shame the way things worked out isn't it..."

"Indeed it is," said Remus with a heavy sigh. "Sometimes I wish I was fifteen again, without any worries and enjoying life like there was no tomorrow."

"Happiness sometimes is just an illusion Remus," said Dumbledore gently. "It can only be achieved when man has no regrets in his life and appreciates himself for what he is and craves for nothing more."

"And some are never meant to be happy," said Remus bitterly.

"Remus... I've lived for a long time... and if there is one thing I've learnt, it is to never give on peace and happiness."

"I better get going professor," he said abruptly, not wanting to dwell more on the past and rather focus on more pressing matters, like capturing Sirius Black. "I have quite a few things to bring to the castle and it will take me quite some time."

"Of course Remus. Have a good day," said the headmaster quietly.

On his way out, Remus stopped near the door and turned around.

"What is it Remus?"

"Professor.... Do you mind me asking...? Err... how's Harry?"

"What do you mean?"

"As in... is he on the Gryffindor Quidditch team like his dad or is he a prankster or what?"

"Oh, he is in the Quidditch team and as for his personality, you'll have to see for yourself!" said Dumbledore with a chuckle.

"I really don't like the sound of that headmaster."

"You'll see what I mean when you met him."

Remus sighed again, "I really hope he's alright."

"Me too Remus, me too..."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

"Checkmate!"

"That's impossible!" cried Harry.

"That's what James used to say when he'd lose!" said Sirius in a sing song voice.

Harry frowned and stared at the chess board intently trying to prove his godfather wrong but it was useless.

"Damn" said Harry, slamming his hand on the chess board.

"That's trait you've picked up from Lily! Inability to accept defeat!"

"Shut it," muttered Harry angrily.

Sirius leaned back on the chair and popped a chocolate into his mouth. "You have lost again prongs junior," he said with a smirk.

"Don't call me that."

"Why not? You are Prongs son aren't you?"

"Doesn't mean I'm a prongs junior," said Harry, the irritation showing in his voice.

"Whatever you say Harry.... But it doesn't change the fact that you lost again!"

"Might I remind you that I have a wand and you don't!"

Sirius paled. "I still don't understand how can you do magic without the ministry detecting it."

"And I told you not to bother about it."

"How can I not!"

"Do I look like I care? No matter how much you ask you're not getting any answers out of me."

Sirius sighed and then frowned. "You know... you've been here for more than a week and I still don't know what you like, what are your hobbies, what kind of food you like and so on!"

"That's because you do all the talking and I just ignore you."

"You ignore me!"

"Of course... anybody would get bored of listening to your voice all day long," he said with a smirk.

"You are too Slytherin like, you know that?"

"Duh...."

"No, I mean like a total hard core Slytherin. There's not even an ounce of Gryffindor in you!"

"Thank god!"

"Don't you ever smile or flirt with some hot chicks or do anything fun?"

"I do smile or laugh if the occasion calls for it and I'm not really a fun person."

"Yeah... you're a broody person. You bury yourself in books, enjoy cursing people and have a permanent frown stuck to your head."

"Anything else?"

"And you're too secretive."

Harry sighed. "So?"

"Why don't you talk to me?"

"I'm not a very talkative person, Sirius."

"I figured that out," muttered Sirius sulkily.

"Okay Sirius, let's talk.... What do you want to talk about?" said Harry, sounding resigned.

Sirius immediately brightened up. "Let's start with your childhood."

Harry's face darkened, "I don't want to talk about that."

"You don't want to talk about that! Come on Harry, just say anything! I just want to get to know my godson!"

"Ask anything else," said Harry firmly. "Going by the condition you found me in, you should have a pretty good idea what kind of a childhood I must have had."

"No," answered Sirius equally firmly. "I want to hear it from you. I want you to talk to be and let go of your past by talking to me about it."

"Then the talks over."

"No its not, Look I know it mustn't have been a pretty childhood if you were living with a bitch like Petunia and her pig of a husband. But you have to talk about it. I will do you good, trust me."

"Yeah, you're right!" snapped Harry suddenly, getting irritated by Sirius's pestering. "I didn't have a nice childhood, I got beaten up almost everyday, I was made to work like a slave and to get a plate of food was like eating a Halloween feast in Hogwarts, so yes, my childhood sucked and you're not making it easier to forget by making me recall it again!"

Harry took a deep breath.

"Now if you don't mind I'd like to get some sleep!" he hissed and stomped out of the sitting room leaving a satisfied godfather behind.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The following morning when Harry came down for breakfast, he found Sirius snoring away to glory with a plate in front of him.

Rolling his eyes in amusement he conjured a bucket of cold water and splashed it over his godfathers head.

Gasping and spluttering, Sirius jumped up in shock and looked around, his eyes wide open.

"Morning," said Harry.

"You! Don't you know any other way to wake a sleeping man!" he shouted, spitting water out of his mouth.

"For you, unfortunately no," he said with a smirk.

Sirius muttered some well chosen swear words under his breath.

"Sometimes I think I am the godfather and you're the kid," said Harry.

"Well unfortunately I am the godfather and you're the brat so you have to listen to me!"

"Which will never happen unless I have a death wish," said Harry, cutting him off.

"Just you wait until I get a wand..." muttered Sirius darkly, "You'll be wishing you'd have never messed with Sirius Black..."

"Big words," said Harry, smirking.

"You're one to talk, you're just thirteen and I'm thirty four... I have twice the experience you have and when it comes to pranking, there's no way you can beat me... so just you wait until I get a wand!" said Sirius sounding triumphant.

Harry just shook his head in amusement, "I'll be looking forward to that day Mr. Black...."

"I should have stolen a wand from Ollivander during our trip to the alley," said Sirius, "then we'd see who is right and who is wrong."

"And Ollivander would let a dirty dog just stroll out of shop with one of his wands?" asked Harry sarcastically.

Sirius scoffed, "I'd be out of there before he'd even know what happened."

"You think you're invincible don't you," muttered Harry.

"I don't think, I know!" said Sirius.

"Moron," said Harry under his breath.

"What'd you say!"

"I asked where breakfast is."

"Oh, I thought you called me a moron."

"Now why would I call you that?" said Harry innocently.

"Because that's what you call me all the time!"

"I do?" asked Harry, sounding puzzled.

Sirius snorted, "At least 50 times a day... and yesterday when we went to the alley, you kept muttering moron of a dog under your breath...!"

"Must learn to abuse you without you hearing," muttered Harry.

"And I heard that too!"

"Whatever, now call Kreacher, I'm really hungry."

Fifteen minutes later Harry was enjoying hot bread and eggs while Sirius was snoring in his cereal again.

Suddenly Harry heard a fluttering sound and saw Hedwig soaring towards him, a letter in her beak.

She landed smoothly on the table and dropped the letter in front of Harry. It was from Blaise. She nipped Harry's fingers affectionately and began eating from Sirius's cereal.

Harry opened the letter and began to read. As he read his eyes went wider and wider and then he cursed.

The letter read,

Harry,

I asked my dad about those initials we found in that parchment. He said they were of a famous squib who made his name in the muggle world and known as a genius for his skill in painting and architecture. His name was Leonardo Da Vinci, and he was a Potter before he was disowned for being a squib. He changed his surname from Potter to Da Vinci a few years after he was disowned.

La Gioconda is the name of a painting he made for the Potter's at their request. Even if they had disowned him he never had any grudges against them. The painting is of Patricia Potter, his mother. After Da Vinci made the painting the Potter's never took it from him

and told him to keep it safe in the muggle world. The painting is said to have many secrets but the wizards who have examined it over the years have never found anything so they left it in the muggle world, in Paris to be exact.

But about twenty to thirty years ago, a fire broke out in the museum it was kept in and the painting was destroyed and there are no copies of it left in both the wizarding and the muggle world.

The only weird thing is that he was an Italian and most of the Potter's before him were Italians too. It was few decades later that a Potter married an English pureblood woman by the name of Adelina whose surname is not mentioned and the entire family migrated to England. So you have some Italian blood in you.

That's all I was able to find out. I was really sorry to hear that painting was destroyed and you really should do some more research on your family. It seems to have a long and eventful history. God only knows how come you're the only one left.

Yours truly,

Blaise...

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry got off the knight bus and made his way casually to the entrance to platform 9 and 3 quarters. Behind him a huge golden brown haired dog followed grumpily.

"Stop acting so immature Padfoot!" hissed Harry, as the dog went running and poked his head up a ladies skirt making her scream.

The dog barked joyfully and began to chase his own tail drawing laughter from the crowd. Delighted at the attention he was receiving, the dog stood on its hind legs and pretended to dance making the crowd gasp and clap loudly.

Groaning Harry grabbed the dog by its collar and dragged him away from the crowd. "Stupid, stinking dog! Can you not draw attention to yourself when we have to pass through the barrier!"

Sirius whined pitifully and rubbed his nose against Harry's leg. Harry sighed and stood up and made his way to the magical barrier. On his way he was stopped by an old man.

"That's no way to treat a dog young man," said the man sternly.

"The way I treat my dog is none of your business sir. Now will you please excuse me, I have a train to catch."

Glaring at Harry, the man turned and headed in the opposite direction.

"See! Now it will be even more difficult to cross the barrier with all those idiots giving me dirty looks!" said Harry with a huff.

Harry waited for a few minutes with Sirius sitting quietly next to him and when the people finally stopped taking notice of him, he crossed the barrier and entered the heavily crowded magical platform.

"Finally we're here," said Harry with a sigh. He was about to get on the train when Padfoot grabbed his pant with his teeth.

Harry stopped and bent down and whispered into the dog's ear, "Don't worry Sirius, I'll make sure I catch that rat and make him suffer. Meanwhile I want you to lay low at Grimmauld place and keep in touch through Hedwig."

The dog barked and licked Harry's face before turning and bounding back towards the exit. Grinning, Harry turned back towards the train and got on.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry, Blaise, Draco, Daphne and Tracey were sitting in a single compartment while Crabbe and Goyle were out looking for first years to bully.

"How was the vacation Harry?" asked Daphne.

"Eventful," replied Harry in a bored tone.

"Care to elaborate."

"No."

"Why not?" asked Tracey.

"Don't bother Daphne," said Blaise. "When he gets all silent and gloomy, there's no use talking to him. All you'll get are smart ass comments or you'll be completely ignored."

The four occupants turned towards Harry to see if he would react but to their disappointment he didn't.

"What did I tell you!" said Blaise, sounding triumphant.

"He looks kinda hot when he's all serious," said Daphne resulting in both girls going into silent fits of laughter.

Draco and Blaise looked sour.

"Yeah, with his hair falling all over the place and with his amazing eyes, any girl would fall for him," said Daphne, hoping to get him to react.

"I'm telling you he won't react! I'm pretty sure he can't even hear you right now. When he gets like this it means he's in deep thought and planning something which usually results in me getting into trouble."

"You getting into trouble?" asked Draco.

"You really don't want to know the shit Harry does in school," said Blaise.

"We want to know!" said Daphne and Tracey together.

"You say anything Blaise and you'll find your tongue stuck to your arse," came Harry's voice suddenly, making everybody jump.

"Harry!" said Blaise weakly. "You heard."

"Yeah," grunted Harry. "You look pretty nice too with your hair open Daphne," he said, making her blush.

"Why the blush? I was just returning the compliment!"

Tracey sniggered.

"Well I can't bear all this mushy talk, so if you'll excuse me, I have two idiots to find," announced Draco and left the compartment without a word.

"What's with him?" asked Daphne.

"Must be his time of the month," said Harry.

Daphne and Tracey looked at him incredulously while Blaise began sniggering.

"You guys have dirty minds," muttered Daphne.

"It's part of being a guy," said Blaise. "Harry was telling me that on an average every guy in the world thinks about girls every 4 seconds!"

"Really!" said Tracey curiously.

"That's what he said."

"Is it true?" asked Daphne with a smirk.

Harry just ignored her, lost in his thoughts again.

-x-x-x-x-x-

Half an hour later Draco came back into the compartment looking peeved.

"Why the pissed off face?" asked Blaise.

"I met two mudbloods and a weasel along with the new defense professor," he grumbled.

"New defense professor?" asked Harry interestedly.

"Yeah, some guy named R. J Lupin."

"Lupin! You sure?"

"Yeah, was written on his briefcase. Anyway I was about to curse the hell out of those three when they hid behind the professor and threatened to awake him if I didn't leave."

"Really?" asked Harry skeptically.

"Yeah," said Draco, failing to notice the sarcasm and continued to boast. "So I told Crabbe and Goyle to go bully some Puff's and I came back here."

"Pansy came in while you were gone," said Daphne.

Malfoy grimaced, "I hope you didn't tell her where I was!"

"We didn't know ourselves so how in Merlin's name would we tell her!"

"Good," he said with relief, "I don't want her hanging all over me before the start of the year itself."

"She'll be back soon though," said Harry.

"What! Why?" cried Draco.

"I told her you'd be back in half an hour or so."

"Why'd you tell her that!"

"You never told me or anyone else to say otherwise did you?"

"Oh, man! I got to get out of here before she turns up," he muttered and hurried out of the compartment.

"She really is a pain in the butt," said Tracey.

"Yeah," said Daphne with a laugh, "She scares the shit out of....."

She was cut off in mid sentence as the train jerked and started to slow down.

"What's going on? We can't have reached Hogwarts yet, could we?" said Tracey.

"No idea. Wonder what's going on," muttered Blaise, peering out of the window.

"Why is it so cold?" said Daphne as she began to shiver and drew her knees up to her chin.

"I- I don't know," said Tracey "But I'm feeling so horrible right now...."

"H-Harry.... What's going on!" asked Blaise, shivering himself.

Harry didn't respond. He was staring outside intently watching a number of black cloaked figures hover outside.

"Harry! What's going on!"

"Quiet," said Harry harshly, "There's something out there."

Suddenly tears began to fall from Tracey's eyes..... Harry was surprised. He looked at Daphne and found tears streaming down her eyes too and she was shaking violently. He looked at Blaise who was visibly shivering and looking scared.

But Harry didn't feel anything, he had absolutely no idea what was going on and had no idea what was happening to the others. He heard the train entrance open and heard something come in.

Suddenly his head began to hurt and he could hear a woman screaming distantly. The black cloaked figure passed their compartment and his head began pounding furiously and he could hear the woman scream louder.

All of a sudden a silver light streaked through the train and all the black cloaked figures glided out of the train avoiding contact with silver light.

As soon as the figures were out of sight Harry's head stopped hurting and the woman's screams stopped too.

He looked around and saw everybody else returning to normal as well.

"What was that?" asked Daphne shakily.

"I think they were Dementor's," said Blaise.

"Dementor's!"

"Yeah, from Azkaban... I think they were looking for Sirius Black."

Harry looked up sharply, but nobody noticed.

"Sirius Black! That escaped murderer!"

"Yeah. Before coming here my dad told me that the Dementor's would be guarding Hogwarts this year."

"Why in Merlin's name would Black come to Hogwarts!" asked Tracey.

"He wouldn't say. But he did tell me to stay away from those creatures."

"I felt so cold," said Daphne with a shudder. "I felt like I was never going to be happy again. It was horrible."

"Me too," said Tracey, a shiver running down her spine.

"Did any of you hear a woman screaming?" asked Harry suddenly.

"No, why?" asked Blaise with a frown.

"No reason," muttered Harry, "Just wanted to know."

"You wanted to know if we heard a woman screaming for no reason?" asked Daphne skeptically.

"Yes," answered Harry shortly, effectively shutting her up. But Blaise looked at Harry oddly. He knew Harry never asked a question without a reason.

Harry meanwhile was lost in his own thoughts. If none of them had heard someone scream that was it just his imagination? Or was it them who couldn't hear it.

He remembered reading about Dementor's and if he remembered correctly Dementor's brought out a persons worst memory and sucked out all the happiness from them. If that were true then how come he didn't feel anything but just felt his head hurt and a woman screams.

Was the woman's screams his worst memory! That's absurd, he thought.

His train of thought was broken when the compartment door was opened and a tall man with graying hair entered.

He scanned the compartment and his eyes rest for a little while on Harry. "Is everyone alright in here?" he asked.

Nobody answered.

"It's alright, I'm the new defense professor," he said kindly.

"Everybody's fine professor," said Harry.

"Good. Those creatures which came aboard were Dementor's; they were looking for Sirius Black."

"We know," said Harry shortly.

"Oh, not many people can recognize a dementor.....Anyway if any of you have any chocolate on you be sure to have some.... you'll feel much better in an instant.... Now if you'll excuse me I have to check on the rest of the students," he said and went out.

"That's the new defense professor?" said Daphne.

"What about him?" asked Tracey.

"He looks sick," she said.

"And he was dressed on rags," added Tracey.

"But he seems to know what he's doing," said Harry quietly.

"Yeah, whatever.... Let's just hope he doesn't favor the Gryffindor's... coz he sure looks like one," said Daphne causing

Tracey and her to erupt into giggles, the experience they just had with the dementor's gone from their minds except for one in the compartment.

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The train reached hogsmeade station without incident and within fifteen minutes the entire school was sitting in the great hall ready for the sorting ceremony to begin.

The doors to the great hall opened and in came Professor McGonagall followed by a number of tiny new first years.

Professor McGonagall opened the scroll of parchment containing the names of the students and began to call out their names until each and every one of them was sorted.

This year the Slytherin house gained four new members.

As soon as the sorting was over Professor Dumbledore stood up. He cleared his throat and began to speak. "Welcome to another year at Hogwarts School of witchcraft and wizardry! Now before we begin the feast I have a few important announcements to make. First of all, all of you must know that Hogwarts will be surrounded by the guards of Azkaban this year. Now I feel this is unnecessary but the minister for magic seems to think they are needed here. I must warn you that these creatures are vicious and heartless beasts and will not hesitate to attack you if you stumble across them. So I implore you not to leave the castle grounds without a teacher.

Secondly I must introduce our new defense against the dark arts teacher, Professor Remus John Lupin!"

There a loud round of applause particularly from the Gryffindor table and least from the Slytherin. Apparently most of them didn't approve of his clothes.

"Now that all that needs to be said is said, Let the feast begin!"

As soon as the headmaster sat down, all four house tables were filled with a variety of dishes and juices. Every student began to eat with vigor and the entire hall was filled with the sound of students talking and laughing.

Harry looked around and spotted Daphne and Tracey talking to the youngest Weasley animatedly. All three spotted him looking at them and waved towards him cheerily. Harry just rolled his eyes and looked elsewhere.

Those airheads were becoming good friends with the Weasley girl, he thought to himself.

He looked towards the Gryffindor table and saw Granger and Austin busy chatting with the Weasley twins and the Gryffindor ghost. His eyes rested on Austin for a bit and he wondered if she had made any progress in handling her element.

Suddenly there was a roll of thunder signaling the end of the feast. Harry quickly gobbled up whatever dessert was left on his plate before it vanished from his plate.

Soon all the students were heading back to their common rooms for a good night's sleep. On his way to the common room, Harry was stopped by his head of house.

"Potter"

"Yes, professor?"

"The headmaster wishes to see you," said Snape.

"Now?"

"Yes, now Potter."

Frowning Harry left the crowd heading towards the common room and followed his head of house to the headmaster's office.

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REVIEW!

The next chapter or the chapter after that will be a huge shock or a huge surprise so keep an eye out for the next chapter....

Chapter 19 – Where are we?

"You wanted to see me headmaster?" said Harry, as he entered Dumbledore's office.

"Yes, Harry, please take a seat."

Harry quietly sat in front of the headmaster. He had a pretty good idea what this was about and he had no intention to tell the headmaster anything.

"How are you Harry?" asked Dumbledore pleasantly.

"Why am I here headmaster? Have I done anything wrong?"

"No it's not about anything in the castle. It's rather about something outside the castle."

"I don't mean to be rude Professor, but I don't see how that concerns you?"

"I am concerned about the safety of all my students Harry and I have reason to believe you might have had some trouble during your vacation."

"I am not going to tell you where I spent my summer if that's what you want to know professor."

"I am not concerned about where you spent your vacation Harry," Dumbledore said abruptly.

"What?" asked Harry, sounding surprised.

"That's right, what I am concerned is about your use of magic outside Hogwarts and the condition Petunia and Vernon Dursley were found in," he said.

"I don't know what you mean Professor?" said Harry and made himself sound like he was concerned.

"Harry, please do not lie to me. I know you attacked your relatives and then obliviated them."

"Obliviate? What's that professor?" asked Harry.

Dumbledore sighed. Harry realized maybe he was pushing the innocent act to far and decided to tone it down a bit.

"I think I remember reading about it somewhere, it was related to something about the memory...."

"Harry, your magical signature was all over the place, I broke into your room and saw the amazing things you had done in there and I know that what you did was in self defense and I do not blame you. The reason I called you up here was not to reprimand you but to get you to talk to me," said Dumbledore.

"What's a magical signature?" asked Harry and this time he honestly had no clue what a magical signature was.

"It's a sign left behind by a wizard. Every time a wizard does magic, he leaves traces of it behind which is unique to him."

"So how do you know the magical signature in Privet drive is mine?"

"You will know in time," said Dumbledore firmly, not keen on sharing that kind of knowledge with Harry.

Harry just remained quiet.

"Now, as I told you before I am not interested in where you stayed or what you did after leaving the Dursley's. But I am concerned about the way you treated the Dursley's when you left. You smashed Vernon Dursley multiple into the television set causing him to suffer a severe spine injury. Then you attacked Marjorie Dursley who now has amnesia due to the head injuries she suffered and then you proceeded to attack your aunt and pierced various parts of her body with glass pieces! Fortunately you did not do any harm to your cousin and finally you obliviated all of them."

Dumbledore said all that in one breath. "Now what I'd like to know is why you attacked your family so violently and mercilessly!"

All this time Harry listened quietly with a slight smile on his face.

"May I ask why you are smiling?"

"Well since we seem to have established the fact that I was the one who attacked the Dursley's with magic, when I am underage and any magic I use will be detected by the ministry... let me assume what you said was true."

Dumbledore was angry at this.

"First of all I don't have any family. All my family members are dead or have been murdered. The Dursley's, to me are just insane muggles who would love to kill a wizard in cold blood. They are like Voldemort and will not hesitate, even for an instant if they had the chance to kill us all... Most muggles are like that... only a few would love to be a part of our world. And as for why the brutal attack? Let's just say they provoked me so much that I had no choice but to retaliate and protect myself for those monsters. And as for obliterating them.... If I hadn't done that I would be in big trouble right now but I'm not, so I guess it were a smart thing to do that and if I'm not wrong you might have obliterated everyone in Privet drive because you know I won't be going back there to matter what you do and that makes things even more better because now, no muggle thinks I exist!"

Dumbledore didn't know what to say. Outside he was perfectly calm but inside he was a little scared. He was afraid of what Harry was becoming. He was sounding, acting and behaving like Tom Riddle when he was young, except Tom wouldn't have told him anything but just smirk at him like Harry was doing now.

"Did the Dursley's attack you first Harry?"

"No," answered Harry.

"Did they hurt you with a muggle device at any point when you attacked them?"

Harry was silent. He could practically feel the pain he had felt when the bullet had pierced his shoulder.

He then looked up and answered, "No."

Clearing his throat Dumbledore looked straight into Harry's eyes and said, "Why do you hate me so much Harry?"

Harry was startled by the question. "I do not hate you professor, I just don't appreciate you interfering in my life when you have no right to do so."

"Harry... you are thirteen! You are not an adult even if you try to act grown up enough to handle your own affairs. You need an adult in your life to guide you along the right path!"

"I don't need an adult to rule my life, I have never needed one and I do not need one ever," he said angrily.

Dumbledore sighed. He had no clue how to deal with Harry at all. "I see..." he said quietly. "But I do hope you think over our talk today and I want you to know that violence is never an answer to your problems. If you do think that way, then you are no better than Tom Riddle and the path you are following now, is the same Tom Riddle followed when he was your age."

Harry stared at Dumbledore absolutely shocked.

"Have a good night Harry. You have a long day tomorrow."

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Dumbledore watched Harry leave with a pained expression on his face.

"That was a very cruel thing you just did Dumbledore," said the portrait of Dippet.

"I agree," said another. "You shouldn't have said that to the child."

"I know what you all are thinking, but trust me. It might get the boy to dislike me even more but he will begin to see the need of an adult in his life. He will be angry at first, then he will think over what I said and then hopefully he will see my point."

"And then what? Will you be the adult in his life? The ideal guardian? The one to tell him what to do?" asked Dippet skeptically.

Dumbledore looked straight at the portrait of the Armando Dippet and said one word, "Yes."

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Harry walked slowly back to his common room, a lot on his mind after his little talk with Dumbledore. He was still a little shocked that Dumbledore had compared him to Voldemort, a mad man who killed for no reason, killed his parents, hated muggles and wished to exterminate them and enjoyed torturing people.

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And he was no better than him!... That's absurd, he thought. He wasn't into the dark arts and he didn't enjoy terrorizing people. He just liked his own company and no one else's. Then why on earth would Dumbledore say he's not better than a mad man? What... because he protected himself and took revenge on the Dursley's?

Harry's confusion turned to anger. How dare Dumbledore suggest something like that! What right does the headmaster have to say such things!

Maybe because he saw the dark lord turn into a dark lord and maybe because the way you acted up there reminded him of Tom Riddle, said a nasty voice in his head.

Immediately Harry calmed down and sighed. He decided to recall his behavior in Dumbledore's office.

He was rude, he lied, he spoke about the Dursley's like they were a reincarnation of Voldemort, his tone was filled with anger and hatred, he was smiling when Dumbledore told him what he did to the Dursley's and he didn't feel a bit sorry for what he did. He refused to listen to a man who undoubtedly was wise and knowledgeable.

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Harry sighed again. All Dumbledore said was one sentence and it had unsettled him greatly. What did Dumbledore think? That he would become a dark lord! That he would be tempted to use the dark arts!

He felt both angry and helpless. And for the first time since he had entered the wizarding world Harry felt scared. He felt alone and wished he had his parents back. He wished he didn't have to make all his decisions on his own and he wished he didn't have any responsibilities and he didn't have to get rid of the greatest dark lord of all time.

He didn't know where his feet were taking him but he was surprised to find himself standing at the edge of the lake.

He felt the water rippling gently against his feet giving him a pleasant feeling. He looked up and saw the full moon shining down on him. Lupin must have transformed, he thought absently.

Harry then remembered Sirius and the promise he had made him.... to capture Pettigrew. Suddenly Dumbledore seemed a million miles away! He had to hatch a plan to capture that son of a bitch without causing any suspicion! Remembering Sirius also reminded him about the amount of time Sirius had to spend in Azkaban because of one little rat.

That's right, Harry said to himself. Sirius managed to stay sane and escape only because he knew he was innocent and he was more concerned about Harry than himself. "People may say things about you, but only you know yourself best...." That's what Sirius had told him in his few moments of seriousness. Remembering that thought made all Harry's doubts vanish and make his resolve even stronger. Dumbledore might say whatever he has to but in the end it's what you think of yourself that matters, not what others think of you. With renewed confidence in himself, Harry walked back to the Slytherin common room.

Dumbledore's plan had partially succeeded for Harry, unknowing had accepted Sirius as the adult in his life.

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"Hey, Harry! Wake up!"

"Go away," muttered Harry.

"You got 20 minutes until class starts! Time to get up!"

Harry groaned.

"You leave me no choice....," said Blaise and yanked the bed sheet off Harry.

"No, not the bed sheet!" moaned Harry.

"Then you get up you lazy bum!"

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"Didn't you find a better way to wake me?" said Harry, irritably, as Blaise and him walked to the great hall.

"Will you stop harping about that already!" said Blaise.

"Well you should have found a better way to wake me..." he grumbled.

"If you remember throwing water doesn't have any effect on you so this is the only way to wake you. You should be grateful that I woke you on the first day back to Hogwarts!"

"Yeah well, I'd rather be sleeping right now."

"Didn't sleep well last night?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Just couldn't," replied Harry.

"Hmm that's smells good," said Blaise as they entered the great hall.

"Yeah, whatever," said Harry.

"Not even your bad mood can spoil the smell of good food, Potter," said Blaise cheerfully.

Just as they were about to finish Professor Snape came up to the table and began handing out the time tables. He paused near Harry, gave him a cold glare and went on ahead.

"Great, just what I need," said Harry, "A pissed of Snape ready to bite my head off at the first chance he gets.

What class do we have first?" he asked Blaise.

"Defense, with Gryffindor's," said Blaise.

"And we get to see the Dork's first thing in the morning..... Even better," said Harry and began banging his head on the table.

"Banging your head isn't going to help you. Now let's move we got less than five minutes to get to class."

"I sure Lupin is a Gryffindor supporter," said Harry.

"Lupin?"

"The new defense professor. Weren't you listening during the feast?"

"Was too hungry to listen"

"You and Weasley should have been brothers," muttered Harry.

"Oye! That was too low!"

"Yeah you're right, that was low. He'd be your dog."

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Remus Lupin was a little nervous before entering the class. It was his first time addressing a large group of students and he was even more nervous and eager to see Lily and James son.

He gathered up his courage and entered the class room.

"Good morning class," he said in his best professor voice.

There was a half hearted response which brought a smile to his face.

"Well I'm your new defense against the dark arts teacher and my name is Professor Remus John Lupin."

"Let's start by taking a roll call."

He tried scanning the room for Harry but he couldn't find him. Dumbledore had said he wore glasses and looked a lot like James but he could find no such person among the Gryffindor students. Surely he wouldn't miss the first day of class!

"Austin Mary Lillian," he called.

"Yes sir."

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"Granger Jane Hermione"

"Yes sir."

Slowly it went on until he came to the name he was waiting for.

"Potter James Harry."

"Yes sir," came a voice from his left.

He looked up and was surprised and shocked to see a boy in Slytherin answer the call. He wasn't wearing glasses, he had a little long shaggy hair and... and he resembled James!

His shock must have shown on his face because half the class was looking at him with a puzzled expression.

A few thought he was gawking at the famous Harry Potter. But only Harry knew why the professor was shocked. He hadn't even considered that Harry might be in a house other than Gryffindor.

Lupin finished the roll call and took a deep breath.

The class began removing their books but Lupin stopped them.

"Please put your books away and remove your wands," he said. "You will only need your wands today."

The entire class began murmuring in excitement. They had never had a practical on the first day of class barring last year of course.

"Follow me," said Lupin.

Slowly all the students moved out of the class making a lot of sound and chattering excitedly. Each one wondering what they were about to be doing. Were they going to duel? Or just learn some silly spell? Each one of them thought.

Harry himself was extremely curious to know whether Lupin was going to be a good teacher or was he going to be like the others before him. From what Sirius had told him, Lupin was a bookworm during his time in school and was always buried in some book or the other. But when it came to pranks, he was the guy who planned them out perfectly!

"All right all of you," said Lupin suddenly, "Get in."

Lupin had taken them to the teachers lounge. Only professor Snape was there in the room, sitting in one corner reading a book.

"Ah, Severus," said Lupin politely "Do you mind if I borrow this room for a bit."

Snape looked up with a sneer on his face. "Not at all Lupin," he said and stood up. On his way out he stopped and turned back. "Just what is it you plan to do here anyway?"

"A practical class," said Lupin "Needed a bigger room."

Snape smirked and looked at the students behind Lupin. His gaze fell on Neville and his smirk broadened.

"Well whatever you do, make sure you keep Longbottom away from his wand. The boy is a walking disaster."

Neville paled but Lupin just smiled. "Well was planning to use him in my first demonstration and I'm sure he'll perform admirably."

Snape just sneered disdainfully and walked out of the room banging the door as he went out.

Lupin let out a sigh. "Well now that the air seems a bit cleaner let us begin."

The Gryffindor's began to laugh and even Neville let out a feeble smile. The Slytherin's just scowled at the professor.

"All right, now who knows what a Boggart is?"

Hermione Granger's hand shot up like a rocket.

"Yes Ms. Granger?"

"It is a creature which lives in the dark. Nobody knows what it looks like because it takes the shape of your worst fear when you confront one!"

"Excellent," said Lupin "Take 5 points to Gryffindor."

"Wonder if her arm will shoot out of her body one day," muttered Blaise. Harry and Draco sniggered.

Unfortunately Lupin saw them and frowned.

"Perhaps Mr. Potter can tell us the spell to repel a Boggart."

Harry looked up lazily and said, "Riddikulus."

"Correct, take 5 points to Slytherin," he said.

"Now we know what a Boggart is and how to repel it. When you are confronted by a Boggart you must imagine your worst fear to be something funny and say the spell. This will change the boggart's form to something you're not afraid of and it will retreat. But only laughter can truly defeat a Boggart."

"Can anyone tell me what problem the Boggart will face in this room?" he asked. "Yes, Ms. Austin?"

"Err; because there are so many of us... it won't know what form to take?"

"Excellent! Another five points to Gryffindor!"

"Now repeat after me... Riddikulus!"

"Riddikulus," the class chanted.

"Again!"

"Riddikulus"

"Now how many of you are ready to face the thing you fear!"

There was sudden silence in the class. Suddenly almost everyone was looking fearful.

Harry too didn't know what to say. He had no idea what he feared. He wondered whether it was a good thing to know what you feared or was it better not to know.

"Now come on! Don't be scared! There's one thing you should know, the Boggart's only try to scare you away, they cannot harm you in any way."

Everybody sighed in relief.

"Now Neville, please come up here. I would like you to handle the Boggart."

"10 Galleons say's he pees in his pants," whispered Harry.

"30 Galleons say's he dies of fear," said Draco.

"Are you ready Neville?"

"No," he said fearfully.

"Hmmm.... What do you fear most Neville?" asked Lupin.

Neville muttered something.

"Sorry? Could you say that louder?"

"Professor Snape," whispered Neville.

The entire class burst out laughing. The Slytherin's were laughing so hard that a few of them fell to the floor. But Lupin was looking thoughtful.

"I believe you live with your grandmother Neville?"

"Yes, but I don't want the Boggart to turn into her either!"

"No, no, you misunderstood me. What does your grandmother wear usually?"

"Erm, a vulture kind of hat, with red robes and a big red handbag," he said, looking slightly confused.

"Now could you imagine Professor Snape in those clothes?"

The Gryffindor's roared in delight while the Slytherin's roared in protest.

This is what happens when they put the Gryffindor's and Slytherin's together thought Lupin.

"Alright all of you quiet!" he yelled.

Slowly the noise levels went down. The Gryffindor's were looking pleased and the Slytherin's mutinous.

"Now Neville, when I let the Boggart out of that compartment, I want you concentrate hard on the image of Professor Snape in your grandmother's clothes and say Riddikulus pointing your wand at the Boggart."

Neville nodded nervously.

"Alright, ready? One two three!" he said and unlocked a trunk kept in one corner and backed away.

The trunk shook violently and the lid opened. A particularly menacing looking Snape came out and began walking towards Neville whose knees were shaking violently.

"Riddikulus!" he squeaked and the Boggart/Snape was redressed into a Snape wearing red lipstick, with a large red handbag, a vulture top hat and a womanly looking dress!

"Excellent," roared Lupin, "Parvati forward!"

The Boggart changed into a rat. "Riddikulus," she yelled and the rat began barking and chasing its own tail.

"Greengrass!"

The Boggart turned into a Daphne without any hair. Daphne screamed but some how managed to say Riddikulus changing the Boggart into a Dumbledore without hair.

"Thomas!"

The hairless Dumbledore became a hand crawling on the floor. Then there was a banshee screaming then there was an eyeball floating in the air.

"We're getting there!" yelled Lupin, "Zabini!"

Blaise went forward and there was a jet of fire rushing towards him. His eyes widened in fear as he yelled Riddikulus. The fire turned into water and splashed harmlessly on the floor.

"Brown!" called Lupin and the Boggart changed into a frog like lavender.

Harry was impatiently waiting for his turn when he heard Ron say take of its legs continuously and couldn't help but wonder what was he afraid of? He was about to find out when Lupin called out Ron's name.

The Boggart changed into a gigantic spider. Half the girls screamed and backed away.

"Riddikulus," yelled Ron and the spider suddenly lost its legs and rolled towards Harry. The legless spider stopped near Harry and was about to change but Professor Lupin intervened.

"Allow me!" he said and the Boggart changed into an orb floating in the air surrounded by a mist.

"Riddikulus," he said almost lazily and the orb began loosing air and kept whizzing around the room. "Finish it Neville," he yelled.

This time Neville walked ahead confidently. The Boggart changed back into Snape but Neville yelled the spell and the class got a view of the womanly Snape before Neville let out a great ha and the Boggart vanished.

"Excellent everybody! 5 points to whoever had a round with the Boggart and an extra 10 for Neville for doing an amazing job finishing the Boggart. Next class I want an 11 inch essay on Boggart's. That's all for today!"

As soon as everyone was out they began discussing about the gross things the Boggart had turned into.

Did you see that severed hand! Did you see that huge spider! And so on.

All in all, it was quite a successful first class for Professor Remus Lupin.

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Harry came out of the class looking a bit peeved.

"What's up with you?" asked Blaise. "It was pretty decent class wasn't it?"

"He didn't let me have a go with the Boggart," said Harry.

"So?"

"I wanted to see what I was afraid of."

"You don't know what you're scared of?"

"Well... as of now, I really don't know what would scare me," admitted Harry. "I sure there must be something I'm scared of but I don't know what it is."

"So in 13 years, you haven't found anything that truly scares you!"

"There used to be things I was afraid of but they amuse me now."

"Hmmm.... Harry Potter, the boy who lived who doesn't fear anything! Tomorrows headlines," said Blaise laughing.

"Ha, ha, very funny," said Harry sarcastically.

Harry was about to say something when he was Austin, Granger and Weasley. "I'll meet you in the common room," he told Blaise "I've got something to do," he said and turned back.

"What? Wait! Harry!"

"I'll meet you in the common room," Harry yelled and vanished around the next bend.

He quickly caught up with the Gryffindor trio and was mentally berating himself for not being able to think of another way to get the rat.

"Hey, Austin," he called out.

All three turned and were shocked and surprised to see Harry to be the one calling Lillian.

"What do you want Potter," spat Ron.

"A word Freckles? Without your two buddies," he said.

Lillian crossed her arms. "Why?" she asked suspiciously.

"I'll tell you when you get rid of carrot top and the beaver.

Ron turned red but Hermione just ignored him.

"Whatever you can say, you can say in front of them," she said coolly.

"Well I'm afraid I can't say what I have to say in front of them. And if you can't get rid of them, then I'm afraid you're losing an opportunity improve something we have in common," he said.

"Improve what!" asked Hermione sharply.

"Our snogging skills," answered Harry smoothly.

Lillian gasped in outrage. Hermione's mouth dropped open and Ron began spluttering.... "Snogging! You both..."

"Of course not!" said Lillian indignantly "Are you crazy!"

"I'm giving you 10 seconds to consider and then I'm out of here," said Harry.

"No wait," said Lillian hurriedly "Could you please go Hermione, Ron, I'll meet you in the common room."

"You want to snog him!" yelled Ron.

Lillian sighed irritably, "I'll explain everything latter. Now could you please take Ron and go Hermione.... Please?"

Hermione narrowed her eyes, "Alright, but you better tell us what he says latter," she said.

"Sure, sure, now go, she said, relived.

Once they had gone she turned back to Harry. "What the hell is wrong with you!"

"Got rid of them, didn't I?"

She just growled. "What the hell do you want!"

"If I ask you will you do it?"

"Depends on what it is," she said, huffing.

"I want Weasley's rat," he said.

"Sorry? I didn't hear you right."

"You heard me just fine. I said I want Weasley's rat."

Lillian was confused. "I thought you wanted to talk to me about our elemental skills?"

"That's what you get in return for bringing me carrot tops rat," he said simply.

"I am so confused right now," she muttered.

"That's because you're dumb."

"Never asked your opinion," she snapped.

"So what's your answer?"

"Why the hell do you want Ron's rat?" she asked.

"To perform experiments on it," he said seriously.

Lillian just stared at him.

"Let me get this straight," she said, "You want me to get you Ron's rat, Scabbers and in exchange you're willing to help me improve my elemental skills? Did I miss something?"

"You didn't miss anything. You heard everything just fine," said Harry "I told you I'd be willing to help you develop your abilities in exchange for Weasley's rat! How hard is that to understand?"

"Do you know how ridiculous that sound! It's like giving a fortune away in exchange for a Knut!"

"That's my offer," said Harry, shrugging "Take it or leave it."

Lillian sighed "Every time I talk to you, I always seem to get a headache."

"That's good to know," he said, amused. "Maybe if you'd give me an answer soon, I'd be on way before I get a headache listening to your voice."

Lillian shot him a scathing look which had absolutely no effect on Harry. "I know you never do anything without reason and I want to know why you want that rat so bad, that you'd be willing to help me."

"My reasons are my own. Maybe I'll tell you if you bring me the rat. Now please stop asking me questions and give me an answer... yes or no."

"How do I know you'll keep your word?"

"You just have to trust me," said Harry with a smirk.

Lillian scoffed, "Trust you! That'll be the day and as for your offer, my answer is no. I don't betray my friends just to get a dumb Slytherin have some fun with a rat."

Harry groaned inward. "Listen... Weasley doesn't even care about that rat and I'll give it back to you if I end up not needing it."

"You listen too, Potter. I don't steal from my friends behind their backs. If you want that rat so bad, you're going to have to find another way," she said firmly. "So don't think you can bribe me into hurting one of my own friends."

Harry took a deep breath to calm himself. Why couldn't she just agree? He thought.

"Listen, I don't want that rat to dissect it or crap like that. I'll tell you the real reason if you get that god damn rat!"

"Real reason?"

"Yes, real reason. Did you really think I'd want that idiot's rat just to piss him off? Well if you did you really don't know me. I am offering to help you improve your ability if you get me that rat and believe me if you don't give me an answer now, I'm going to walk away and look for other means to get to that rat. In the end I won't be losing anything it'll be you who will be at a loss in the end...! So tell me do accept my proposition or not?"

Lillian frowned and bit her lower lip. To be honest she knew he was right and she knew Harry was much better at controlling his element than she was and she would certainly learn a lot from him.

"Fine," she snapped.

Harry shouted victory in his head!

"But under one condition," she added.

The shouts of victory stopped. "What?" he asked, narrowing his eyes.

"I'll try to get you the rat only after you show me what you can do with your element and whether you helping me is really worth it or not."

Harry gave it a few minutes thought and then said, "Fine."

Lillian gave a victorious smile but suddenly she looked worried.

"What?" asked Harry.

"Where will we practice? I don't want anybody catching me hanging out with you!"

"Leave that to me freckles. It's not like I want to be seen around with you. I'm only doing this for that rat."

"What's so important about Scabbers anyway?"

"Get him to me and I'll show," he said and walked away.

"What a grouch," muttered Lillian and headed back to the common room. She had a story to make up and a plan to get Scabbers without Ron realizing it.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

It was after dinner when Harry decided to scout the castle for a place big enough for Lillian and him to meet in secret. He wondered why he had asked for her help when he could have got that rat by many other efficient ways. He didn't ponder much over it as he reached the second floor corridor.

He had decided to check the chamber of secrets. He hadn't gone down the tunnel so far and it might have enough space to practice with Freckles too.

He headed into Moaning Myrtles bathroom and hissed open in Parseltongue. Like before the sink began to spin and sunk out of sight revealing a hollow pipe.

Taking a deep breath Harry sat down and slid into the pipe. He gasped as he began to fall. He kept going faster and faster until he was suddenly thrown out of the pipe and slammed into a hard surface.

He groaned and slowly stood up. His head was spinning and hurting like he was just run over by the knight bus.

"Didn't Slytherin have a better way of getting down here?" he muttered and began to look around.

"Lumos," he said, igniting his wand to light up the area. It looked like he was in some kind of an underground cave, probably under the lake too.

Taking a deep breath he began to walk ahead. The place stunk of dead mice and was littered with their bones. Every now and then he spotted bones too big to belong to a rat.

After walking for 10 minutes, he finally came across a huge wall with two huge statues beside it. One was of a man, probably Slytherin and the other was of a woman.

"Wonder if that's his wife," he said staring at the statue. He hissed open in Parseltongue again and the wall slowly shimmered out of existence. Harry's eyes shot up in awe at the display of magic.

Once the wall had vanished, Harry stepped into the chamber of secrets with a shiver of excitement running down his back.

As soon as he stepped inside, the wall reappeared and Harry found himself standing in a large room with a very high ceiling. There were a number of pillars all around and another statue of Slytherin in the corner. There was a snake like mouth protruding out of the wall to the left of Slytherin's statue and Harry assumed that's where the basilisk came out from.

Harry wondered if there was any way of lighting up the chamber but found none. He slowly began to scan the whole chamber, looking for any way further or any hidden rooms. He was convinced that Slytherin would have had a secret room full of his personal books or diaries or things like that... or he rather hoped it was true. He didn't want to have come down to the chamber for nothing!

An hour later Harry was frustrated, he had found nothing and he was dirty and smelly. He raised his arm and sent a blast of ice at the statue of Slytherin. The ice slammed into the statue breaking it into a number of pieces.

But then, to Harry's shock and surprise, the broken pieces of the statue began to move towards each other and the statue began to reform itself.

In a few seconds the entire statue was back to its original shape and didn't look as if it were damaged at all!

Harry quickly moved to the statue and began examining it from all angles. He couldn't reach up so he formed an ice staircase and began to check the statue further. Suddenly while running his hands over the right hand of the statue he found a depression in the middle finger of the right hand.

It was the size of a ring. The size of the ring Harry had in his pocket. It was the size of Slytherin's ring.

Trembling with excitement Harry removed the ring from his robes and slipped it on the finger. It slid in perfectly and fit in the depression.

A red glow began to emit from the ring and the statue began to sink into the ground revealing a door behind it.

Harry slid down his make shift staircase and stood it front of the door. It had a handprint in place of the handle and the instant Harry saw that, he knew that only a person belonging to the Slytherin bloodline could enter that room.

All his excitement and hopes were crushed. He was 99 percent sure he didn't have an ounce of Slytherin's blood in him. But there was always a 1 percent chance he did.

Slowly he raised his arm towards the door knowing he was taking a huge risk which could probably get him killed but his curiosity to open the door and see the secrets of Slytherin won over his usual cautiousness.

He placed his hand on the handprint on the door and held his breath. Nothing happened. Disappointed he tried to remove his hand but it wouldn't budge!

Suddenly his hand began to hurt and he was flung back at full force away from the door. He slammed into the wall at other end and slid down to the floor.

"That was a big mistake," he muttered to himself. Groaning he slowly stood up and straightened his back and cried out, as waves of pain shot through his back.

"Got to visit Madam Pomfrey," he gasped in pain.

He slowly walked back to the statue which had risen out of the ground and removed the ring.

He decided to go back to his dorm and crash into bed. There was no use staying in the chamber any longer with a hurt back and no means to open the door he wanted to.

He reached the pipe and closed his eyes for a moment. Slowly water began to pool under his feet and began to rise taking him along with it. It kept rising faster and faster taking him through the pipe and back into the girl's bathroom.

Somehow Harry made it to the Slytherin common room without his invisibility cloak, cast a quick scroufigy charm over him and soon fell asleep.

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The next few days passed by quite normally and Harry hadn't had a chance to speak to Lillian about their deal considering the amount of homework they were being given, which Harry thought was a complete waste of his time. Professor Snape seemed to have developed an intense hatred towards Professor Lupin which was evident every time the two professors passed by each other. Lupin would greet him with a polite hello and Snape would just sneer at him.

Malfoy and his cronies had told Snape about their first defense class and poor Neville seemed to be having an increased number of accidents in the potions lab which lead to more loss of points for the Gryffindor's and more number of detentions for Neville.

It was on a Friday when the Slytherin's and Gryffindor's were leaving a charms class together when Harry decided to get a hold of Lillian for their first meet up.

"Hey Austin," he called out as she left the class "A word?"

"Sure," she replied, shoos her friends away.

"You talking to him again," hissed Ron angrily.

"Go away Ron, its nothing important. I'll tell you all about it later... ... Hermione, please knock some sense into this idiot," she said exasperatedly.

But Hermione was nowhere to be seen.

"Where'd she go?" asked Ron, "She was right here!"

"Maybe she heard me and took off instead of making a scene!" she said and walked towards Harry.

"Meet me at Moaning Myrtles bathroom at 9.00 tonight. Don't be late," he said.

"Why Myrtles bathroom!"

"Have you thought of anyway to get Weasley's rat?" he asked her, ignoring her question.

"I've thought of a few," she said evasively.

"Really?" asked Harry skeptically.

"Yeah!"

"Well, I'm going to listen to your plan tonight and I pray it's a good one."

"It's a brilliant one."

"Yeah right," muttered Harry under his breath.

Lillian looked over Harry's shoulder and saw Hermione running towards her.

"What's Hermione doing there?" she wondered. "I thought she was on her way to the common room."

Harry saw Hermione trying to tuck something into her robes while she was hurrying towards them. He saw Draco stick his leg out and send the bushy haired girl sprawling on the floor and whatever she was trying to put back inside flew out of her hand and smashed next to Harry and Lillian covering them with dust.

"What the hell!" cried Harry and began dusting himself in an effort to get the dust off of him.

He took out his wand and was about to say a cleaning spell when Hermione screamed "NO DON'T!"

But it was too late, Harry said the spell and there was loud bang and the entire corridor was covered in smoke.

When the smoke cleared everyone was where they were except for Harry and Lillian who were nowhere to be seen.

Hermione shakily got to her feet and stared at the spot Harry and Lillian vanished.

She then looked up and said, "Somebody get Professor Dumbledore."

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As soon as Harry said the spell, the dust immediately exploded. Harry and Lillian felt as if they were being squeezed through a thin rubber pipe which was spinning at unimaginable speed. And suddenly it was all over. The smoke cleared and they found they were standing in the same place except for one minor problem.

There was nobody else around.

"Where'd everybody go?" asked Lillian shakily.

"I think you should be asking where'd we vanish to," said Harry with a troubled look on his face.

Both the students looked at each other with the same question running through their heads.

"Where were they!"

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REVIEW!

Where do you think they have gone!

If you find any grammatical errors, please let me know.

-X-X-X-X-X-

Chapter - 20 - Arrival

Hermione was in shock. She couldn't what had just happened. She just stared at the spot Mary and Potter had disappeared and she knew it was all her fault. She was sure that somehow Mary and Potter had traveled back in time and they were stuck there forever.

"What is going on here!" came the sharp voice of Dumbledore.

Hermione looked at the headmaster and tears began to pool in her eyes, "It's all my fault professor."

"What happened Ms. Granger?" asked Dumbledore.

"It slipped and broke... .. I... I don't know how it happened."

Dumbledore realized she was in shock. "All of you please return to your classes immediately," he said to all the students crowding around, trying to get a glimpse of what happened. "You too Mr. Malfoy," he said to Draco who hadn't moved an inch.

"Ms. Granger, follow me," he said and took her to his office.

Once they had reached his office he made her sit and conjured some hot chocolate and biscuits.

He threw some floo into the fire place and called for professor McGonagall.

"Yes headmaster?" said McGonagall coming out of the fire place.

"There seems to have been an accident professor."

"What kind of accident?" she asked sharply.

"One involving Ms Granger, Ms Austin and Mr. Potter ... About fifteen minutes back Mr. Longbottom came rushing to my office and went on and on about Mr. Potter and Ms. Austin vanishing after something slipped from Ms Granger's hand," he said.

McGonagall turned to Hermione and placed her hand on her shoulder. "What happened Ms. Granger?" she asked kindly.

"It was the time turner professor. It slipped and broke near Mary. And then... and then they were gone and it's all my fault," she said and broke down sobbing.

Dumbledore stood up sharply and McGonagall looked shocked.

"Albus!"

"How did they disappear Ms Granger?" asked Dumbledore "Did any one cast a spell on them when the time turner dust fell on them!"

"Potter... he cast a cleaning spell and then there was a bang and they were gone," she said sniffing.

"Minerva, please take Ms. Granger to the hospital wing and ask Poppy to give her a sleeping draught. I will go to the corridor where it happened and see if there is anything I can do."

"Albus, where are they?"

"If the time turner worked like a normal time turner does, they are stuck in the past with no way to come back."

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Harry and Lillian walked down the corridor they went through almost everyday and yet they felt so out place.

"Where is everybody?" asked Lillian for the hundredth time.

"I told you god damn it! I don't know!"

"Let's go find the headmaster, maybe he'd know what happened," said Lillian.

"Maybe," said Harry, "Unless he too disappeared mysteriously."

They met no one on their way to the headmaster's office and before they knew it they were standing in front of the gargoyles guarding Dumbledore's office.

"Err... could you please let us in," said Lillian, "We'd like to see the headmaster."

"Students!" croaked the gargoyle in surprise. "Hardly ever seen one during the summer break"

"Summer!" cried out Lillian in shock.

"Have you lost your stone brain gargoyle!" snapped Harry. "Summer got over almost a month ago. Now let us through."

"Maybe you have lost your marbles boy. I am a magical creature and I'm never wrong. Now go back from where you came from, the headmaster is not here."

"Why you little..." muttered Harry furiously and drew out his wand.

Suddenly Harry clutched his head and began groaning in pain.

"Potter!" cried Lillian, "What happened!"

"Argh... can't you hear it!" gasped Harry, "Ah...!" A loud ringing noise was blasting through Harry's head.

"It won't stop!" groaned Harry collapsing on the ground.

"What did you do to him!" Lillian screamed at the gargoyle.

"I did nothing."

"Make it stop," gasped Harry. Suddenly Harry could hear his wand screaming along with the ringing noise. He could not make out what it was saying but he somehow felt he should conceal his wand immediately else something bad would happen.

There was a flash of light and the noise stopped. Panting Harry looked at the back of his right hand and saw the wand was once more just a symbol on the back of his hand.

"What happened!" asked Lillian again, looking concerned.

"Nothing," said Harry not knowing himself what had just happened.

"Nothing!" said Lillian incredulously. "You just felt like holding your head and kept saying 'make it stop' just because for the fun of it or was it to freak me out even more than I already am!"

"Maybe both," said Harry indifferently and turned back to the gargoyle.

"You son of a ...!" Lillian began but never got to finish as the gargoyle suddenly jumped aside and revealed Professor Dumbledore standing behind.

"Professor!" cried Lillian in relief.

Dumbledore's eyes widened in surprise at the two students in front of him.

"Harry!"

"Yeah it's me professor," said Harry.

Dumbledore still looked like he was in shock and Harry began to feel a little uneasy. Suddenly he felt something was terribly wrong.

"What happened to you!" asked Dumbledore, "And what in Merlin's name are you doing here!"

"What do you mean what happened to me? I'm perfectly fine. And am I supposed to be somewhere else?"

"I... .." Dumbledore didn't know what to say. "Never a good thing," thought Harry.

"Harry," began Dumbledore slowly, "Why do you look like you're thirteen again?"

"I'm sorry, what!" asked Harry. He glanced at Lillian and she looked as confused as ever.

"Professor, are you alright?"

"Harry, which year is it?" asked Dumbledore, looking extremely serious.

"1993... .. Why?"

Dumbledore took a sharp intake of breath.

"Professor, what's wrong?" asked Lillian.

Dumbledore looked at Lillian. "I'm sorry, but who are you?" he asked politely.

"I'm Lillian Mary Austin sir. From Gryffindor house?" she said nervously.

Even Harry looked extremely unsettled. He knew for a fact that Dumbledore knew everyone in the castle and there wasn't a single student whose name he didn't know.

"Ah yes, of course," he muttered. "Please follow me back to my office would you," he said and turned back and headed up the stairs leading to his office.

"What the hell is going on?" whispered Lillian. "How on earth did he forget who I am?"

"I have no clue," muttered Harry. They entered Dumbledore's office and took a seat at the headmaster's gesture. Harry took a look around the office and realized nothing had changed since his last visit and somehow he felt relief at that thought.

"Find anything different Harry?" asked Dumbledore.

"No sir," replied Harry. "Everything's the same."

"I see..." said Dumbledore. "Anyway Harry, Ms. Austin, do you remember the last thing that happened to you, before you met me?"

"Well, me and Potter were talking when we saw Hermione running," began Lillian before Harry could even open his mouth. "Then that Malfoy tripped her and something slipped out of hands and broke near my feet. Then Potter here did some spell and everything went black and when color returned to the world everybody was gone!"

Lillian said all this in one breath.

Dumbledore looked amused and Harry looked irritated.

"And this is your third year... correct?"

"What do you think?" snapped Harry.

Dumbledore was taken aback.

"Watch it Potter, you're talking to the headmaster!" hissed Lillian.
"Yes, headmaster, this is our third year," she said hastily.

Harry was about to snap back at Lillian when Dumbledore cut through.

"Thank you Ms. Austin."

"Why are you acting like you don't know us professor?" asked Harry.

"Because I don't," said Dumbledore.

"What?"

"I don't know you Ms. Austin and as far as I know you are not in Hogwarts and I don't know you Harry, but I do know another Harry who is entering his fifth year and is now spending his summer break at number four Privet Drive, Surrey."

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"Harry, Lillian, it is my belief that you have by accident traveled into an alternate dimension."

There was utter silence in the room. Even the wind had stopped blowing at that instant.

Harry and Lillian stared at the headmaster, their mouths open.

"In other words, you are in a different universe but the same world, with the same people in it... with minor differences," he said with a glance at Lillian.

"That's impossible," whispered Harry.

"Magic itself is said to be impossible by muggles. Yet here we are doing things they can only dream of! Magic is so mysterious that one cannot even imagine what is possible or not!"

"Or this is just a game you're playing or you're just testing me or trying to brain wash me!" said Harry, raising his voice.

"Harry!" cried Lillian.

"I am telling you the truth Harry, you can trust me," said Dumbledore looking concerned and alarmed at Harry's anger and mistrust.

"How do I know you're telling the truth!" said Harry, backing away to the door.

"Harry! Please stop. I can give you proof!"

"Stay away from me!" yelled Harry and summoned his wand.

That was a mistake.

The ringing sound came back with a vengeance. This time it was so loud that Harry immediately collapsed clutching his head and rolling on the ground groaning in pain.

"Harry!" cried Dumbledore. "What's wrong with him Ms. Austin!"

"I don't know!" said Lillian fearfully.

There was a flash of white light and Harry's wand vanished but Harry did not get up.

"Harry... Harry!"

"Is he alright professor?" asked Lillian.

"He's lost consciousness," said Dumbledore looking grave.

"Professor?"

"Yes"

"Are we really in an alternate universe or is this just a dream."

"I'm afraid not Ms. Austin," he said kindly. "I wouldn't joke when it comes to such serious matters. Though I am concerned as to what happened to Mr. Potter."

"It happened to him before you met us near the gargoyle. But he didn't lose consciousness then."

"Do you know why?"

"No professor," she replied while Dumbledore conjured a stretcher and placed Harry on it.

"He doesn't trust anyone does he?"

"Not at all," said Lillian with a laugh. "But that's how all Slytherin's are. They don't trust anyone."

"Slytherin!" said Dumbledore in surprise.

"Yeah, Potter's in Slytherin. Why does that surprise you?"

Dumbledore was stunned. "In this world Harry is a Gryffindor."

This time Lillian was stunned, "Not possible," she said, "This guy is total Slytherin from top to bottom, inside out! There's no way he could be a Gryffindor!"

"Looks like our worlds are quite different after all Ms. Austin," said Dumbledore taking notice of the Slytherin crest on Harry's shirt for the first time with a troubled look in his eyes.

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"So in your world Ginny managed to fight the diary and the professor's came and managed to finish of the basilisk and destroy the diary?"

"And Ginny is also a Slytherin in our world," added Lillian.

"Ginny Weasley is a Slytherin! Now how in Merlin's name did that happen?"

"What happened in this world?" asked Lillian.

"Well the first year was similar to yours except you probably don't exist in this world or you're not a witch."

"Oh," muttered Lillian in a small voice.

"Anyhow, Harry, Ronald and Hermione become best friends."

"What!"

"Yes," said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling, "Harry was sorted to Gryffindor not Slytherin. And those three together have an uncanny knack of being in the wrong place at the wrong time."

"Like me," said Lillian, with a smile.

"Like you," agreed Dumbledore. "They saved the philosophers stone in their first year much like what you and this Harry did in your world," he said glancing at Harry, who was lying in the hospital wing still unconscious.

"But in their second year Harry found out he was a Parselmouth and Ginny was possessed by the diary same as your world. But here Harry and Ronald found the entrance to the Slytherin's chamber and went down to save Ginny dragging Gilderoy Lockhart with them."

"They went alone? Without calling for help!"

"Yes, but sadly Lockhart tried memory charming them both but failed. His curse backfired and he lost all his memories. Harry then went on alone to the chamber and fought the spirit of the diary and the basilisk alone."

Lillian's mouth dropped open. "He tried to take on a basilisk alone!"

Dumbledore chuckled, "He had some help though, in the form of the sorting hat and my phoenix Fawkes helped him. Fawkes punctured the basilisk's eyes and Harry was able to summon Gryffindor's sword from the depths of the sorting hat and with it he managed to slay the basilisk, then destroy the diary and save Ginny."

"Your Harry... is he crazy or does he have an insane lust for danger?"

"I prefer to call it a saving people thing."

"Wow, I know what this Harry would have done," she said.

"What?"

"Use some weird spell to chop the basilisk into a gazillion pieces and then mutilate the diary so that it can never be used again or he would destroy the diary and somehow make the basilisk obey his command."

"You talk like it would be a piece of cake for him to actually do that."

"I don't know about your Harry headmaster, but this Harry is insanely powerful for his age. Nobody would dare cross him, that's the kind of reputation he's created for himself in the Gryffindor house and probably every other house."

"What about his personality?" asked Dumbledore quietly.

"Cold and indifferent to everything going on around him, doesn't like to show off, prefers to be alone. Does what he believes is right and no one else's views would matter to him. But if a person desperately needs help, he would help them even if it were a Gryffindor. Spends

most of his time in the library researching god knows what and has an way of knowing spells no one has ever heard of."

Dumbledore was silent. He didn't like what he was hearing. It was like Harry was a cross between the Harry of his world and Tom Riddle too. It was like this Harry was standing in the centre of two paths. One leading down the path of Tom Marvolo Riddle and one leading down a path of greatness if what Lillian said about him was true.

"Looks like he's coming around professor," said Lillian suddenly. She was right. Harry eyes fluttered open and squinted through the dim light.

"What happened?" asked Harry groggily.

"We were hoping you could tell us Harry," said Dumbledore.

Harry looked up and took a look around him. He realized he was in the hospital wing.

"Donno," replied Harry. "One moment I am in your office and next I wake up here."

"Harry, you collapsed in my office and by the looks of it, it seemed like you were in great pain."

"I was!" said Harry in mock surprise, "Well, I don't seem to remember any of it. Last thing I remember was you spinning some tales about alternate dimensions."

"I wasn't spinning any tales Harry- you can ask Ms. Austin if you like."

Harry looked at her.

"It's true," she said solemnly. "I saw the date on today's daily prophet and its July 1995. Professor Dumbledore also showed me the trophy room too and your name is there in the fifth year boy's dorm in Gryffindor and... and I don't seem to exist."

Harry rubbed his forehead, "When if it were true, how did we end up here!"

"I believe I can answer that," said Dumbledore.

"Please do."

"This is your third year, correct?"

"Yes."

"In this world, in your third year Ms. Hermione Granger was given a time turner to attend more classes than possible by normal standards.

You said that something slipped from Ms. Granger's hands when she was running and it broke near you correct?"

Harry and Lillian merely nodded.

"And after that happened, Harry you did a spell to get yourself clean."

Harry nodded again.

"Considering how unstable the sand inside the time turner is and combined with the cleaning spell you used, instead of traveling back or forth in time, you were transported to a parallel universe two years ahead of your own."

"You're saying that Granger was given a time turner to attend all her classes, which, by the way is supposed to be an extremely dangerous device in the untrained hand and because of her stupidity we pay the price and end up in a different universe!" said Harry.

"So you believe me now when I say you are in a different universe?"

"Of course not, I'm just trying to understand what all you just babbled."

Dumbledore frowned at Harry's rudeness but Harry took no notice of it.

"What proof do you have?" demanded Harry.

Dumbledore sighed, "Do you want me to show you your counter part living in Privet Drive right now? Or do you want to meet your other friends whom to your surprise would look much older and probably thing you are crazy to believe they are your friends."

"Why would they think I am crazy?"

"Because you are in Gryffindor in this world and I am sure you know that Gryffindor's and Slytherin's hate each other by principle. Judging by the crest on your shirt, you are a Slytherin and in this world your friends are probably your enemies."

Harry was silent.

"You seriously believe I am in a different universe?"

"I don't believe, I know. I know for a fact that Harry Potter is a Gryffindor and is almost fifteen years old now. I also know for a fact that no one by the name Lillian Mary Austin has attended Hogwarts."

"So if you are telling the truth, how do we get back?" asked Harry, grudgingly accepting that Dumbledore was telling the truth.

"I don't know," said Dumbledore "There have been many theories about parallel dimension traveling but no one has ever been able to prove it. It has remained more of fiction then fact... that is, until you arrived here."

"But you have to find a way to get us back! We can't stay here. I mean there's another me here and obviously no one can know!"

"I know that Harry, but how are we supposed do something that no one has ever done before?"

"We came here when we cast a spell on the sand on us. Maybe we can do the same again and we'll go back."

"I thought of that, but if that were true you could end up in another universe which is not your own and you could forever be stuck looking for your own universe out of the millions that could be there!"

"You don't understand!" hissed Harry, "I have to go back!"

"Believe me Harry I want you to go back as much as you want to get back. But it will take time."

Harry huffed and clenched his fists.

"Now we have to arrange for a place you can stay and make sure Voldemort doesn't find out about this," said Dumbledore.

"Voldemort!" gasped Harry and Lillian.

"Oh dear, I forgot," muttered Dumbledore "You are two years behind this world after all."

"Voldemort's back!" demanded Harry.

"Yes," said Dumbledore solemnly "He came back this summer. You were there when it happened."

"I was there and I did nothing about it!" said Harry incredulously.

"We will discuss this later Harry. Now we have to make a temporary accommodation for the two of you until we find a way to get you back."

Dumbledore then took out a piece of paper from his pocket and began to write something on it.

"Read this," he said, giving the piece of paper to Lillian and Harry.

"The headquarters of the order of the phoenix can be found at number 12 Grimmauld place."

"Grimmauld place!" said Harry with surprise. "That's Sirius's house!"

"You know about Sirius?" asked Dumbledore, surprised again.

"Err... You aren't talking about Sirius Black, the mass murderer are you?" asked Lillian nervously.

"He's innocent," said Harry casually, "He was framed by a vermin named Peter Pettigrew who lives in the form of a rat named Scabbers."

Lillian gasped. "That's why you wanted Ron's rat so bad!"

"Yeah," replied Harry, "But it's of no use now, until we get back."

"How do you know Sirius is innocent Harry?" asked Dumbledore.

"It doesn't matter," said Harry.

Dumbledore frowned. He realized what Lillian meant when she said Harry kept to himself. She meant that he never shared anything with anybody and always kept his secrets with himself and no one else.

"Was Pettigrew captured in this world professor?" asked Harry.

"I'll let the others answer your questions once we get to Grimmauld place," he said.

"Others? Whom are you talking about?"

"You'll see when we get there."

"Get where?" asked Lillian.

"Grimmauld place," said Dumbledore. "Now step into the fire and say the destination clearly."

One by one all three disappeared in a swirl of fire and came out in the fire place of Grimmauld place.

"Follow me and don't make a sound, I don't want people to see a thirteen year old Harry when they expect to see fifteen year old one," said Dumbledore to the dimensional travelers.

He led them out of the kitchen and took them to a room on the first floor.

"Wait here, I'll call for you in a moment," said Dumbledore.

"Where are you going?" asked Harry.

"For a meeting," replied Dumbledore shortly and walked out.

Harry and Lillian exchanged a look.

"What do you think?" asked Lillian.

"I think we should find a way back as soon as possible. The more time we spend here the lesser are the chances of going back where we belong."

"What kind of meeting do you think the headmaster's gone for?"

"One in which he tells his most faithful followers about us," replied Harry with a snort.

Lillian looked at Harry strangely but didn't comment.

"Wonder if we'll get to meet the other you," said Lillian airily. "I mean at least one of you will be a decent guy... after all the other you is in Gryffindor."

"Ha, ha, very funny," said Harry sarcastically. "I can imagine what kind of idiot he might be."

"Awww come on Potter, I didn't know you liked insulting yourself!"

Harry gave her nasty look.

"Why don't you shut up for sometime please... your voice is like a nail being scratched on a black board."

"And you think you're the next Bryan Adams!"

"No, but I'm sure I'd fare better than you in a competition."

"Huh, you think. They'd prefer to hear a rat squeak than hear your voice."

"Whatever Freckles," snapped Harry.

Lillian huffed in anger... "Jack Ass," she muttered.

There was silence between the two for a while, but it wasn't to last.

"What happened to you when we arrived here?" asked Lillian.

Harry didn't answer.

"Both times your head started pounding was when you removed your wand."

Harry turned towards her sharply. He hadn't realized that!

"Must be coincidence," he said.

"And you became alright when you vanished your wand or whatever it is you do. I certainly don't think that is coincidence."

"Why don't you worry about yourself Freckles," he snapped.

"Just trying to start a conversation... jeez, you don't need to go all snippy..."

"Whatever," muttered Harry and turned to the other end of the room.

Suddenly the door opened and Dumbledore walked in.

"Professor," said Lillian, sounding relieved.

Dumbledore looked around and smiled. "Well I just had a meeting with a few members of the order and they have been informed of the latest developments."

"What in Merlin's name is the order?" asked Harry.

"Ah, my mistake, you wouldn't have heard of it ... yet. It is a secret society dedicated to fighting Voldemort."

"How did he come back anyway?" asked Harry. "Last I saw him he was just a spirit in someone else's body."

"I will let the others explain everything to you," he said.

"Who are these others!" demanded Harry.

"Members of the order," replied Dumbledore. "Now I will take you to the kitchen and you can introduce each other. I meanwhile shall go back to Hogwarts and see if I can find a way to send you back."

"Then I'm coming with you," said Harry immediately.

"No," said Dumbledore. "If someone saw you it would become problematic. People will start asking questions and ultimately Voldemort will find out and I do not even want to imagine what he would try to do."

Harry glared at Dumbledore but knew he was right. "Fine... I'll be a good boy and not do anything catastrophic."

"Thank you Harry," said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling.

"Not," added Harry under his breath.

"I heard that," muttered Lillian.

"Great," said Harry, rolling his eyes.

The party of three entered the kitchen. Harry and Lillian had their breaths held. But to their surprise they found only seven people inside.

Harry's eyes instantly went to the thin long haired man whom he knew was his godfather.

Sirius too was staring at Harry unable to digest what he had just heard and what he was seeing.

Kingsley Shacklebolt, Remus Lupin, Tonks, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, Alastor Moody, Sirius and Snape too... who was looking very unpleasant at the moment, were the only ones present in the room.

"Your order has only nine people including you professor?" asked Harry lightly, breaking the silence.

"I thought Mr. and Mrs. Weasley and Sirius could explain the arrangements to Harry and Lillian, I have to get back to the castle. I shall meet you all during the next meeting." He said and immediately left the room.

All the adults were staring at the two dimensional travelers.

"Are you hungry dears?" asked Mrs. Weasley, going straight into her mother mode.

"No," said Harry rudely.

"Yes, Mrs. Weasley," said Lillian.

Mrs. Weasley looked surprised at the familiarity shown by Lillian.

"You know me from where you've come?" she asked.

"Err... Yes, I spent half of my summer vacation at the burrow."

"And what about you Harry dear?" she asked kindly.

"Excuse me?" said Harry.

"He doesn't know you in our world," Lillian said quickly.

"Oh I see," said Mrs. Weasley looking a bit disappointed. "Well why don't you come along to the kitchen dear," she said to Lillian. "I'll fix something for you."

After they were gone Harry turned to the rest of the group.

"Forgive my wife," said the man sitting beside Sirius whom Harry recognized as Mr. Weasley. "This is how she reacts when she is nervous."

Harry didn't reply but just stared at Sirius.

"So you're Harry Potter from a different dimension eh?" said the man looking like he had been in a war too many.

Harry just nodded. He wasn't feeling very comfortable being in a room with people he didn't know... well barring Sirius.

"How do we know you're not a death eater in disguise," he growled.

"You don't," said Harry simply and got an approving look from the scarred Auror.

"This is so weird!" muttered Tonks. She scrunched her eyes and turned her hair long covering her eyes and turned them yellow.

Harry gaped at her, "How did you do that!"

"Me..! I'm a shape shifter! I can change into whatever I what," said Tonks brightly, her hair reducing in length and turning purple.

"Cool," muttered Harry.

"I think we should introduce ourselves," said Lupin. "I don't think Harry knows all of us."

"I know you, Sirius, Professor Snape and Mr. Weasley," said Harry.

"Oh... that makes things easier... the woman with the purple hair is Nymphado..."

"Just Tonks," growled Tonks.

"Nymphadora Tonks," continued Lupin. "Who prefers to be called only Tonks, the man with the magical eye is Alastor Moody."

Moody just nodded at Harry.

"And this is Kingsley Shacklebolt," he said finally, pointing towards the dark looking man.

"Pleased to meet you," said Kingsley in his deep voice.

"You too," muttered Harry.

"Well I have to go back to the ministry or Fudge will get suspicious," said Kingsley. "I shall see you at the next meeting," he said and walked out.

"I better get going too," growled Moody. "I'll see you later, Arthur, Remus, Sirius, Tonks."

Snape left without anyone even realizing it.

There was another stretch of uncomfortable silence after Snape left. Nobody seemed to know what to say and everyone was feeling

extremely weird seeing a thirteen year old Harry when they knew the fifteen year old Harry was in Privet Drive.

Harry wasn't feeling very good himself. He was stuck in some different dimension or world or whatever with Austin of all people and there were a number of people staring at him as if he was an alien from outer space. How he missed his private room in Hogwarts right now!

Finally the silence was broken by Sirius, who seemed to be itching to say something.

"How do you know who I am?" he asked.

"Sorry?"

"You just started your third year right?"

"Yeah."

"So how do you know who I am? In this world Harry finds out the truth about me at the end of his third year in Hogwarts. But you said you already knew me and you don't seem to think of me as a mass murderer."

"I got to know you at the end of third year? Back home you kind of saved my life before the start of the year."

"What!" exclaimed Sirius "I did!...How?"

Harry glanced at Mr. Weasley and Remus. They immediately understood he was uncomfortable around them.

"Well I think we'll see how Molly and your friend are holding up," said Mr. Weasley quickly. "They sure have been gone a long time," he said laughing nervously and dragged Remus out with him.

"Why don't you sit?" said Sirius.

"Yeah sure," muttered Harry and took a seat opposite him.

"How come you're not comfortable around Arthur but you are around me?"

Harry chose not to answer him but to ask one of his own questions.

"What happened in my third year in this world?"

Sirius was startled. "Well..." he began slowly, "After I escaped from Azkaban, I went to see you at Privet Drive."

He paused.

"I remember seeing you running from the house with your trunk. It certainly was a sight seeing you huffing and panting while lugging a heavy trunk behind you," he said with a laugh.

"I wanted to talk to you then but it was my horrible luck that you accidentally summoned the knight bus and boarded it."

Harry looked up sharply.

"Judging by the look on your face I don't think that's what happened in your world," he said quietly.

"No," replied Harry.

"What happened there?" Sirius asked hesitantly.

Harry didn't reply.

"If you don't want to tell me it's alright," said Sirius, a bit disappointed "But I hope you know that you can trust me."

"It's not that. I was just wondering how many differences are there between this world and my own," said Harry.

Harry paused.

"In my world... I was kind of attacked by the Dursley's and I retaliated with magic... .. causing a lot of damage to them.

I ran from the house under my invisibility cloak and somehow managed to reach the park where I collapsed."

Harry took a deep breath recalling that night.

"I was hurt pretty bad and had almost lost consciousness when I was I huge black dog coming towards me."

Harry was now staring into Sirius's eyes.

"The dog then turned into a man, much to my surprise and then I blacked out. That's how I met you and found out the truth."

"That's certainly not how things turned out over here," said Sirius with a laugh. "Though I am glad to know you caused a lot of damage to those pathetic muggles!" he said with a sudden grin.

Harry grinned too. "Glad you approve. The other you approved too."

"Ah... the other me... are you and I living together?"

"I spent my entire summer in this dump with you," replied Harry.

"And Dumbledore knew about that?"

Harry grinned again, "He still doesn't know where I spent my summer and I don't intend to let him know until that rat is captured. Speaking of which did you capture him!"

Sirius sighed. "No we didn't. He escaped the night you found out the truth and went back to Voldemort."

Harry looked horrified. "Is that how Voldemort came back? Pettigrew helped him!"

Sirius looked away from Harry. "Yes."

"Wait . . . If Pettigrew wasn't captured, that means you're still on the run!"

"That I am. But luckily Kingsley, the Auror you met is in charge of my manhunt and is feeding the ministry information that I am currently in Tibet," he said with a bitter smile. "The down side is Dumbledore doesn't want me to leave the house because he thinks someone could recognize me. And my big disguise is useless because little Peter would have told Voldemort all about me."

Harry eyes grew cold at the name of Dumbledore. "That man thinks he's doing what's best for everyone but he fails to realize that the others might want something else," growled Harry.

The only thing Harry forgot was he had told Sirius the same thing! Do not leave the house under any circumstances!

"He just wants to keep me safe Harry," said Sirius heavily "And he is right. I am a wanted man not only by the ministry but by Voldemort too... because if Voldemort captures me, he could make my Harry do anything he wants just to save me."

Harry's heart stung, when Sirius referred to this worlds Harry as his Harry. Right now talking to Sirius made him forget all about where he was. But that little sentence brought him back to reality. It reminded him how close he had grown to Sirius in the summer and how much he actually missed him.

"Anyway tell me more about your school life! I wonder if it's been as chaotic as our Harry's!"

Harry grinned. "How much has Dumbledore told you about me?"

"Not much. He just explained to us how you two had come to be in this world and told us you would be staying here for a while until he found a way to send you back. Though it took a lot of effort to convince everyone especially Moody."

"What do you want to know?" asked Harry.

"Well you are in Gryffindor that's for sure," he began but paused at Harry grin.

"You are in Gryffindor aren't you?"

Harry shook his head.

"Good lord, please tell me you aren't in Slytherin!"

"Sorry to disappoint. I am a Slytherin."

"How is this possible! I mean Lily and James were Gryffindor's and our Harry is a Gryffindor... but, but how!" demanded Sirius.

"It was the sorting hats choice not mine and besides I'm happy being a Slytherin, at least I'm not an idiotic Gryffindork."

"Hey," yelled Sirius indignantly. "Sweet Merlin," he said suddenly, "What if the sorting hat considered putting our Harry in Slytherin!"

Harry looked at Sirius in amusement.

"God I need a Firewhiskey," he muttered summoning a bottle to himself.

"Your reaction was exactly the same in my world," Harry said with a grin. "Only there was no other Harry there."

"Really? What did I do?"

"You offered me a sip of Firewhiskey."

Sirius gaped at him, "The thought just crossed my mind!" He paused, "Did you take it?"

"It feels like fire erupting in your lungs," he said, "Makes me sick actually."

"Hmmm! Wonder if Harry would take one if I offered him," he said thoughtfully.

The door leading to the kitchen suddenly opened and Mrs. Weasley came marching in. "Sirius Black, did you just summon a bottle of Firewhiskey!" she demanded.

"Err... no?" tried Sirius.

"Then what is that in your hand?"

"Oh this! Harry just offered it to me!"

Mrs. Weasley glared at Sirius who seemed to shrink in his chair. "Shame on you Sirius!" she yelled, "Drinking in front of a thirteen year old!"

"I don't see him protesting!"

"That is not the point! Accio Firewhiskey!" she said, summoning the bottle to her and marched back to the kitchen.

Sirius let out a sigh as soon as she had gone.

"Is she always like this?" asked Harry with a frown.

"Worse," muttered Sirius. "She's been at war with the house ever since she's arrived. Cleaning every room single handedly and making me help her too!"

"Why not just use magic?"

"Too dangerous," said Sirius, "God only knows what kind of creatures live in this house and how they would react to the use of magic."

Harry was laughing inside. They couldn't even do a little research and find a more powerful cleaning spell which could do the job within seconds! But he wasn't going to tell them . . . yet. He would have fun watching them clean this house barehanded!

"And she's also bringing Ron and Hermione over tomorrow, says she needs more help."

"No!" said Harry.

"Sorry?"

"Weasley and Granger are coming here!"

"Weasley and Granger?" muttered Sirius looking confused until it struck him. "You're in Slytherin and they're in Gryffindor!"

"Excellent detective work Sherlock," said Harry sarcastically.

"My god, here you are best friends and there you are enemies!" said Sirius with a grin. "I can't wait to see how they react when they meet you!"

Harry put his head between his hands, "I can imagine how happy Austin is going to be," he groaned.

"Austin? Wait . . . Don't tell me she's a Gryffindor too?"

"She is," grumbled Harry.

"Then what were you two doing together?" asked Sirius with a mischievous look on his face.

"Arguing, and doing nothing what you're thinking about."

Sirius laughed. "I still can't get over the fact you're a Slytherin! I mean how can a Potter be a Slytherin!"

"You'll get over it. . . In about a months time," grumbled Harry.

The kitchen door opened again and this time Lillian, Mrs. Weasley and Lupin walked in.

"Where's Tonks and Arthur?" asked Sirius.

"Went back to the ministry, they had work to do," said Remus. "I see you and Harry have been talking quite a bit."

"Yeah, just exchanging details about each others worlds," he said.

"Lillian here has been telling us the same," he said with a glance towards Harry.

"Really, what has she been telling you?" asked Harry.

"Nothing much just the differences, like your house for instance and the way events have played out in your world," said Lupin with a shrug and Mrs. Weasley glanced at Harry nervously.

"I see," said Harry indifferently, "Well I better go to bed," he said. "It's been a long day and I need some rest."

"Do you know where to sleep?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"I'll sleep in Regulus's room," replied Harry. "I'm sure Sirius won't mind."

"But, that room hasn't been cleaned," she said helplessly.

But Harry had already left the room.

"Don't worry about it Mrs. Weasley," said Lillian comfortingly, "He'll manage himself."

"Oh dear, I hope he gets along with Ron and Hermione," she said, looking worried.

Lillian snorted, "I'm looking forward to it, and his meeting with his other self."

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"Ronald Weasley! You better get down this minute else we shall leave without you!" screamed Mrs. Weasley. "Hermione and Ginny are already ready and we are just waiting for you!"

"Coming, coming, mom," yelled back Ron. "Pig just won't get into his cage!"

"I honestly don't know why he calls his owl a pig," huffed Ginny.

"I can understand why Ron calls him Pig," said Hermione with a snigger.

Ginny glared at Hermione shutting her up instantly.

"Ronald!" screamed Mrs. Weasley again.

There was a noise of something falling and seconds later Ron was sliding down the stairs cage in one hand and trunk in another.

"Finally," muttered Hermione.

"Alright listen up you three," said Mrs. Weasley, "Here read this piece of paper," she said handing them a small piece of paper.

"The order of the," began Ron, but Mrs. Weasley shushed him.

"Talk about it when we get there, anybody could be listening!"

Ron and Hermione exchanged a look.

"Now get into the fireplace and say the destination. And when you get there I want all of you to stay where you are and do not wander off! Do you understand!"

"Yes mother," muttered Ron and Ginny.

"Good, now hurry up dears," she said, "We're already late."

One by one all the Weasley's and Hermione disappeared through the fire place and found themselves in the darkest of houses they had ever seen.

"What the hell is this place?" muttered Ron.

"This is Sirius's parent's house," said Mrs. Weasley, the distaste evident in her voice. "Now follow me quietly. I don't want anything unpleasant to wake up."

"Unpleasant!" squawked Ron.

Mrs. Weasley just shushed him again and took them straight to the dining room where Sirius and the Weasley twins were waiting for them.

"Sirius!" exclaimed Ron and Hermione together.

Sirius just grinned at them. "How are you three," he asked cheerfully.

"We're fine," said Hermione, "We've just been worried about Harry."

"Ah, Harry," muttered Sirius suddenly becoming serious. "Now that's a complicated matter."

"Why what's wrong!" asked Hermione, "did something happen to Harry?" she asked urgently.

"No, no," he said hastily, "It's not what you think."

"Then what?" demanded Ginny, "Why did you get all serious when we mentioned his name?"

"Because my name's Sirius," he said jokingly. Unfortunately nobody laughed.

"Err.... I'll let your mother explain it to you," he said sighing.

Mrs. Weasley glared at Sirius. She clearly didn't want to be the one explaining the situation to the kids.

"Oh well, you all better sit down," she said wearily.

"What's going on mum?" asked Ginny nervously.

"Well since you are living in the headquarters now, I think you all should know an outline of what is going on before you decide to do so by other means," she said with a glance at Fred and George.

"Yesterday there was an accident at Hogwarts."

"An accident!" exclaimed the twins.

"Let me finish," snapped Mrs. Weasley. She took a deep breath and continued. "There was an accident which resulted in the most unimaginable outcomes. Only Professor Dumbledore knows how it happened exactly."

"Hermione, didn't you use a time turner in your third year?" she asked.

"Yes?" said Hermione slowly.

"Well according to Albus, there exist an infinite number of parallel dimensions or worlds... and each of these worlds are similar and dissimilar to our own."

All the Weasley's were confused but Hermione looked to be in deep thought.

"The theory of dimensional traveling," said Hermione.

"Yes," said Mrs. Weasley, "Well, apparently there was an accident in one of those worlds which has resulted in a Harry Potter and another girl traveling to this world."

Everybody's mouth dropped open. Sirius was quietly sniggering at there reactions.

"Priceless," he said to himself.

"What Harry's gone to a different world?" asked Ron.

"No you idiot, another Harry has accidentally traveled to this world!" said Ginny.

"But how?" whispered Hermione.

"Well there seems to have been an accident with your time turner. It apparently broke and some how they were transported to this world."

Hermione gasped.

"Wait a minute," said Fred.

"Hermione had a time turner in their third year?" asked George.

"Yeah," said Ron, "She was using it to attend three classes at once. Barking mad if you ask me."

"Blimey! Attending three classes at once! What possessed you Hermione?" said Fred.

Hermione blushed.

"This is not the time for this," snapped Mrs. Weasley. "Now I want you to behave yourselves when you meet Harry and Lillian. I don't want you to play any pranks or pick up any fights."

"Who's Lillian?" asked Fred.

"The girl who came with Harry."

"We've never heard of her," said Ron.

"That's because she doesn't exist in our world," said Sirius suddenly. "Harry is not the same as our Harry. In fact I didn't see any similarities between the two. That's why your mother wants you to

behave because we don't want any tension in the house. There's enough as it is."

"But its Harry," said Ron, "He's our best friend!"

"Not in his world," said Sirius quietly.

There was silence.

"What do you mean?" asked Hermione.

"You'll see, I really don't want to spoil the nice reunion," he said with a grin.

"What about this Lillian?" asked Ginny.

"She's nice," he said, "She's Ron and Hermione's best friend. You'll get along."

"What!" exclaimed the two together.

"And one more thing," added Sirius.

"What now?"

"They are in third year."

There was another round of silence.

"They are in third year?" repeated Hermione slowly.

"Yes, you had your time turner in your third year remember? They seem to have traveled to a world ahead of their own."

"Amazing," murmured Hermione. "When do we get to meet them?" she asked.

"Well Lillian is up and Harry is still sleeping," said Mrs. Weasley.

"Wait," said Ginny suddenly.

"What?"

"You still haven't told us why we are here and what the 'Order of the Phoenix' is."

"It's a secret society meant to fight Voldemort," came a voice from the door way.

Everyone turned sharply to find a very much younger Harry Potter leaning casually against the door.

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REVIEW!

Sorry for the delay but I hardly have time to write these days... I meant for this chapter to be much longer and have Harry meet Harry but I really wanted to give you guys an update...

If there are any error's in the chapter, please do mention and I'll fix them right away...

Next chapter we go back to our original universe and see the developments there... this is where everything changes!

Happy Christmas and have a gr8 New year!

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Chapter 21 – Settling in

"You still haven't told us why we are here and what the order of the phoenix is."

"It's a secret society meant to fight Voldemort," came a voice from the door way.

Everyone turned sharply to find a very much younger Harry Potter leaning casually against the door.

"Harry!" exclaimed Sirius.

Molly looked disapproving and the rest of the Weasley's and Hermione just stared.

"Hey Sirius," said Harry, "Where's Kreacher? I'm really hungry."

"Why do you want Kreacher?"

"For food... breakfast?" said Harry.

"Kreacher doesn't cook Harry," said Sirius with a frown, "He's a good for nothing house elf. Molly made some bacon and eggs though, they're in the kitchen."

"Oh, alright, thanks," he said and walked out, not even sparing the others a glance.

"Was that Harry!" asked Hermione.

"Yup, that's Harry of the other world!" said Sirius dramatically.

"He looks a little different," said Ron.

"Of course you idiot," said Ginny, "He's a thirteen year old Harry."

"Language Ginny!" scolded Mrs. Weasley.

"No, Ron's right," said Fred.

"What do you mean?"

"First of, he wasn't wearing his glasses, secondly he seems to be a little taller than our Harry at that age and thirdly, he looks much healthier."

Everybody gaped at the twins.

"What! We're very observant you know..." said George.

"Yeah, you have to be observant when you're planning pranks," added Fred.

Almost everyone laughed. But Mrs. Weasley was frowning at the twins.

"Wish you would use you're talents in better ways rather than playing pranks all the time."

Fred sighed. "Dear mother, playing pranks is a talent!"

"I agree!" said Sirius, grinning like a loon.

"Oh grow up Sirius," snapped Molly.

"Anyway, why do you think he's so different?" asked Hermione.

"Maybe those muggles he lives with took good care of him," said Ron.

Mrs. Weasley and Sirius snorted. "I doubt those kind of people can change in any universe," said Mrs. Weasley.

"Than why?"

"You'll have to meet him and kind out for yourself. I don't have a clue either," said Mrs. Weasley. "Anyway before you all start hounding him and asking him questions, I want you to find yourselves a room and settle in. I want it done in 15 minutes and I want you back here in another 20. Do you understand?" she said sternly.

"Yes, mum," grumbled all the Weasley's.

"Wait," said Ginny suddenly.

"What is it Ginny?"

"If this is a secret organization meant to fight Voldemort, then are we here to help too!" she said in an excited tone.

"No, you're here to clean up this house and stay out of everyone's way," said Mrs. Weasley sharply. "Now get going or else you lot will get no dinner."

All of them looked outraged.

"That's not fair!" cried Ron.

"Get moving now!" shouted Mrs. Weasley making them scamper.

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The Original World

Dumbledore was having the worst day of the year. News of Harry James Potter and Lillian Mary Austin's disappearance had spread throughout the castle and now he had just received a letter from the minister demanding an explanation before the news got to the Daily Prophet and speculations of Sirius Black being involved spread throughout the wizarding community.

Dumbledore sighed as he finished reading the letter. He knew that the minister didn't want any trouble from the Prophet regarding his failure to capture Black.

Getting up from his table he threw some floo powder into the fire place and called for Snape, Lupin and McGonagall.

One by one all three came out of the fire place in a swirling ball of green flames.

"What is it Albus?" asked Professor McGonagall.

"Well I called you here to talk about our current situation regarding Mr. Potter and Ms. Austin's disappearance.

"What happened to them?" asked Lupin, looking concerned. "All I know is that they were talking outside the charms classroom and then they were gone!"

"Please sit Remus," said Dumbledore kindly "That is why I have called you here, to tell you the whole story."

Lupin glanced at Snape and McGonagall, "Do they know what happened?"

"Yes," replied Dumbledore. "But that is not the problem. The problem is that people are asking questions and we need to come with a plan fast before anyone finds out the truth."

"But what happened!" asked Lupin.

"Are you aware that Ms. Granger was given a time turner to attend all her classes?" asked Dumbledore.

"No," said Remus, his eyes widening in shock.

"Day before yesterday, Ms. Granger slipped in the charms corridor and her time turner broke next to Harry and Lillian."

"Oh my god, don't tell me," whispered Lupin.

"Nobody knows what happened next but Harry and Lillian vanished and their whereabouts are not known," said Dumbledore with a sigh.

"You don't think they have gone back in time!"

"That is the only possible explanation," said Dumbledore. "And if that's what has happened Merlin only knows how far back they traveled too. The only thing we can do right now is wait and hope they find a way back."

"But they're thirteen years old! How in Merlin's name will they find a way back! It's impossible!"

"I know that Remus," said Dumbledore tiredly, "But that's the most we can do right now."

"Can't we get a time turner and try to recreate what happened! Maybe if we do that we can find a way to get them back!" cried Lupin.

Everyone was silent.

"Now why didn't I think of that?" muttered Dumbledore, sounding amused.

"Honestly," huffed Lupin.

"And how are we going to obtain a time turner?" said Snape with a sneer on his face. "Getting one for that Granger brat was hard enough and now you want one more, just to break it and see what happens?"

"We have to do something Severus," snapped Lupin.

"There's not much a werewolf can do Lupin, and personally I think we are better off without Potter."

"That's enough Severus," said Dumbledore quietly, preventing a confrontation between Lupin and Snape. "This is not the time to fight with each other. We have to give a statement to the school."

"Tell them Potter was foolish enough attempt a spell he had no idea about and he ended up splinching himself," said Snape irritably.

"Severus!" said McGonagall, looking shocked.

"Well it is an idea," muttered Dumbledore.

"Albus! You can't possibly tell the school that!" said McGonagall.

"No, no, of course not," said Dumbledore with a twinkle in his eyes. "Not the way Severus said it, but we could say something along those lines without lying too much."

Suddenly an owl swooped into the office and dropped a letter in front of the headmaster and flew away.

"That was a ministry owl," said Lupin.

"No doubt from Fudge," muttered Dumbledore as he opened the letter. His eyes grew somber as he read the letter.

"What is it Albus?" asked McGonagall.

"Fudge is coming here today, in about an hour's time. He wants to know what's going on and he's bringing the head of the department of mysteries along with him."

"Will you tell them the truth?" asked Lupin.

"Of course not, I'll tell them what Severus said. Harry was attempting to do a spell but unfortunately mispronounced it resulting in their forceful apparition from the castle. They were found just outside the castle wards in a coma and are in the care of Madam Pomfrey. Their condition is stable and they will recover in time."

McGonagall frowned disapprovingly. "What if he wants to see them?"

"Nobody is allowed to see them until Madam Pomfrey says so. Even I'm not allowed to see them," he said.

"Oh alright then," said McGonagall, her shoulders drooping in defeat. "Tell them what you want but we have to find a way to bring them back soon else sooner or later the truth will come out."

"I know Minerva," said Dumbledore, "And I have a plan."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

It was night time in Hogwarts and all the students were discussing was the disappearance of Harry and Lillian. The Gryffindor's blamed Harry and the Slytherin's blamed Lillian. The Ravenclaw's and the Hufflepuff's remained neutral.

But to everyone's surprise Draco Malfoy chose to keep quiet and say nothing about the incident! Most thought he didn't want to confront all the Gryffindor's together and others thought he was planning something big.

But all of them were wrong. For the past two days Draco was busy researching in the library, nobody knew what he was trying to find.

It was past nine and all the Slytherin third years sitting in the common room discussing what everybody was talking about, Harry's disappearance.

"Do you think he's going to be alright?" whispered Daphne.

"I'm sure he'll be fine," said Tracey, "And when he wakes up, I'm sure the truth will come out."

"The truth?"

"That, that Austin bitch was the one who tried to curse him and caused the accident!"

Draco rolled his eyes.

"I don't get it," said Blaise.

"Don't get what?" asked Nott.

"Harry's never done a spell wrong before. If there's one thing he's best at, its spell casting and I don't believe that he'd make such a mistake that would result in a forced apparition!"

"You think Dumbledore is not telling the full story?" asked Daphne.

"I don't know," said Blaise, "Hopefully we'll find out more once Harry gets better."

"Can't we visit him?"

"Dumbledore says no one is allowed to see them until they get better," said Draco with a shrug, "Very suspicious, if you ask me."

"Whatever, now I guess I can't ask him out to Hogsmeade."

All the boys stared at her, while the girls stared giggling.

"What!" exclaimed Daphne, "He is cute."

"Harry would have a heart attack if he heard you," muttered Blaise.

"And I'm sure he wouldn't refuse," she added.

"No, he would have shaved your head off and sealed your lips together," whispered Blaise to Draco.

"What did you say!" asked Daphne narrowing her eyes.

"Nothing, nothing, Slytherin queen," said Blaise airily. "Anyway guess I'll go to bed now."

"Yeah, me to," said Tracey with a yawn. "We got transfiguration first thing tomorrow."

"Coming Draco?" asked Nott.

"No, I'll just hang around here for a bit," he said, "You guys go ahead."

"Finally," said Draco, as soon as all his classmates disappeared. He dug his hands into his pocket and removed the broken time turner he found in the charms corridor.

"What the hell is it?" he asked himself for the hundredth time.

He had gone through a number of books trying to find out what the object was and hadn't got a single clue.

Sighing he put the broken object back into his pocket and headed out of the common room. All this thinking was making him hungry.

He went back to his room and found Nott fast asleep. Trying not to make much noise he opened his trunk and removed a shriveled looking hand. Nobody would be able to see him that way.

Quietly he sneaked out of the common room and made his way to the kitchen. There was not a sound in the castle; it was as quiet as a grave.

Very creepy thought Draco, a shiver running down his back.

Suddenly he heard someone talking. Who could be out here he wondered and made his way towards the voices.

As he went round the bend he saw Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall talking in low voices. He could barely hear them but didn't dare go any closer for the fear of Dumbledore catching him.

He saw the headmaster begin casting various spells on the wall. He didn't have a clue what was going on but he was sure it had to do with Harry and the Mudblood's disappearance.

"There seems to be a large concentration of magic here," said Dumbledore, after casting a number of spells.

"What does that mean?" asked McGonagall.

"It means that Harry and Lillian didn't vanish at the spot the time turner hit them, they went through the wall."

"What! How is that possible?" exclaimed McGonagall.

"I don't know but I have a few ideas as to what could have happened now."

"Albus, will they ever come back?"

"They will. I can guarantee that," said Dumbledore confidently.

"How do you know that," demanded McGonagall. "Just today morning you were saying you don't know how to bring them back and now you're confident they will get back! What are you hiding Albus!"

"I know they will come back because it has to be that way. If Harry does not return from wherever he has gone to, Voldemort will win."

McGonagall gasped, "What does You Know Who have to do with this?"

"Minerva, Voldemort might be in hiding right now but he will rise again. And when he rises, we will need Harry by our side."

"Why would we need him! He is just a boy, a wizard in training."

"Minerva, you've seen the power the boy has, and let me tell you that he is only one who can defeat Voldemort once and for all!"

"What are you talking about Albus!"

"What I am trying to say is- Harry must come back because it is his destiny to fight Voldemort! I have been monitoring Voldemort's activities closely and he is becoming stronger day by day! You know what happened in Harry's first year. Voldemort's return was only delayed! Sooner or later he will come back and this peace we have enjoyed for twelve years will soon end and the wizarding world will be in darkness again."

"If you're so sure he's going to return, why can't you finish him off once and for all! Do it while he's still weak!"

"You don't understand Minerva, Harry Potter is the only one who can defeat Voldemort."

"How do you know that!" demanded Minerva.

Dumbledore looked into professor McGonagall's eyes. "Because of a Prophecy made thirteen years ago."

"A prophecy," said McGonagall skeptically. "Albus you should know better than to believe that! There are no true seers these days. All you will find are frauds like our divinations professor!"

Dumbledore smiled at her. "Come to my office," he said. "I have something to show you."

Draco pressed himself against the wall, his heart racing faster than a Firebolt as the two professors went past him.

He was so confused! He hadn't heard their full conversation but he had heard enough to make him go into panic mode. Harry and the Mudblood had vanished from the face of the earth and not even the headmaster knew where they were! And to top it off the headmaster thought the dark lord was going to return to full power sooner or later!

He ran back to the common room, hunger forgotten. He had to inform his father about what he had heard. His father would know what to do!

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The Alternate World

"Hey Mom, why can't the house elf do all this work!" complained Ron.

"Kreacher is not right in the head Ronald," said Mrs. Weasley in a warning tone. "Don't waste your time talking and concentrate on scrubbing!"

"This is worse than detention," muttered Ron.

"You said it," grumbled Ginny. "Why can't we use magic to clean up this mess!" she asked her mum.

"Because it's too dangerous," said Mrs. Weasley irritably. "One more word from you and you'll be scrubbing the entire floor instead of one shelf!"

"Where's Hermione?" Ron asked Ginny.

"Don't know," muttered Ginny "Last I saw her she was in the bathroom."

"You saw her in the bathroom?"

"No you dolt, I saw her entering the bathroom."

"Oh," said Ron, his ears going red.

"Have you seen that Lillian yet?" asked Ron quickly.

"Yup, she was sleeping in our room."

"Oh! How does she look?"

"Don't know," said Ginny, "She was sleeping with the bed sheet over her head. We tried to wake her but she wouldn't budge. She still hasn't woken up."

On cue, Lillian entered the room. Her hair was in a mess and she was still in her night dress. Rubbing her eyes, she made her way to the kitchen unaware that there were four curious eyes following her movement.

"Was that her?" muttered Ron.

"Who else could it be?" said Ginny, "She's the only girl other than Hermione and me in this house."

"She looked really sleepy," said Ron with a snigger.

"And hungry," added Ginny, "Total Gryffindor material... did you talk to the other Harry yet?"

"No, mum says he's sleeping in a different room. She said he choose his own room and refused to let anyone share it with him."

"Huh, doesn't sound like the Harry we know does he?"

"Not at all, mum was mighty peeved with him but didn't say anything."

"So he's not in Gryffindor then," said Ginny.

"Why do you say that?" asked Ron, surprised.

"Use your head you moron. If he were in Gryffindor wouldn't he be friends with you and Hermione?"

"Not necessarily. Maybe we aren't such good friends in his world. Maybe him and Neville are best friends!" he said with a shudder.

"How come we didn't see them yesterday?"

"Don't know," he said shrugging. "Mum says they Harry spent the whole day in his room while Lillian was with Dumbledore."

"Why?"

"Don't know... that's what mum told me when I asked her."

"What are you two doing!" screeched Mrs. Weasley. "It's been half an hour since you started and you haven't even completed half the work!"

Ron and Ginny winced.

"Fred and George have already finished their work and you two are busy chatting!"

"We're hungry mom! How can we work on an empty stomach!" said Ron indignantly.

"You've already eaten Ronald Bilius Weasley," growled Mrs. Weasley.

Ginny sniggered.

"But I'm hungry!" he said, "We didn't have much to eat at all!"

"Yeah mum, we didn't eat much," added Ginny quickly.

Mrs. Weasley scowled. "Well go to the kitchen and eat your fill then," she said.

The two got up smiling victoriously.

"And after you finish eating we're going to tackle all the carpets," she said wiping the smiles off their faces.

"Well at least we can take our time eating," muttered Ginny, nudging Ron to follow her before Mrs. Weasley gave them anymore work.

"Why in Merlin's name is she on a crusade to get this house clean!" exclaimed Ron indignantly.

"She wants us to be working all day instead of causing trouble all day," said Ginny. "Take Fred and George for example, they've already taken a few weird bugs to experiment on for their joke shop!"

"They have?"

"Yeah, they wanted to test them on you bit I told them not to else you would go crying to mummy," she said, sniggering.

"I would not!" said Ron hotly.

"Yes you would."

"Would not..." said Ron, but his voice died out as they entered the kitchen.

"Hey," said Lillian cheerfully, munching on a piece of toast.

"Hey!" said Fred and George, "Lillian was just telling us about all the pranks we've played in her world," said Fred.

"And from her description about us, we're exactly the same!" said George.

"Ha ha, now move away from the toast before I hex you," said Ginny.

"And that is our dear Gin-Gin," said Fred with a sigh. "The spitfire of the family," added George.

Lillian giggled.

A yellowish purple ball zoomed towards George making him dive for cover.

"You're not allowed to use magic Ginny!" cried Ron.

"Oh shut up you coward," snapped Ginny. "Any magic done in this house cannot be detected by the ministry."

"How do you know that?" demanded Ron.

"Sirius told me. Now are you done talking George?" she said menacingly.

"You see why we're scared of her," Fred told Lillian quietly but had to duck as another ball came hurtling towards him.

"Don't listen to these morons Lillian, they're nothing but trouble."

"And you're not?" demanded George.

"I never get caught!" she said smugly.

"I don't know how you got sorted to Gryffindor with an evil mind like yours," said Fred, hiding behind Lillian.

"You're in Gryffindor!" asked Lillian, surprised.

All the Weasley's looked towards Lillian disbelief written all over their faces.

"Why are you so surprised?" asked Ginny.

"Well, that's because, umm... you're not in Gryffindor?" she said slowly.

"I am in which house then?" she asked.

"Err... the same house as Harry," she said quickly.

The Weasley's sagged with relief.

"For a moment I thought you were going to say I was in Slytherin," said Ginny with a laugh.

"Yeah, fancy that!" said Lillian laughing as well.

"Oh by the way," said Fred suddenly, "Which house is Harry in?"

Lillian froze. "He didn't tell you?"

"We haven't even met him properly yet," said Ron.

"Oh, well, he's in..."

"I'm in Slytherin," said Harry from the door. He certainly liked to make surprise entrances.

The day could not be full of anymore surprises for the Weasley's!

"What are you doing here," said Lillian, narrowing her eyes.

"Is it a crime to have breakfast," said Harry coolly.

"No, but you have a tendency of showing up at wrong places at the wrong time."

"So do you," replied Harry, "In fact you like to drag others into whatever shit you're into."

Lillian was about to retort when Ron interrupted.

"You're in Slytherin!" he said looking absolutely shocked.

Harry looked at him and smirked, "Yeah," he said.

"I'm in Slytherin!" squeaked Ginny, looking thunderstruck.

"You are," said Harry, "Very popular amongst us too," he added.

"W-what?" stammered Ron. "Ginny is in Slytherin?"

Fred and George stared at Harry. "You're world is so screwed up!" they said together.

Harry looked at them coldly, "I'd say it was yours that is so screwed up. Honestly, how in Merlin's name was I sorted into Gryffindork!"

Whatever doubts everybody in the room had about the Harry's evaporated that instant. All of them came to the same conclusion; this Harry was way different from their own!

Lillian sighed. "Trust Potter to start an argument," she thought.

"And why is that!" asked Ron hotly. Whatever excitement he had about meeting a different version had just vanished.

"Why is what?" said Harry. He was enjoying himself, he had been getting bored of being stuck in this house and had decided to irritate Lillian a bit but was even more glad when he saw the Weasley's with her!

"What's wrong with Harry being a Gryffindor or wait, you being a Gryffindor..." he said, his voice dying out as he tried to figure out what to call him.

"Because Gryffindor's are dumb," said Harry simply, "And I know that I'm not dumb."

"Arrogant," muttered Ginny.

"Oh hey Ginny, Forgot you were here. I honestly don't know how a person like you got sorted into Gryffindor!"

"How does it matter?" she said coldly.

"Oh, how nice to see you all bonding," said Mrs. Weasley, who had just entered the kitchen.

"Oh we were just talking Mrs. Weasley," said Harry sweetly.

"That's nice to hear," she said happily, "Now are you kids done eating?"

"Yes mom," muttered the Weasley kids.

"Good then I want you to get back to work. Lillian, Harry, would you be a dear and help them out to get this house clean?"

"Yes," said Lillian.

"No," said Harry.

Everybody stared at Harry in disbelief. Nobody had the guts to say no to Molly Weasley. No One!

"I beg your pardon?" said Mrs. Weasley.

"I said no, I'm not going to waste my time cleaning this house," said Harry, "I've got better things to do."

That said Harry walked out of the kitchen, a satisfied smirk on his face.

"The audacity of that guy!" burst out Ron.

"I agree," said Fred, "Who does he think he is!"

"I swear, he's nothing like our Harry," said Ginny indignantly, "This guy is just plain nasty."

"Like Malfoy," added Ron.

Lillian quietly listened to there conversation but inside she was fuming. "Why couldn't that moron just be polite for once," she thought, "The next time I see him, I am so going to knock the stuffing out of him!" she thought venomously.

"Why the pissed of look, Lillian," asked George, bringing her out of her thoughts.

"Oh nothing, was just thinking," she said, hastily.

"Thinking what?"

"Stuff," she said evasively, she didn't want to tell them she was thinking about ways to torture Harry!

Suddenly Mr. Weasley burst into the room. "I want all you kids to go to your rooms immediately," he said sharply.

"Why," asked Ron at once, "What happened?"

"Ron, just go to your room now!" he said firmly.

"But what happened!"

Mr. Weasley looked at them seriously and said, "Harry's just been attacked by Dementor's."

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Review!

Uploaded this chapter to give you all something to read...

The next chapter is going to be one action packed chapter...

Chapter 22 - Lord Voldemort shall rise again

Chapter 22 – Lord Voldemort Shall Rise Again

Suddenly Mr. Weasley burst into the room. "I want all you kids to go to your rooms immediately," he said sharply.

"Why," asked Ron at once, "What happened?"

"Ron, just go to your room now!" he said firmly.

"But what happened!"

Mr. Weasley looked at them solemnly and said, "Harry's just been attacked by Dementors."

-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-

Harry" was sitting in a corner watching Ron and Hermione pace around impatiently waiting for the guard to bring the other Harry back.

"How long are they going to take?" Ron asked impatiently.

"I don't know," snapped Hermione "I'm not a seer am I?"

Ron sniggered, "Yup, you're definitely not Trelawney."

Ron and Hermione continued arguing while Harry was lost in his own thoughts. He tried to deny it but he was a little excited to meet himself from another universe. He wondered how similar they would be even though his counterpart was in Gryffindor. There could be so much he could learn from him, he could improve his control over his element, learn new spells... the list was endless!

Mrs. Weasley entered the room quietly and called them down for dinner.

Everybody was quiet during dinner.

"Who all have gone to bring Harry?" asked Hermione, biting her lips.

"Moody, Tonks, Kingsley, Lupin and Diggle," replied Mr. Weasley.

"Why so many?" asked Ron, "Why not just use a portkey and bring him here?"

"Because if death eaters did send those dementors; then they could be waiting for us to go and bring Harry. Using a portkey or apparating would be too dangerous because the ministry can detect magic in and around Harry's house."

"So what if they can detect magic? It's not like Harry's doing it right?"

"The ministry can detect magic around Harry's house, but they can't detect who did it," said Sirius, "Harry already did the patronus charm which has gotten him into so much trouble already, any more magic detected around his house would get him expelled for sure."

"But he did it in self defense!" said Hermione "It's not like he did it because he was bored or something!"

"Fudge doesn't care Hermione. All he wants is to have Harry expelled and have him declared a lunatic because he says Voldemort is back."

"But you know who is back, said Ginny furiously. "Why do they want to deny the truth!"

"They are denying it because if they accept the fact that Voldemort is back then it would mean a shit load of work for them and the public wouldn't forgive them for letting this happen. Ultimately Fudge would lose his job," said Mr. Weasley.

"So this is all about being the minister?" said Hermione in disgust.

"Yes," replied Sirius heavily. "Fudge is too corrupted and blinded by power to see the truth. All he sees is gold and power."

Everyone relapsed into silence.

Soon dinner was over and everybody walked back to their rooms. Harry, Lillian, Ron and Hermione headed over to Ron's room to wait for Harry.

"Erm... Harry", Lillian," said Hermione.

"What?"

"Do you mind waiting in the other room? Not that we don't want you here, it's just that we don't want Harry to freak out seeing another Harry".

Lillian shrugged, "Sure, come on Potter," she said, beckoning him to follow her.

Harry" frowned and followed her out. He was hoping to shock the other Harry but knew that would be a bad idea.

Sighing he turned around and walked towards his room.

"Hey! Where are you going?" Lillian asked Harry".

"To my room," replied Harry".

"Well wait up then! I'm coming too," she said.

Harry" stopped and stared at her incredulously, "Why can't you go to your own room?"

"Hermione's trying some stupid experiment and she won't tell what it is and she doesn't want anyone entering in there for 3 hours."

"What kind of experiment?" asked Harry" curiously.

"Don't know, don't care," she said, "She's making some potion she found in one of the books here."

"Oh, I see," said Harry" with a frown. He wondered what kind of potion Hermione was making considering the fact that the Black library had books only about dark magic.

Lillian gasped as soon as they entered Harry's room.

"Your room is so clean!" she exclaimed.

"Of course," replied Harry", "I'm not going to sleep in a smelly, dirty, bug infested room am I?"

"This has got to be the best room in this entire house," she said in awe. "The whole room looks like it's just been dry cleaned or something! How come our rooms look like trash and yours is so... so nice!" she shot at him.

"Magic," replied Harry" with a smirk.

"Don't be a smart ass, Potter, just tell me already."

"Don't want to believe me don't. I've got a good room, that's all I care about," said Harry" with a shrug.

"But you can't do magic outside Hogwarts," she retorted.

"Not in this house, remember what the Weasley girl told you this morning."

"Magic can't be detected in this house," she said smacking her forehead. "God dammit! Why doesn't Mrs. Weasley let us do magic in the house! We could get so much practice."

Harry" smirked, "Whose asking you to listen to her? She's not your mother is she?"

Lillian lost her indignant look and her face became stony. Harry immediately realized his mistake.

"Sorry," he said, looking apologetic.

"It's alright," she said, "You don't have to apologize... especially you."

Harry" laughed. But it wasn't a happy laugh. It was just a laugh because of the irony of the situation.

"I listen to Mrs. Weasley because she makes me feel like I have a mom or rather she's my mom," she said quietly.

Harry" was silent. "How did she die?" he asked quietly.

"It was a car accident. We were passing through a village when there was an explosion, a transformer blew or something which causing our car to overturn. Mom suffered severe head injuries and

died. Dad was lucky though; he just broke his leg and had a few minor injuries."

She was silent for a while.

"Mum died because she was trying to make sure I didn't get hurt. She died protecting me... That's what dad says anyway," she said bitterly.

Harry" didn't know what to say. His mom had died protecting him so she could understand how she felt a bit.

"Do you remember anything?" asked Harry".

"Naw, nothing at all," she said, "I dream about it sometimes, but all I see is this multicolored wind coming towards us."

"A colorful wind?"

"A colorful wind," repeated Lillian. "What about you, since we are having such a depressing conversation, do you remember anything that happened the night you got that scar?"

Usually Harry" hated anyone asking his questions about his parents or scar, but he didn't mind telling Lillian. Maybe it was because he could relate to her in a few ways.

"Like you I dream about it sometimes," he said. "But all I remember is this green flash of light and this high pitched cruel laughter."

"Laughter?"

"Yeah laughter, probably that screwed up dark lord enjoying himself."

Lillian grimaced. "We're well rid of him, thankfully."

But that was not true and Harry" knew it. He knew he was destined to face Voldemort again and it was his destiny to defeat him. Sometimes he wondered why he couldn't just run away and live peacefully on some island in the middle of the ocean but he couldn't. He knew Voldemort would never stop looking for him, because the

dark lord would want revenge for what happened to him at Gordic's Hollow and if he didn't stop the psychotic dark lord then who would?

"Hey Harry"?" called Lillian, suddenly.

"What?"

"You used magic to clean up this room, right?"

"Yeah."

"You used your wand?"

"Of course."

"How come you didn't collapse this time?"

Harry" shrugged, "I didn't collapse but there was this forbidding buzzing noise in my head."

"Forbidding?"

"It was like it was urging me to get back to our world."

"Maybe that's because you think it is wrong to be here. Maybe it's just your subconscious mind talking to you," said Lillian.

"This is different," said Harry". He knew it was different because it felt like his wand was trying to talk to him but could not reach him because of some interference. But thankfully it was working just fine after his Hogwarts incident.

"Listen!" said Lillian suddenly.

They could hear someone's muffled voice through the walls. They opened the door and the muffled voice turned out to be someone yelling.

Lillian listened closely and then gasped.

"What?" asked Harry".

"I'd bet a 100 pounds that's your voice," she whispered, "Except the fact that it sounds a little rough."

Harry" listened carefully and if he didn't know better he'd say that he was hearing himself!

"Looks like the other me has arrived and he's not in a good mood," said Harry with a smirk.

"What to go and see him?" asked Lillian hesitantly.

"Let's listen to what he's yelling about," said Harry".

As they got closer, Harry's voice became clearer and clearer.

"WHO HAD TO FACE VOLDEMORT LAST YEAR? ME! ALL SUMMER I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET NEWS ABOUT WHATS GOING ON THROUGH THE DAILY PROPHET BECAUSE DUMBLEDORE MADE YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL ME ANYTHING!"

"Harry," said Hermione, her voice trembling, "We wanted to tell you what's going on but we couldn't! Dumbledore said it wasn't safe."

"Are you telling me Dumbledore doesn't have other means of sending a message?" Harry shot back.

Hermione hung her head.

"What is this place anyway?"

"Grimmauld Place, headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix," said Ron quickly, "It's a secret society meant to fight Voldemort."

"Well?" asked Harry.

"Err... Well what?"

"Voldemort!" he said furiously, "What's he been up to? Why hasn't the daily prophet been reporting any deaths!"

"Well we haven't exactly been involved in the order meetings," said Hermione, "But we have overheard a few things," she added quickly seeing Harry's furious look.

"The ministry has been denying the return of V-Voldemort," she said.

"Why! Didn't I tell Fudge I saw him come back to life!"

"Harry, the minister doesn't want to believe you and if you say you've been reading the daily prophet you'll know why."

Harry frowned, "Well I haven't been reading it word to word, just the head lines. I mean if someone has been murdered or the dark mark has been seen, it would be headlines wouldn't it?"

Hermione bit her lips, "Well the thing is... well they all believe what Skeeter wrote about you last year," she said quickly.

"What? I thought you caught that woman."

"The Prophet has been building on the base she left for them and nobody would be willing to believe what you say."

Harry sighed and punched the wall in frustration.

Ron and Hermione looked alarmed.

"Maybe you should calm down Harry," said Ron, in a small voice, not wanting him to erupt again.

Harry ignored him.

Ron looked at Hermione and waved at her frantically.

"What?" hissed Hermione.

"Tell him about the other Harry"," Ron hissed back.

Hermione glared at him. "You tell him!"

"What are you two whispering about," said Harry, harshly "More secrets?"

"N-no," said Hermione shooting Ron an evil look, "There's just something else we need to tell you."

"What?" asked Harry, narrowing his eyes.

Outside Harry" and Lillian stifled a laugh. "Here it comes," said Harry".

"Well about a week back there was an accident at Hogwarts," said Hermione nervously.

Harry eyes widened, "Don't tell me deatheaters attacked Hogwarts!"

"What! No, no!" said Hermione. "It was a different sort of accident."

Hermione took a deep breath.

"You remember what happened in our third year?" she asked him.

"How could I forget," replied Harry, "It was the year we rescued Sirius."

"Right," said Hermione, "Well, what if that time turner broke by accident, what would happen?"

"It would not work and we would not save Sirius," said Harry slowly.

"Or it would malfunction and send you somewhere you didn't want to go."

"What are you trying to say Hermione?" asked Harry tiredly.

"What's she's trying to say is another you from a different universe ended up in this universe because the time turner broke in his universe," said Ron.

Harry stared at Ron as if he were out of his mind.

"What did you just say?"

"Harry, what do you know about parallel universes," said Hermione quickly shooting a glare at Ron.

"Absolutely nothing."

Outside the room Harry" huffed with impatience, "Maybe we should just barge in and surprise him," said Harry".

"Don't even think about it," whispered Lillian, "god only knows how he'll react to seeing himself and we don't want any more accidents."

"Freckles using her brains," said Harry with a snigger, "Never thought I'd see such a day... looks like I turned out to be a good influence on you."

"The day you start influencing me is the day I die Potter," she growled softly.

Back inside the room Harry's mind was swirling with confusion.

"Hold on one second Hermione, you're telling me that there exists these infinite number of parallel universes and I from one of those universes got transported here by accident!"

"Him and another girl," added Ron.

Harry snorted, "Are you serious! Or is this some practical joke you guys have planned!"

"No, Harry! Its true, they're in the house right now!"

Harry stared at Hermione. "I don't believe it," he said shortly.

"And he's as stubborn as you," whispered Lillian to Harry".

"Maybe you'll believe it if you met them."

Harry frowned. This was unbelievable, thought Harry. How there possibly be another him in this world. But he knew Hermione wouldn't lie about such a thing and there was only one way to see if this wasn't a prank.

"So where are they?" he asked her.

"In the house, in a different room," said Hermione, sounding relived. "We didn't want you to freak out looking at your thirteen year old self in flesh."

"Do you want to meet them?" asked Hermione.

"I don't know," he said. "What would you do if you had to meet yourself?"

"Don't know," said Ron with a shrug, "Maybe you don't have to meet him at all, just keep avoiding him. He's a jerk anyway."

Harry frowned, "What do you mean?"

"Don't listen to him, Harry," said Hermione, "Just because he thinks the other you is a jerk doesn't mean you should feel the same until you meet him."

"That's not true, even Fred, George, Ginny and even Lillian think he's a jerk."

"Why do you think he's a jerk?" asked Harry.

"Because he is!" said Ron, "And because he's a Slytherin."

Harry froze.

"He's in Slytherin?"

"Yeah, can you believe it! I bet the sorting hat didn't even think twice before putting you in Gryffindor!" ranted Ron.

That's not true, thought Harry, the sorting hat had wanted to put me in Slytherin but I refused. If another me has really come from another universe then I get to see myself if I were in Slytherin.

Excitement started building up inside Harry; he didn't care whether the other Harry was a jerk or was like Malfoy, he just wanted to see how true were the sorting hats words when he said Slytherin would bring him power and greatness.

"Harry?" called Hermione snapping him out of his thoughts.

"What?"

"You spaced out for a couple of minutes. Are you alright?"

"Yeah I'm fine ... So where is the other me?" he asked lightly.

"Should I go get them?" asked Hermione.

"I think we should go to his room. I feel kinda weird calling myself here."

Hermione nodded but before either of them could move, there was a knock on the door.

Harry froze with anticipation.

The door opened and in walked Lillian and Harry".

Both the Harry's stared at each other, each having identical expressions of shock and surprise on their faces.

"Err... hey," said Harry, nervously.

Harry" just continued staring at Harry, analyzing his every feature and trying to make out any major differences between the two of them. . . . He could find none, except the fact that Harry looked a little starved, dirty and wore broken glasses.

"Hi," said Harry" finally. He could feel his stomach churning around in nervousness.

"Wow," said Harry with a laugh. "You look exactly like me, except for a few minor differences of course."

"Considering you are me, I doubt we would look much different," said Harry" dryly.

Harry shook his head, "I didn't believe Hermione when she said another me from a different universe had come here by accident, but now," he trailed off, his eyes landing on Lillian.

"Who are you?" he asked her.

"I'm Lillian," she said quickly, "err you don't know me here because I think I don't exist here or whatever but I'm with Harry", the other Harry". I was with him when the accident occurred, that's how I came here."

She said all this so fast that Harry barely had time to understand what she said.

"Don't mind her," said Harry" with a smirk. "She always talks like that when she's nervous."

"Nervous about what?"

"To meet you, you prat," huffed Hermione, "Don't tell me you weren't," she said tapping her foot on the floor.

Harry grinned and run his hand through his hair, "Well yeah I was, but not that much."

All this time Ron was sitting in a corner, watching the conversation play out. He decided it was time he stepped in.

"So who's your best friend in Slytherin?" he asked Harry".

Harry" frowned, "What's it to you?"

"Just curious," said Ron, "I mean if you were in Gryffindor, Hermione and I would have been your best friends. But since you're in Slytherin, I guessing it's Malfoy."

Harry looked towards Harry" waiting for an answer holding his breath.

"Well, you sure know me well Weasley," said Harry" with a sneer, thinking about all the painful ways to torture the red head.

Harry couldn't believe it. Malfoy was his best friend! The very thought was revolting.

"But contrary to your beliefs Malfoy is not my best friend and nor do I have any best friends," said Harry".

Harry sagged in relief.

"How did you get sorted into Slytherin anyway?"

"I could ask you the same thing," replied Harry "How did you get sorted into Gryffindor?"

Harry glanced at Ron and Hermione. He had never told them about the conversation he had with the sorting hat because he was scared about what they would think. But it was time to come clean, he thought. He was a true Gryffindor and pulling Gryffindor's sword out of the sorting hat had proved it. "I asked the sorting hat to put me there," said Harry with a shrug.

"You mean the sorting hat considered putting you in Slytherin!" asked Ron aghast.

Even Hermione was shocked.

"Yeah," said Harry, "In fact the sorting hat didn't consider it, he wanted to put me in Slytherin but I refused."

"Really!" said Harry, "Why did you refuse?"

"I was fortunate enough to meet Malfoy in Diagon alley," said Harry with a shudder.

"Ah, that explains it," said Harry, with a frown wondering if he would have done the same if he had met a person like Malfoy before going to Hogwarts

"So if you hadn't met Malfoy, you would be in Slytherin," said Ron oddly.

"I don't know. The sorting hat had a hard time choosing between Gryffindor and Slytherin, but I'm glad it decided to stick Gryffindor in the end," he said with a dry laugh.

"What about you?" Harry asked Harry. "Why did you choose Slytherin?"

"I didn't choose," said Harry. "I just never met Malfoy in Diagon alley like you did."

"Oh," said Harry, clearly surprised.

"Do you like being in Slytherin?" he asked after a pause.

"Of course," said Harry, "I'd prefer Slytherin over Gryffindor any day."

Harry was perplexed, "How could you want to live with those snakes!"

"That's the problem with you people isn't it," said Harry, shaking his head. "You can't even imagine that a decent person could be there in a house like Slytherin. Do you even know anybody apart from Malfoy and his cronies in Slytherin?"

Harry was silent, "No," he admitted after a while. "But I haven't interacted with any other decent Slytherin till date."

"And I haven't seen a single decent Gryffindor either," shot back Harry.

There was a knock on the door and Ginny entered.

"Oh, hey Harry!" she said brightly ignoring the other one. "I thought I heard your voice when you arrived."

"Hi Ginny," he replied, relieved that he didn't have to continue his conversation with Harry.

"Mum's calling you all downstairs. The meetings over and dinner is ready."

"Oh, great, Lets go down then shall we," said Hermione, eager to end the conversation before it turned too nasty.

"We'll talk later shall we?" said Harry lightly and followed Ginny.

"Yeah, sure," said Harry, a little cautiously. The tone in the other Harry's voice indicated that there was a lot more he wanted to talk about and his instinct told him it was going to be about their illustrious childhood.

"So what do you think?" asked Ron.

"Nothing yet," replied Harry. "I'm still trying to process the fact that I just had a conversation with a thirteen year old version of me."

Ron chuckled. "Come on hurry up, my stomach is crying for food."

"Isn't that always the case," said Harry with a laugh.

He got a smack on the head for that comment.

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The Original World

Draco hurried towards the shrieking shack as fast as he could. It had taken him a while to get rid of his classmates and he was already 2 minutes late for the meeting.

He reached the ancient haunted house feeling a bit scared but was sighed with relief when he realized his father hadn't reached yet.

"You're late," came the cold voice of Lucius Malfoy from behind him.

"Father!" said Draco, almost jumping out of his skin with fright.

"You were supposed to be here 5 minutes ago."

"2 minutes ago," he said dully.

Lucius narrowed his eyes. "Why is it that you wanted to talk to me face to face and is so important that you could not write about it in a letter?"

Draco shivered at the cold penetrating gaze of his father.

"How are you too, father?" said Draco coolly.

"Don't get smart with me Draco. I had to skip a meeting with the minister because you said you had something important to tell me. So make it quick."

Draco sighed. "Last week around the time Potter disappeared, I snuck out of the common room at midnight to get a snack," he began.

"And why did you have to sneak out at midnight?" asked his father.

"Why do you think?" asked Draco rolling his eyes.

Lucius narrowed his eyes dangerously.

Draco immediately wished he hadn't said that, it wasn't good to test his father's patience. "I meant I was hungry so I decided to go to the kitchen and have a quick snack!" he said quickly.

"Anyway, on the way, I was passing through the charms corridor and I heard Dumbledore and McGonagall's voice."

Lucius's eyes shone with sudden interest.

Draco looked pleased. "I hid in the shadows and saw Dumbledore casting a number of spells on the wall where Potter apparently disappeared."

"Maybe he was just trying to figure out how the accident happened Draco!"

"That's what I thought too, but then I heard McGonagall say there had to be a way to get them back!"

"Get them back?" said Lucius slowly.

"That's right," said Draco, excitement leaking from his voice. "And then Dumbledore says he has to come back because of some prophecy..."

"Prophecy!" interrupted Lucius sharply, "Are you sure he said that!"

"Positive, but that's not the end of it. He seems to think the dark lord is still alive and sooner or later he's going to come back," he said, the fear and excitement evident in his voice.

Lucius was silent.

"Father?"

"What?"

"Do you think the dark lord is going to come back?"

"I don't know and don't concern yourself with it," said Lucius.

"Why shouldn't I?" said Draco bravely, "Because if he does come back I am going to become a death eater and help him get rid of all the mudbloods!"

Lucius slapped Draco, knocking the wind out of him.

"Idiot boy!" he snarled, "Don't talk about things you don't know about. If serving the dark lord is your dream, then get it out of your head as fast as you can! Because if you do become what I had to become, then you are doomed to lead a miserable life until the day you die!"

Draco held his cheek, tasting blood in his mouth. "Then why do you serve him!" demanded Draco.

"Because the other alternative would be the death of our family," he said shortly.

Draco paled.

"I will do what I have to do to protect our family," he said firmly, "Even if it means bringing darkness over the entire wizarding world once again."

Lucius turned to leave but stopped when Draco called him again.

"What is it now?" he asked impatiently.

"I forgot to give you this," he said, removing a small packet from his robes.

"What is it?"

"I found it in the charms corridor. It slipped from Granger's hand and fell on Potter and the mudblood and that's when they disappeared."

Lucius opened the package found a broken hourglass.

"This is an hourglass Draco, an empty half broken hourglass. Don't tell me you didn't recognize it the moment you saw it!"

Draco was dumbfounded, "An hourglass?"

"Yes an hourglass. There's nothing special about it!"

Draco was tongue tied. He tried to say something but it wouldn't come out. "But, but, maybe it was something inside the hourglass that caused the accident!" he said desperately. He had honestly believed the hourglass was the answer to the mystery of Potter's disappearance.

"The only thing this hourglass can do is pour sand from compartment to the other!" growled Lucius dangerously.

Draco was stunned.

"I'm leaving, Draco," said Lucius. "Try not to embarrass yourself at school."

"Wait father!"

"What is it?"

"Are you going to find him?"

Lucius stiffened.

"See you in the summer Draco," he said and apparated away.

Draco stared at the spot his father disappeared. "Looks like a war is going to start again," he muttered and began to walk back to Hogsmeade, wondering if he had made the right decision in talking to his father.

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Alternate world

Harry couldn't sleep. His trial at the ministry was tomorrow or rather today, he thought, seeing it was well past midnight.

Sighing he got up and decided to go and have something to eat. He made his way downstairs quietly, not wanting to wake anything nasty and have everybody waking up.

"Why is it so damn cold," he said with a shiver, wishing he had covered himself up in more clothes.

"Why not just use your wand to warm yourself up?" said a very familiar voice from the couch.

"Harry".

"Hello to you too," said Harry" in amusement.

"What are you doing down here? It's almost two in the morning," said Harry.

"Couldn't sleep," he said, "What about you? Worried you might be expelled tomorrow?"

Harry sighed, "Yeah, something like that."

"Getting expelled for protecting your self," said Harry" smirking, "Wonderful way to leave Hogwarts."

"So you think I don't stand a chance?"

"I don't know if you stand a chance," said Harry". "But if what you told me about the ministry is true, they're going to try their best to snap your wand."

Harry shuddered, "Thanks," he said sarcastically, "You just made me feel a whole lot better!"

"You're welcome," said Harry", the corner of his mouth twitching.

"What happens to you?" Harry" asked Harry.

"What happens to me when?"

"What happens to you when the dementors get close to you?"

"You haven't been close to a dementor yet have you?" he asked his younger self.

"I have, but nothing happened to me. Everyone around me started shivering and looked like they were having a terrible nightmare but I didn't feel a thing except for a slight headache."

Harry stared at Harry" in shock. Was he hearing right? Dementors didn't have any effect on his counterpart! How was that even possible!

"You don't hear anything? No screaming nothing!" asked Harry incredulously.

"Well I did hear a little screaming but I thought it was someone in the train."

Harry couldn't believe this and the shock was clearly visible in his eyes.

"And going by your reaction, that is not what happens to you when you get close to a dementor," said Harry" slowly.

"No," said Harry after a while. "I... I hear mum screaming and pleading for mercy before Voldemort kills her. Sometimes I hear dad yelling at mum to take me to safety before Voldemort kills him too. Third year at Hogwarts was not very pleasant for me," he said with a shiver.

"You hear mum and dad?" asked Harry" strangely.

"Yeah, and I know what you're thinking," he added.

"And what do you think I'm thinking?"

"You're wondering what it would be like to hear their voices."

Harry" opened his mouth to say something but decided against it. "How did you guess?" he asked instead.

"Because I had the same thought. At times I would want to go close to a dementor just to hear their voices but listening to mum scream and plead for my life is not something I'd want to hear again and again," he said quietly.

"No, I guess not," said Harry".

"Damn its cold!" said Harry shivering violently. He stood up and went to the fire place and began to arrange the logs.

"Now where is the matchbox?" he said, looking around.

"You're feeling cold?" asked Harry".

"Aren't you?

"But what about your elemental power? Doesn't it help?"

Harry was lost, "My elemental power? What are you talking about?"

"You're not an elemental!" asked Harry".

"You're not making any sense at all mate."

"What the hell?" muttered Harry", "If he is me then he should have the same powers as me unless our strengths are different in different dimensions," he thought.

"Are you alright Harry"?"

"How different are we?" asked Harry" aloud.

"What do you mean?"

"I am a water elemental," said Harry". "I can control water and bend it to my will."

"No way!" exclaimed Harry, his mouth dropping open.

Harry" just made a ball of water float on his hand to prove it.

"And apparently you aren't," Harry" added.

Harry was still gaping at the ball of water floating in Harry's" hand.

"How are you doing that?" he asked in awe.

"Like I said, I am a water elemental in my world and it seems you don't have such a power. As to why you don't have it, I don't have a single clue."

"I have never heard of elementals before," said Harry, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Nor had I, until I discovered I was one," replied Harry".

There was a pause.

"I wonder what else is different between our worlds," said Harry. "I mean, I got sorted into Gryffindor and you in Slytherin. You apparently have this amazing power and I don't," he said, with a hint of envy in his voice.

"Why do you still live with the Dursley's?" asked Harry", changing the topic, "Why not with Sirius?"

"Dumbledore thinks I'm the safest at the Dursley's because of the blood wards," said Harry.

Harry" sneered in disgust. "Why do you have to listen to him! Sirius is your godfather not Dumbledore! He doesn't have any right to dictate where you live or don't live."

Harry shrugged, "Dumbledore has my best interests at heart," he said, "I'm sure he had his reasons for not letting me live with Sirius."

"Are you insane?" said Harry", in a deadly quiet voice, "That old fool doesn't care about you! He only does what he thinks his best from his point of view which is totally messed up!

Did he ever bother checking on us when we suffered at the hands of the Dursley's! Did he tell you about the vaults? Has he ever done anything that has not led you into danger!"

Harry's" eyes were glinting with anger and Harry was staring back at Harry" with equally hard eyes.

"What vaults?" asked Harry, once Harry" had stopped his rant.

The anger vanished and was replaced by astonishment.

"You don't know?" he said in shock.

"Don't know what?" asked Harry, looking annoyed.

"So this is what I'd have become if I were sorted to Gryffindor," muttered Harry".

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" asked Harry angrily.

"It means you're just a mindless follower of Dumbledore," said Harry", "just like the rest of this order."

Harry had his wand out in a flash.

"I've had enough of your nonsense," he snarled. Harry" didn't even bother drawing his own.

"Just because you apparently don't have a good relationship with Dumbledore doesn't mean it is the same for me. He has done a lot for me and I'm sure, if he hasn't told me until now he has good reason not to."

"Get that wand out of my face before I rip it out of your hands," said Harry" coolly. He couldn't believe this Harry wouldn't believe him. "Stubborn bastard," thought Harry. Just like you, said another voice in his head.

"Rip it from my hands?" said Harry with a laugh, "You don't even have your wand on you!"

Harry" sighed, "I guess you don't have another power I have or else you would have realized what is going to happen now."

Harry tightened the grip on his wand.

Harry" raised his hand and Harry's wand was wrenched out from his hands.

"What the!" exclaimed Harry.

Harry" smirked as he caught the wand. His smirk turned into a frown when he looked at the wand closely.

"Another thing different in this world," he murmured.

"How the hell did you do that!" demanded Harry walking towards his counterpart furiously.

Harry" just raised his hand and Harry found he couldn't move. He was literally stuck where he was.

Harry" turned his palm upwards and Harry floated up and began to move towards Harry".

"W-what are you doing!" said Harry, panic creeping into his voice.

"Ssshhh," said Harry" softly, "We don't want to be waking the entire house now do we?"

"How are you doing this!" said Harry again, trying to force some confidence into his voice.

"This is something I learned I was capable of when I was four... moving things with a wave of my hand that is."

Harry" moved closer to Harry who was still afloat and was looking at Harry with a little fear in his eyes.

"You know, I was very curious to meet you at one point but now I'm just plain disappointed."

"Glad to hear that," spat Harry, anger and helplessness bubbling inside him.

"You're nothing compared to me," he continued, ignoring the interruption. "You don't have any elemental ability, nor do you have this ability and your wand is nothing special as compared to mine."

Harry" sighed and let Harry down and threw his wand back at him which Harry caught deftly.

"Maybe someday you'll realize that Dumbledore is not always right and you'll learn to think for yourself and not let that old man think for you," he said and turned back to head to his room.

"Stop," said Harry.

"What is it?" asked Harry" shortly.

"Why do you hate Professor Dumbledore so much? I agree that leaving us with the Dursley's wasn't the best of his decisions, but he didn't have a choice. They were the only family we had left. I don't know why he hasn't told me about having more vaults but maybe he was waiting to tell that to me when I came of age."

Harry" laughed. "Stop defending him. I don't hate him, I just dislike him and dislike the fact that he keeps trying to poke his nose where it doesn't belong. Have you ever seen him do the same with any other student apart from you? Are you telling me that they aren't any other students in the school who need protection from Voldemort?"

The expression on Harry's face said it all.

"I thought so. And do you really want to know the reason why Dumbledore hasn't told you about the vaults?

It's because Mum and Dad's will is there in them along with a number of ancient and rare books and a number of rare magical artifacts."

Harry's mouth dropped open. "Mum and Dad's will?" he whispered.

"That's right," said Harry", "A will which clearly states that our parents wanted us to live with a good family. And the Dursley's cannot be classified as a good family can they?"

Harry couldn't take it anymore. He collapsed on the couch staring into the darkness surrounding them.

"Do you realize now?" said Harry", "That you're nothing more than a chess piece to Dumbledore. And Dumbledore is the player. One side Dumbledore and the other side Voldemort."

"But then this is what the Dumbledore in my world is like. Maybe yours is not so bad but I doubt it."

"You could be right but you could also be wrong," said Harry. "Judging by the major differences between us, maybe there are a lot of differences in the world too."

Harry" snorted. "Somehow I think the differences are only limited to you and me. Everything else seems the same to me. Weasley is still a moron, Granger is still a bookworm and a pain in the butt, even Dumbledore seems the same to me but there is only one way to find out."

Harry frowned at the description of his friends.

"And what way is that?"

"Ask the goblins or ask Dumbledore himself," said Harry" simply.

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"Let's just forget about the vaults for the moment shall we. I have a few questions of my own for you," said Harry.

Harry" was taken aback, he wasn't expecting that at all.

"Questions?" asked Harry".

"Yes questions."

"Like what?"

"Like why you referred to my wand as nothing special."

"That's because it's not the same as mine," said Harry" easily.

"And yours is?"

"Absolutely."

"Why is that?"

Harry" sighed, "Why don't you see for yourself?" he said and summoned his wand.

Harry looked at the wand and then back at Harry". "It's beautiful," murmured Harry looking at the wand. "Mind if I hold it?"

"You can try," said Harry" with a grin.

Harry tried to hold the wand but it simply vanished and appeared in Harry's" left hand.

Harry blinked. "Okay, what was that?"

"Nobody can touch my wand except for me," said Harry". "Making a long story short, this wand is as old as magic and it will work for no one except one who is more powerful than its owner."

Harry paused for an effect.

"It recognized me as its new owner when I placed my hands on it."

Harry looked at his younger self skeptically. "As old as magic?"

"That's just an expression for how old it is."

"And how do you know it is that old?"

"Because Ollivander told me."

"Mine doesn't compare to the history of your wand but it's special too," murmured Harry, trailing his fingers down the length of his own wand.

Harry" raised an eyebrow.

"It is the brother wand to Voldemort's wand. Holly and phoenix feather, eleven and a half inches. Brother to the wand that gave us that scar."

"Holly and phoenix feather? Eleven and a half inches?" repeated Harry".

"Yeah"

"Bloody hell! Lillian has the same wand!"

It was Harry's turn to raise an eyebrow. "The same as mine?"

"Yeah, I remember Ollivander telling her that it was the wand that gave me this scar."

Harry groaned, "Your world is just screwed up!"

"I'd say it's this one that's so screwed up," replied Harry" with a grin.

They relapsed into silence for a while, each lost in their own thoughts.

"There's one thing I'd like to talk to you about though," said Harry suddenly.

"What is that?"

Harry hesitated wondering if he should tell him.

"Your apparent obsession with power," said Harry finally.

Harry" narrowed his eyes, "What's that supposed to mean?"

"When you disarmed me and had me literally at your mercy you said some things."

Harry" tensed.

"Maybe they were true, but the way you said it and the glint in your eye when you said it reminded me of someone I don't need reminding off."

Harry" had a sense of déjà vu'. A conversation he had with Dumbledore flashed to the front of his mind.

"You reminded me of Tom Riddle when I faced him in our second year."

"I. Am. Nothing like him," ground out Harry" clenching his teeth.

"I didn't say you were, but you should realize that power isn't everything. The more power you have the more liable you are to loose yourself to darkness," said Harry. "That's what made Tom Riddle become Lord Voldemort... I think."

"And you're saying being powerful is not worth it?"

"No, that's not what I'm saying. All I'm saying is there are things more important than being all powerful. Like friendship," he said.

"You sound like the old man," said Harry" grumpily. "And here I was hoping to be rid of his wise words."

Harry laughed. "I'm serious," he said. "Back there you could have just disarmed me and told me what you think about Dumbledore but instead you held me in place and decided to belittle me and prove yourself to be more powerful."

"You started it," said Harry". "You're the one who pointed the wand at me."

Harry's cheeks turned red, "Yeah, well, I have a problem keeping my temper in check," he said.

"Typical Gryffindor," muttered Harry". "Practically wear their emotions on their sleeves."

Harry chose to ignore that comment.

"Look at the time," said Harry". "It's almost four and you have a trial at ten."

Harry groaned.

"It's alright," said Harry" sympathetically, "If you do get expelled you can live here and help Kreacher with the house work."

"Yeah, that makes me feel sooo much better!" said Harry sarcastically.

"Get some sleep Harry, you'll need to stay awake at the trial," he said and walked towards the stairs.

Harry" stopped near the bottom of the stair and turned back. "Good luck," he said and walked out of sight.

Harry looked at the fire place with a weird look on his face. "Did I just give a pep talk to myself?" he wondered.

Shaking his head he walked back to his own room, the sound of Ron's snores guiding him in the dark.

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Original World

Lucius Malfoy walked with angry strides through the forests of Albania.

He was tired, had been attacked by a huge snake which he decapitated, had fallen into a bush which made him itchy all over and his hair had a number of twigs and leaves sticking out of it but he didn't stop.

He was on a mission and he was not going to leave until he found what he was looking for.

He went on and on until suddenly he realized that he could no longer hear the voices of the animals and birds that he had been hearing all along. It had become unnaturally silent and there was no wind either.

Lucius knew he was close. Gathering up his courage, he moved ahead. It steadily darker as he went deeper into the forest and he kept finding the bones of various animals scattered around. It was freaky.

He carefully avoided stepping on the bones of the dead creatures as he ventured further in. Suddenly he heard a slithering noise beside him and before he could when lift his wand a huge snake wrapped itself around him up till his neck and began crushing the life out of him.

"Leave him Nagini," came a hissing voice from behind him and he knew at that instant he had not found Lord Voldemort. Lord Voldemort had found him.

The snake uncoiled itself leaving Lucius gasping for breath. Lucius turned around slowly and his eyes widened in shock.

"Forgetting your manners Lucius?"

Lucius immediately dropped to his knees. "Forgive me My Lord," he said quickly, hiding the disgust he felt at the creature in front of him.

"I disgust you Lucius?"

"No My Lord! I just..." he said but his voice died out seeing the red eyes of his master.

"Does this form of mine disgusts you Lucius?"

"N-no."

"Do not lie to me Lucius, for it disgusts me too."

"My Lord, I have come to help you rise again," he said bowing his head.

"Help me rise again..." said Voldemort mockingly. "How long have I waited for one of my faithful followers to come and find me but none came. So tell me Lucius, why are you here now when you could have come here 12 years ago?"

"I believed you to be dead My Lord. It was only recently that I found out that you were well and I immediately set out to find My Lord and prove that my loyalty hasn't wavered."

There was silence.

"Loyalty Lucius?" hissed Voldemort dangerously.

"Wormtail!"

A small balding fat man came shuffling out from behind a tree. His eyes darted to Voldemort and Lucius fearfully.

"Y-you called M-m-my Lord?"

"Lucius says he's loyal Wormtail," hissed the Dark Lord. "Loosen his tongue and let us hear the real reason why he is here."

"Crucio!" shouted Wormtail, his eyes glinting maliciously.

Lucius's screams filled the air.

"Stop," said Voldemort after a few seconds.

"Now Lucius, the real reason why you set out to find me."

"T-to be in your good graces when you come back to power my Lord," gasped Lucius.

"You abandoned me Lucius and Lord Voldemort does not forget nor forgive mistakes so easily. Wormtail here has already received his share of punishment haven't you Wormtail?"

Wormtail just shuddered and scurried back behind the tree.

"But you did come back to me Lucius and you shall be rewarded fittingly. And I am glad you have come for now I can put my plans into action much faster."

"I await your commands My Lord," replied Lucius swiftly.

"Good," hissed Voldemort, a pleased expression on his mutilated face.

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"Very Good."

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REVIEW!

How did you like the changes?

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Chapter 23 – Come back Soon

Original World

Albus Dumbledore was pleased. He had finally managed to recreate what had happened in the charms corridor and was a step closer to finding out what happened to his two students and to figure out if there was a way to bring them back.

Smiling gently he lifted his wand and pointed it at the highly volatile sand lying in a small glass in the centre of his office.

He threw a quill into the glass and muttered a spell under his breath.

Instantly the sand began to vibrate and cover the entire quill and then it was gone. It was as if it was sucked into a black hole.

But another second later, the quill reappeared a few meters away from the glass like it had never been moved in the first place.

Dumbledore smiled at his accomplishment. He had just discovered another way to travel. Now all that remained was to find a way to determine where the sand would send an object or a person if not protected like the quill.

The only reason the quill had not traveled to a place he could not locate was because of the immensely complex wards he had placed in an 8 meter radius around the glass. The wards in simple terms allowed things to enter but not exit, not even a phoenix could flame out if trapped in these wards. It was something that Fawkes had led him to discover and he was the only one that knew about them. After all, the knowledge of such wards could be very dangerous in the wrong hands.

A knock on his door snapped him out of his thoughts.

"Come in Severus, Minerva," he said cheerfully.

"What are you up to Albus?" asked professor McGonagall on seeing Dumbledore with his wand pointed at a quill.

"Just an experiment," he said, his eyes twinkling. "One which has just made our search for our missing students much more clearer."

McGonagall's eyes widened while Snape just looked irritated.

"Albus!" she began but was interrupted by an irate potions master.

"Albus," he ground out, clenching his teeth. "I need to talk to you in private."

Dumbledore, sensing the urgency in Snape's voice told McGonagall that he would talk to her later.

McGonagall just pursed her lips and walked out without another word.

"What is the matter Severus?"

"I received a letter from Lucius Malfoy requesting me to visit him earlier this day."

"And did you go?"

"Yes," replied Snape. "He requested me to bring him some ingredients to prepare some kind of potion."

Albus raised an eyebrow. "I take it the ingredients are not so easily found."

"Worse," sighed Snape. "They are all used for extremely dark potions and if the ingredients he has asked for are to be used in the same potion then I can think of only one such potion."

"Which is?" asked Dumbledore, uneasily.

"A potion to merge souls," said Snape looking straight into Dumbledore's eyes.

Dumbledore sighed and sank into his chair.

"So he's finally coming back then," said Dumbledore wearily.

"Lucius does not know what the ingredients are used for and I am sure the dark lord never intended for him to come to me for help," replied Snape.

"But why did Voldemort choose to find Lucius? I know for a fact that he's too weak to travel for long distances unless he has help and I just had confirmation that he was still in the forest of Albania four days ago."

"That's because the dark lord never went looking for Lucius. He'd never go to anybody for help. It's because Lucius himself decided to find the dark lord. And this was because of something his son told him. Something about a conversation he heard at school and something about a prophecy," said Snape in an accusatory tone.

Dumbledore paled. "How is that possible? I had put up privacy wards around the area and several charms to make sure no student came wandering around while I was there!"

Snape gave a bitter smile, "Lucius gifted his son an artifact which lets you eavesdrop on conversations. It let him listen to whatever you were talking about with Minerva and prevented him from being detected by you. On a brighter note he didn't hear anything clearly but clear enough to make him tell his father."

Dumbledore closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"The balance is shifting Severus," said Dumbledore solemnly.

"What do you mean?"

"Ever since Harry" has disappeared, there has been a sudden increase in dark activity."

"What do you mean!"

"Look around you Severus. In the past week there has been an increase in werewolf sightings, vampires are suddenly showing themselves more often, even the centaurs have been extremely restless. Just yesterday Hagrid told me they kept giving him funny warnings. He said they kept going on about doomsday and things like that."

A shiver ran down Snape's back. "So what does this have to do with Potter?" he asked.

"What does this have to do with Harry! Severus, that boy is the only one who can vanquish Voldemort for good! We do not realize it, but there has always been a balance between the two sides of magic. Every time a dark lord rises, there was always someone to destroy him. It was me during Grindelwald's time; it was Gryffindor during Slytherin's time and now it is Harry's turn during Voldemort's time."

"I've already told you I don't believe that prophecy Albus," said Snape stiffly. "If anybody's going to defeat the dark lord, then it's going to be you."

Anyway I have told you what I have discovered and I want to know if I should give Lucius the ingredients or not?"

"Give it to him," said Dumbledore after a while. "That way I think you can gain Voldemort's trust. Also inform Lucius you know about the potion and you want to help. I'm sure he will not refuse your offer knowing that you are one of the best potion masters in the country."

"I never thought I'd be doing this again Albus," said Snape with a sigh.

"You and I both knew it was bound to happen sooner or later Severus," said Dumbledore gently. "We knew that the peace was not to last forever and the time would come when we would be at war again."

Be strong Severus, for darkness is about to cloud the world again."

Severus sighed irritably, "Must you always be so dramatic!" he demanded.

Dumbledore gave an apologetic smile, "It comes with the job."

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Alternate World

Harry" was irritated. He absolutely couldn't stand being surrounded by all the Weasley's and the worst part was carrot tops mother kept trying to mother him and he didn't like that one bit!

Cursing under his breath he glared at everyone in the room even if they had done nothing to set him off.

Hermione kept rattling on and on about ministry laws to no one in particular, Ron kept staring at Hermione, listening to her with rapt attention.

The twins and Ginny were lying flat on the floor with something pink stuck in their ears which had a barely visible thread leading into the next room.

Lillian was busy talking to Lupin about god only knew what.

"Die," someone suddenly whispered into his ears menacingly.

Harry" jumped and spun around, his wand pointed at the source of the threat.

All he found was his mad godfather rolling on the ground laughing like there was no tomorrow.

"Your face!" he said gasping and trying his best to stop laughing. "Priceless!"

Harry's" eye twitched in annoyance. "Black," he said in a deadly calm voice. "You have 3 seconds to run."

Sirius's eyes widened as he scrambled up and ran out of the room as fast as he could.

But it was too late. Harry's" spell hit him in the back and he fell flat on the floor.

"You said 3 seconds!" he said groaning as he stood up. "What spell did you use?"

Harry" just smirked.

Sirius looked around and saw everyone staring at him with wide eyes.

"What?"

Just then Tonks walked in looking extremely haggard.

"Wotcher all," she said tiredly and then her eyes got stuck on Sirius.

"Oh, my god Sirius!" she shrieked.

"What, what!" he said panicking.

"When did you grow breasts!"

Sirius looked down and indeed saw that his chest was bigger than usual. He jumped and felt them jiggling.

His face grew red and the entire room burst out laughing.

"Where did you learn that spell Harry!" asked the twins excitably.

Harry just leaned back into the chair with a satisfied smirk in place.

"So, you want to mess with me again Sirius?" he said.

Sirius just smiled in return. "You've just started a war Harry," he said, rubbing his hands together. "And you're going to learn why we were the greatest pranksters in the history of Hogwarts."

"I can see your tits, Sirius," said Tonks suddenly. "You might want to consider wearing a bra!"

There was another round of uncontrollable laughter.

"Stop staring at them," he whined, folding his hands.

"I'll get rid of them for you Sirius," said Hermione. "It's just a variation of the enlarging charm."

Harry raised an eyebrow. Did she really think he'd use such an obvious spell! He just smiled and decided to watch their attempts at removing Sirius's assets.

"That's strange," muttered Hermione, "The counter curse is not working."

Sirius stared at her helplessly, "Does that mean I'm stuck with these!"

Lupin chuckled, "Move aside Hermione," he said gently. But even his efforts were useless. Frowning he cast another spell and his eyes widened in shock.

He turned towards Harry", "You changed the levels of hormones in his system and completely changed their behavior in that region!" he exclaimed.

Harry" smirked, "Something like that, yeah. But it's more complicated than that. I replaced his hormones in that region with those similar to a woman and cast another aging spell which caused them to grow. So if Sirius were a woman, that's how his chest would be at his age."

Harry" turned towards Hermione, "You're rather stupid to think I'd use a spell that could be removed so easily. There'd be no point in casting it in the first place."

Hermione turned red, while Lupin and Sirius looked at Harry" in awe. The rest just looked confused and amused.

"That... where did you learn how to do that!" asked Lupin.

"Trade secret," said Harry".

"So how do you undo it!" demanded Sirius. "I don't want to remain like this for the rest of my life!"

Ginny giggled.

"I'll remove them on one condition," said Harry".

"If you want me not to prank you then forget it," said Sirius childishly.

Harry" just walked up to Sirius and whispered something in his ear.

Sirius's eyes widened in shock and then lit up with glee.

"It would be my pleasure Harry". I can't believe you actually asked me!"

"I do a lot of unexpected things," said Harry" with a grin.

"Now remove these," said Sirius.

"I will," replied Harry". "Only after the other me takes a look at them."

"Fine!" said Sirius throwing up his hands. "I shall parade around looking like half man and half babe. If I can't hide it, then I'll flaunt it."

"Good luck with that," said Harry" with a grin.

"Wait Sirius!" said Fred suddenly.

"What did you mean when you said you were the greatest pranksters in the history of Hogwarts?" asked George.

"You should know that Forge and Gred are the greatest pranksters in the history of Hogwarts!" said Fred.

"Except for the marauders though," added George.

"Except for the marauders," agreed Fred.

Sirius and Remus shared an incredulous look before breaking out in laughter again.

"May we ask what is so funny!" asked Fred.

"Hey Moony, how do you think they know about us?" asked Sirius.

"Maybe they found our map," replied Remus. "James had hidden it in Filch's office so that no one would find it!"

Fred and George were staring at the two marauders with varying degrees of disbelief and shock.

"Are you saying," began Fred.

"That you are the incredible marauders?" said George.

"Who have inspired us ever since we found the map in Filch's office!" said Fred.

Remus and Sirius bowed. "They very same," they said in unison.

Fred and George literally had tears in their eyes.

"Our mentors," they began. "Our heroes, our inspiration"

With each word they took a step closer to the two marauders, who looked extremely pleased with themselves.

Suddenly the twins threw themselves at the two adults and grabbed their feet and held it close to them.

"Please teach us!" they wailed, "Help us learn new tricks and ways of pranking!"

Remus and Sirius were certainly not expecting this and tried their best to get out of the twins grip.

"What is going on in here!" screeched Mrs. Weasley.

Harry" rolled his eyes. Trust the woman to ruin the fun, he thought.

Fred and George stared at their mothers with wide eyes but still clung on to the two marauders who were struggling to free themselves.

"Let Remus and Sirius go at once!" she yelled.

The twins exchanged a look and let go.

"This is not the end," said George.

"We will corner you when you least expect it and make you spill all your secrets," added Fred.

"Oh my god!" screeched Molly again dropping the plate of cookies she had in her hands. "What in Merlin's name happened to you Sirius?"

Sirius frowned and then glared at Harry". "Harry" decided to grow breasts on me," he said.

Mrs. Weasley stuttered and then rounded on Harry". "How dare you use magic in the house young man, you know you aren't supposed to until you are of age!"

Harry" just raised an eyebrow. "And who are you to stop me?" he asked her politely.

Mrs. Weasley spluttered and then narrowed her eyes at Harry". If it were any other Weasley they would be cowering in fear but Harry" just stared back at her impassively.

"That is not the point! What if the ministry found out! You would be expelled from Hogwarts. Is that what you want?"

Harry" just smirked, "I'm not from this world so I don't stand the risk of being expelled. Secondly this house is under the fidelius charm so magic won't be detected by the ministry and thirdly, you are not my mother and I won't take any orders from you. So don't bother trying to discipline me as you do with the rest of these idiots."

That said he turned his back on the stunned woman and headed back to his room.

"I'll remove those lovely assets when Harry" gets to see them Sirius," he said as he left.

As soon as he was out of the room he punched the wall in frustration. "Damn that bitch for ruining my mood," he said in anger. For once he was having a good time watching the twins act the fool and then she had to come and ruin it.

Taking deep breaths, Harry" tried to calm himself and made his way to the cellar instead of his room. He needed to cool his head and blasting things would certainly make him feel good.

He entered the cellar and immediately locked the door with various locking charms which couldn't be opened with a simple alohomora.

He went to the other end of the cellar and tapped his wand thrice on the third brick from the bottom left.

The bricks suddenly rearranged themselves to reveal a small room behind it. Inside was a table and a small shelf with two to three thick

books. There was also an orange ball of light hovering near the roof providing the room with enough light.

This was a room Harry" had created for his study of the things which he didn't want anybody to know about.

He collapsed into his chair and leaned back stretching his arms.

His table had a few papers on it, along with the things he had on him when he came to this world. There was Slytherin's ring lying innocently in a glass casing and there was the letter Blaise wrote to him regarding the Mona Lisa. He picked up the ring and after examining it closely he slipped it in his pocket.

He was rather proud of his room as it had taken him a lot of time and patience to perfect the spell to conjure space within space. In reality the room wasn't supposed to be there as there wasn't anything beyond the wall. It was a room created within the wall itself and enlarged by magic.

Sighing he wondered how Harry was doing. Whether he was expelled or was he cleared. Frankly he didn't care. All he was worried about was getting back home in one piece.

"Damn it," he growled, running his hand through his hair messing it up. He didn't know why he was so frustrated but he just was. He summoned a book from the shelf with the title 'Time Travel'. Out all the books he had looked through in the Black library, not a single one had even the slightest details about dimension traveling. All they said was traveling through dimensions was simply a work of fiction and there was no real proof of alternate dimensions even existing.

"And I suppose I'm just dreaming am I?" he grumbled.

He rubbed his scar absently flicking through the book in hopes of finding something but to no avail.

He glanced at the map he found in the vault and felt disappointed that the Mona Lisa had been destroyed when an insane thought struck him.

What if the Mona Lisa was not destroyed in this world! What if it was still there!

Shaking in excitement Harry" got up and tapped the wall leading to the cellar. But to his shock as soon as the wall opened up a ball of fire came hurtling towards him.

He blocked it with a wall of water out of instinct.

"What the hell!" he exclaimed.

He waved his hands trying to clear the smoke and his eyes widened in shock when he spotted Lillian standing in the centre of the room, her hands on her knees panting.

"Potter," she said in surprise. "Where did you come from!"

"How did you get in here?" asked Harry" in return.

"Through the door," she said narrowing her eyes. "But I can't say the same for you."

"It doesn't matter where I came from," replied Harry". "How did you get in? The door was locked."

Lillian shrugged, "I burned the lock," she said.

Harry" rubbed his forehead in annoyance, "And why would you do that?"

"Because it wouldn't open," she shot back. "There wasn't any sign saying do not disturb was there?"

"What are you doing here anyway?" asked Harry" tiredly.

"Practicing," she said shortly. "Now if you don't mind I need to get back to work."

Harry" looked at her closely. She was wearing tracks and a tank top and had her wand in her hand. He glanced around and saw scorch marks everywhere.

"Don't you think the fire will spread when you use your ability?"

"I'm not a fool Potter," she snapped. "I placed an anti fire charm around the room before doing anything."

"What if someone hears you and comes down to inquire?"

"There's a silencing charm in place and nobody in the right mind will come down in this empty place."

"You did," pointed out Harry".

"To practice," she said irritably. "Now will you get out!"

Harry" smirked, "I was here before you, so maybe you should be the one to get out."

"Didn't look like that to me," she snapped. "You appeared out of nowhere and you want me to get out! I'd like to see you try," she said with a scoff.

"What do you need you wand for?" he asked out of curiosity.

"Look, it's none of your concern Potter! So why don't you piss off and let me be!"

Harry" didn't move.

"You asked for it," she growled and sent a ball of fire at him.

Harry" dived out of the way barely avoiding the fireball.

"What the hell is wrong with you!" yelled Harry".

"I am NOT in the mood to play games Potter! So will you please get the hell out of here!"

Harry" took a deep breath trying to calm himself before he froze her into a block of ice.

"Not until you tell me why you just tried to fireball me."

Lillian glared at him trying to get him to back down but Harry" glared right back. He wasn't going to leave until he got a proper answer.

Finally Lillian broke the staring contest and her shoulders drooped.

"It's my elemental ability," she said. "Since yesterday it's been acting all weird. My temper seems to be on the edge and I keep having these sudden outbursts. Just now during breakfast a fireball almost erupted out of my hands but I managed to control it."

Harry's look of annoyance turned to one of concern. "When did this start happening?" he asked her urgently.

"Yesterday, I guess," she replied. "That's why I came down here. I just had blast some thing apart."

"This is not good," muttered Harry".

Lillian frowned, "Why do you think this is happening?"

"I think," began Harry" slowly, "The longer we stay in this world, the more it will effect us. We do not belong here and if we do not get back to our world soon we might be in big trouble."

"We need to talk to Dumbledore," she said.

Harry" nodded in agreement, "You on the other hand need to stay calm and if you feel like your about to lose control of your fire then get down here and release it."

Lillian sighed, "What about you? You don't seem to have any trouble with your element."

"Not yet," said Harry", "I have good control over it and hopefully it won't start acting up like yours."

Lillian narrowed her eyes, "You make it sound like I have no control over mine at all!"

"You're the one who's having trouble controlling it not me," Harry" shot back.

"Ass," mumbled Lillian.

Harry" just rolled his eyes. "Just make sure you don't fry anyone by accident," said Harry" and walked out of the cellar.

"He still didn't tell me from where he came from," she grumbled.

Sighing she decided to go back and maybe chat with Ginny for a while when she saw a ring lying on the floor.

Curious she picked it up and gasped at its beauty. She slowly trailed her fingers along the ring admiring the feeling of the emeralds in place.

"Wonder if it will fit me," she muttered and tried slipped the ring on to her index finger.

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It was a perfect fit. Smiling she tried to remove it but it wouldn't budge.

She frowned in annoyance and tried pulling harder but the ring simply tightened its hold making her gasp in pain.

"Why is this thing stuck!" she said panicking. "What if it's Harry's!" she said panicking even more, "That jerk will kill me!"

She tried pulling the ring out for another 10 minutes but it was useless.

"Get out of my finger you stupid ring!" she yelled and pulled even harder.

But all of a sudden her hands started heating up and three fireballs shot out scorching the walls of the cellar.

Lillian's eyes widened and she immediately forced herself to calm down.

"Calm down Mary," she said to herself and kept repeating it over and over again until she was sure she wasn't going to produce more fireballs.

"Now all I can do is keep my hand out of sight and hope nobody notices the ring."

Sighing, she slowly made her exit from the cellar wondering what on earth had she done to get into so much trouble.

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Original World

Severus Snape was scared. Nothing ever scared him, but seeing the dark lord in the form of a mutilated baby with red slits instead of eyes would be enough to make anyone want to scream and run away.

Thanking his Occlumancy for the umpteenth time, he held the dark lord's gaze and replied.

"I never betrayed you my Lord and I regret believing that you had indeed died like the ministry had the entire wizarding world believe."

"Lucius," hissed Voldemort.

Lucius simply nodded and cast the cruciatus curse on Snape.

Snape's screams were like music to Lord Voldemort's ears.

Snape was panting on the floor shaking uncontrollably once the curse was lifted.

"Now all I want to know is that does Dumbledore know about my return or not?"

Snape gulped and reinforced his shields. "No, My Lord."

Voldemort stared into the potion master's eyes and then nodded, apparently satisfied with Snape's answer.

"Very well, Snape. You haven't lied to me so far and I do hope you won't in the near future or else you will regret it."

"Thank you my Lord."

"Now is the potion ready?"

"Yes My Lord. I have also drawn the necessary runes but there is a minor problem," said Snape.

"A problem... Snape?"

"To bring your body back you need to merge souls with the host."

Voldemort narrowed his eyes.

"Explain," he hissed, sending shivers down Lucius and Snape's spines.

"The potion essentially brings back your body as it was before it was destroyed. But for your magic to be restored to its original levels, the potion will need a soul. That is the purpose of the runes. The runes consume the hosts soul and body and will resurrect yours in return."

The dark lord's lips curled into a cruel smile.

"And does it matter whose soul is used?"

"No My Lord, even if you managed to use a person as powerful as Dumbledore, your magic levels will still remain the same as they were before you were vanquished."

"How do you know this Snape? Have you ever performed this ritual?"

Snape hesitated. "I sneaked into Dumbledore's private library and found several books which were written by Slytherin himself. In one of these he describes the ritual in detail and apparently he performed it on himself."

"I would very much like to get my hands on this book Severus!" he said, his voice suppressed with sadistic glee.

Snape chose not to reply.

"My Lord," interrupted Lucius.

"What is it Lucius?"

"Whom shall we use for the ritual?"

The dark lord was silent for a while before he started laughing. "Come out Wormtail," he hissed.

"M-my Lord?" stuttered Peter, clearly terrified that he was going to be the one to die.

Snape's eyes widened in shock when he saw Peter. He couldn't believe it! Peter Pettigrew was alive! But how is that possible, he thought. Sirius Black had killed Peter unless... unless Black was innocent and Peter was the real betrayer!

Snape's head was swimming with disbelief.

"I see you're rather stunned Severus?"

"I-I don't understand My Lord?"

"You're wondering why Peter Pettigrew is at my side and not Sirius Black," stated the dark lord simply.

Snape nodded.

"It's because Peter was my spy in the Order of the Phoenix. He was the Potter's secret keeper and he framed Sirius Black for the murder of the pathetic muggles."

Voldemort laughed at the look on Snape's face, if the noise he made could be considered a laugh.

"Now Snape," said the dark lord, his face suddenly becoming menacing. "What have you told the old fool about you vanishing for a day?"

"That I am collecting ingredients for the next potions class," replied Snape swiftly.

"Good," hissed Voldemort, "Now I want you to go back and tell him you're taking leave for a week due to whatever reason you come up with and I want you back here within the hour."

"Yes, My Lord."

"And Lucius, Wormtail," he said suddenly, "You will go and bring me Bartimius Crouch."

"May I ask why My Lord?" said Lucius hesitantly.

Voldemort narrowed his eyes, "Are you questioning me Lucius?"

"No My Lord," he said hurriedly, "I was just..."

"You were just nothing Lucius! I expect you to follow orders without questions... and do not think for one moment that you have been forgiven. No... All of you who abandoned me shall suffer the consequences. Now leave... all of you!"

Lucius and Peter practically ran out, but Severus stayed behind.

"What is it Snape?"

"My Lord," began Snape slowly, "Why do you not want to use Harry Potter to restore your body?"

Voldemort looked pleased at the question, "Because I will kill the boy in a duel to death myself," he hissed dangerously, "I will not have him die by this ritual... he will die begging for mercy, just like his mudblood mother."

Voldemort's red eyes seemed to burn into Snape's eyes and Snape could see the fury burning in those eyes.

"Now get out," he spat.

Snape bowed and walked out calmly though his heart was racing at a million miles a second. Boy did he have a report for Albus.

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Alternate World

Harry was rolling on the ground laughing like there was no tomorrow. Ginny and the twins were dancing around the table imitating an

Indian war dance yelling on the top of their voices. Hermione was screaming at Ron for splattering food on her shirt, Mrs. Weasley was yelling at the twins, trying to make them stop and Sirius was begging Harry" to get rid of his melons!

All in all, it was a total scene of chaos in the dining hall of number 12 Grimmauld place.

"STOP THIS RACKET RIGHT NOW!" screamed Mrs. Weasley.

"Please Harry" please make me a complete man! Please get rid of these wonderful things that belong only on hot women!" cried Sirius.

"NEXT TIME LEARN NOT TO STUFF YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU EAT!" screeched Hermione.

"You, you look beeeeuutiful Sirius," said Harry, still unable to stop laughing.

Lillian was laughing at everybody with a toast in her mouth and Mr. Weasley was trying to get everyone to calm down.

"HE GOT OFF, HE GOT OFF!" yelled the twins and Ginny adding a sonorous charm to their vocal cords.

That got Mrs. Black to start screaming again and Sirius and Mr. Weasley ran to the corridor to get her to shut up and Sirius thankfully had his assets removed by Harry.

Once the portrait was quiet again, the dining hall was quiet too. Mrs. Weasley had put a silencing charm on the twins and her youngest, Hermione had, had her shirt cleaned by Lillian and Harry and Harry" were talking about the proceedings at the ministry.

"How did everything become so calm?" asked Sirius looking aghast. He was enjoying the noise so much! There was rarely any activity in the house.

"Be happy things have settled down Sirius," snapped Mrs. Weasley. "Honestly, what inspired all of you to act like morons!"

"Your constant nagging," muttered Harry" in a low voice but Harry heard him.

Harry just rolled his eyes and grinned at Ron who was laughing openly at the twins who were being scolded by Mrs. Weasley.

Something shining on the table caught Harry's" attention. He looked carefully and his eyes widened in shock at the sight.

Slytherin's ring was on Lillian's finger! She was actually wearing Slytherin's ring!... Lillian was actually wearing Slytherin's ring, he thought with disbelief.

He quickly felt his pockets and realized it must have fallen out when he fell in the basement.

He stood up slowly and walked towards Lillian.

"We need to talk... now," he told her, his voice barely a whisper, but one could detect the underlying anger in his voice.

Lillian just gulped and followed him without a question. She had a good idea what this was about.

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Original World

Albus Dumbledore could feel a terrible headache attack him. Snape had just left a few minutes back and the information he had given Dumbledore had in simple terms left him spell bound.

Peter Pettigrew was alive, Sirius Black was innocent, Lord Voldemort was going to be resurrected in less than three days and it would take him another week to fully understand what happened to his most unique students and another week to bring them back safely.

The headmaster summoned a parchment and wrote down the things he had to do.

First was to find a headquarters for the Order of the Phoenix, but he was sure he would find the perfect headquarters if he found Sirius Black.

That changed his first priority. It was now to find Sirius Black at all costs before the ministry found him and administered the kiss.

"I hope I can bring you back soon Harry," whispered Dumbledore to no one in particular. "If not, we are doomed."

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A few miles away from Hogwarts, a big black dog which could make superstitious wizards think they've just seen the grim, made his way towards the castle. The dog had not received a reply from his godson for a long time and was worried about his safety. It also couldn't wait any longer to kill the rat that had ruined his life.

Little did Sirius know, the rat was already reunited with its master, Harry was stuck in an alternate dimension and Hogwarts was being guarded by the most feared dark creatures in the wizarding world.

Things were moving fast indeed.

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REVIEW!

Next Chapter- Robbing the Mona Lisa, Lord Voldemort returns, the fate of Sirius Black.

There could be some typos in this chapter. If you find any please do let me know and I'll correct them as soon as possible.

Until next time!

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Chapter 24 – Mona Lisa - Part 1

Original World

"Hermione, have you seen Scabbers around?" asked Ronald Weasley.

"No, why?"

"I can't find him anywhere!" exclaimed Ron. After a moment of silence he added, "I hope your cat didn't eat him."

"Of course not," replied Hermione shrilly, "I've made sure he doesn't enter your stinking dorm anyway!"

"Alright, alright," muttered Ron, "I'm just worried about Scabbers that's all."

"Don't worry then," snapped Hermione, "He was useless anyway."

Ron glared at her but didn't say anything for fear of causing another row between the two.

Flashback

"Can you believe it!" said Dean Thomas, "Potter and Austin apparating within Hogwarts!"

"I can't," mumbled Ron, "Hermione's been going on and on about how you can't apparate within the walls of Hogwarts. Frankly my ears must have had the word imprinted in them by now."

Seamus sniggered, "Yeah, well we all know how passionate Granger is about studies and Hogwarts."

"Too true," said Ron.

"Do you think they'll be fine?" said Neville nervously.

"Who?" asked Ron.

"Whom do you think you idiot," said Dean, rolling his eyes. "Potter and Austin, that's who!"

"I don't care about Potter," said Ron, "I'm hoping he's injured bad enough so that he doesn't come back here, or he should do the world a favor and just snuff it."

"You'd want that to happen to Lillian too?" asked Neville strangely.

"Of course not!" exclaimed Ron. "Why would you even suggest that, she's my best friend!"

Dean and Seamus snorted.

"What was that for?" asked Ron, confused.

"Maybe you should open your eyes mate," said Seamus, "I've hardly seen you and Granger hanging out with Austin too often. Half the time either she's on her own or she's talking to Potter."

"WHAT! Where did Potter come into this!" he shouted.

"It's true," said Dean, "They're kinda friends, even though Potter would deny it. I honestly don't know what his definition of friends is."

"And to top it off, Austin supported Harry last year when everyone thought he was the heir of Slytherin and it turns out she was right."

"Mary is NOT friends with Potter and nor will she ever be friends with Potter," said Ron firmly.

"Do you think Sirius Black is going to come to Hogwarts?" said Neville in a small voice, hoping to change the direction of the conversation.

A rat snoozing comfortable pillow woke up with a squeak. It had just heard Sirius Black and Hogwarts in the same sentence.

"I think he is," replied Dean, "According to a few people he's coming to kill Potter for getting rid of You Know Who."

The rat began to tremble in fear. How could he have escaped Azkaban! It thought furiously. And the only reason Black was coming to Hogwarts was to kill... him.

"Yeah but he can't kill Potter if he's not here is he," said Ron, "Pity," he added.

Wait, what was that? thought Peter. Harry Potter was not at Hogwarts? What was going on? He knew sleeping so much was a bad idea, even if it was relaxing.

"Maybe Potter has gone into hiding because of that!" exclaimed Seamus, "He knew Black was going to come after him and maybe his apparating was just a diversion from the truth!"

Ron was ready to believe him.

"They disappeared right in front of us Seamus," said Dean, "And even if he did go into hiding, that doesn't explain why Austin disappeared too."

Ron looked disappointed.

"Ma-maybe we should sleep now," said Neville, "It's getting late and we have class tomorrow."

"Yeah, Neville's right," said Ron. "Goodnight guys, goodnight Scabbers," he said. A few seconds later, his loud snores could be heard throughout the dorm.

"Wanker," muttered Dean and put his ear plugs on and went to sleep himself.

30 minutes later, when Scabbers was sure everyone was asleep, he leapt of Ronald's bed, transformed and made his way to the fifth years dorm. He needed a certain map to enact the terrible plan forming in his head.

If there was one thing Peter Pettigrew was good at, it was escaping. And right now he had to escape from a mad dog that was certainly going to kill him if it found him. He knew he could no longer stay at Hogwarts because sooner or later Sirius would expose the truth about him if the dog was caught and with Lupin around, there was always the fear of being recognized by the wolf. If he were to stay alive there was only one place to go... a place he never wanted to return to again.

"That's strange," he squeaked, "Harry doesn't seem to be in Hogwarts. Looks like those kids were right."

He threw back the old parchment back and transformed again and made his way to the headmaster's office. He needed to kill Harry Potter if he were to go back to his old master without the fear of being killed in the process.

Little did he know he would be getting more than Harry Potter's location with this visit, he would be getting something the Dark Lord didn't have the last time. The complete prophecy made by one Sybil Trelawney.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Alternate World: Harry's" Room.

"Where did you find that ring?" hissed Harry" angrily.

"What's it to you?" replied Lillian, equally hostile.

"What's it to me! You know damn well that ring is mine! I saw it in your eyes the moment I asked you to follow me out of the kitchen."

Lillian glared at him. "I found it in the cellar. It didn't have your name stamped on it so I put it on," she snapped.

Harry was confused. "But how on earth did you manage to put it on!" he shouted.

Now Lillian was confused, "What do you mean how I put it on? I just slipped it on my finger and it fit perfectly. The only problem is that it won't come off!"

Harry and Lillian glared at each other, each daring the other to say something.

Finally Harry sighed and took a deep calming breath and said, "Austin, could you please explain to me where you found my ring and what do you mean it won't come off?"

Lillian simply continued glaring at Harry.

"If you start talking, then maybe I can tell you why the ring won't come off."

That got her talking.

"Like I said," she began, "I found it lying on the floor after you left. It must have fallen out of your pocket. It looked really beautiful and it felt like the ring wanted me to put it on," she said irritably. "So then I put it on and now it refuses to come off!"

She tried pulling the ring off to emphasis her point.

Harry stared at her incredulously. "Haven't you learnt not to touch any unknown magical artifact in the wizarding world?"

Lillian sighed in annoyance, "How was I to know it was a ring that would get stuck to your finger."

"And yeah, about the ring," began Harry slowly "Did you bother examining it before you put it on?"

"Yeah," she said. "Why?"

"Did you examine it properly, every nook and cranny?"

"Maybe," she said biting her lip.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Meaning you didn't," he said flatly.

"Whatever Potter," she said hotly. "Now will you kindly remove this thing off!"

"I can't," said Harry simply. "I was never even able to put in on my finger."

"What do you mean?" asked Lillian perplexed.

"That ring belonged to Salazar Slytherin. I could not wear that ring because I am not a descendent of Slytherin. And the only way that ring would accept you is if you were a descendent of Slytherin himself."

Lillian looked even more bewildered, before she started to put everything together and her eyes widened in horror.

"But-but," she spluttered.

"But that can't be true because you're muggleborn," stated Harry dryly and Lillian nodded wordlessly.

"But I'm a Gryffindor," she said in a small voice staring at the ring. "There's no way in hell I could be a descendent of Slytherin."

"The thought crossed my mind too and I completely agree. And the fact that you're not even a parselmouth."

Lillian didn't say anything. But the look in her eyes said it all.

"Oh my god, you're not a Parselmouth are you!"

"I am," she said in a small voice.

Harry looked at her in disbelief. "How!"

"I wish I knew," she muttered.

Harry just shook his head trying to get over this latest revelation when a thought struck him.

"Well, I think I might know how to find out if you're a descendent of Slytherin or not."

"How?" asked Lillian.

"We find out more about your mother," he said.

"My mother was a muggle Potter," she said with a laugh.

"Really?" said Harry sarcastically, "because if your mother was a muggle then your father has to be a wizard. Parseltongue is supposed to be a blood trait."

"Then how can you speak it?" she shot back.

"I can speak it because the night Voldemort attacked me some of his powers were transferred to me."

"Oh," said Lillian.

"Whereas you on the other hand haven't had any dark lords with Slytherin blood in them attack you," he said with a smirk.

Lillian rolled her eyes.

"Rolling your eyes is not going to change the fact that you have Slytherin's ring stuck on your finger."

"Well what am I supposed to do!" she said exasperatedly.

Harry thought for a moment and then said, "Well I suppose we could conceal it."

"And how are we going to do that?"

"Using magic dumbass," he said rolling his eyes.

That said he removed his wand and cast a concealment charm on the ring hiding it from view from everyone.

Lillian stared at her finger, "I can still feel it."

"Of course you will... you just can't see it that's all."

Lillian sighed, "Now what?"

Harry had a strange gleam in his eye, "Now nothing, but when we get back home, lots of things. Now let's get back before the others start getting worried about your safety."

"My safety?"

"I'm a Slytherin remember? Evil and most likely to do bad things?" he said with a smirk.

"Oh yeah, that's right. Better get going before Ron comes barging in yelling about how evil you are and how he was sure you were going to do things to me," she said with a giggle.

"How could I forget Weasley," said Harry in mock horror, walking out of his room. "Spit flying out of his mouth, yelling incoherent things and Granger trying to hold him back and prevent him from doing anything stupid."

Lillian laughed, "Now why don't I remember that ever happening?"

"Coz you weren't there. I believe it was during our second year, days after his brothers were petrified."

Lillian frowned, "How come they never told me about that?"

"It might have something to do with me vanishing Weasley's pants leaving him standing in front of Granger in his boxers," said Harry with a grin.

"Oh my god, you didn't!"

"I did. And Weasley never bothered me much after that."

"Oh my god," said Lillian again, laughing as she imagined Hermione's face seeing Ron in his boxers! But as a result she didn't watch where she was going.

"Look out!" yelled Harry" as Lillian missed a step on the staircase.

Lillian began to fall with a yelp. Downstairs the Weasley kids saw her fall and rushed towards the stairs, but it was too late.

But then something unexpected happened.

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Lillian vanished in a ball of flames and reappeared at the bottom of the stairs in the same position and fell flat on her face.

There was stunned silence in the house.

That was until Lillian got up holding her nose and eyes scrunched in pain.

Mrs. Weasley ran to Lillian waving her wand frantically, trying to find out if she was hurt in anyway.

"I'm fine Mrs. Weasley," said Lillian. "Will someone please tell me what happened!"

"That's what I'd like to know," said Fred, looking at Lillian strangely.

"Yeah, me too," said Hermione. "You just vanished in a ball of fire before you fell and the next thing we know you're at the bottom of the stairs!"

Lillian was confused. "What?"

"Don't be ridiculous Hermione," snapped Mrs. Weasley.

"Maybe it was accidental magic," suggested Harry.

"It's true mum," said Ron, ignoring his best friends comment. "We saw her."

"Whoa, Whoa, hold up!" shouted Lillian. "What do you mean I vanished in a ball of flame!"

"Exactly what it means," said Ron, "You vanished in a ball of flame when Potter tripped you and appeared at the bottom of the stairs. Was like you apparated leaving a trail of fire. Ask Potter."

"How'd you do it?" asked George.

Lillian was scared. She didn't understand what had just happened, but she did know that her elemental side had just gone berserk before she fell. And now everyone was claiming she apparated or whatever! And what did Ron mean when he said Harry tripped her!

Mrs. Weasley sensing Lillian's distress shooed all her sons away and the lone witch and took Lillian to the kitchen.

"It's alright dear, we'll figure out what happened. Until then why don't get something for you to eat?" she said kindly.

Lillian just nodded, wanting to clear her head and think rationally.

Harry" on the other hand had his mind working in over drive. He honestly had no idea what had just happened but he was sure that Lillian's magic had just saved her from a very nasty fall. The question was, was it another elemental ability or was it just a bout of accidental magic?

On top of that the Weasley's had seen her disappear and he knew that once that information got to Dumbledore he would no doubt put the pieces together and uncover her secret. Thankfully his was still safe and he didn't have any intention of changing that.

The point was they had to get out of this world soon and soon meant real soon. If more people found out about them, sooner or later unwanted people would find out about them and then all hell would break loose.

From what Blaise had told him, the reason elementals stayed hidden from the rest of the world was because every wizard go out of their way to capture one and use them for their own purpose.

Thankfully the world had forgotten about them and hopefully it would stay that way.

Harry" shook his head warily, trying to clear his mind. Being magical is extremely complicated, he thought.

He made his way down the stairs and headed to the dining hall. There was another plan he needed to put into action.

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Harry" walked into the living room in search of Hermione. No matter how much he detested being around her and the Weasel, he couldn't deny that she was extremely knowledgeable and could be the only one who knew what he wanted to know.

He found the three friends sitting near the fire place playing a game of exploding snap.

"Hey Hermione," said Harry".

Ron narrowed his eyes in suspicion.

"What do you want," said Hermione, equally suspicious.

Harry" rolled his eyes, "Maybe I just wanted to say hi."

Harry snorted. "The day you say hi to your worst enemy is the day I tell Malfoy I love him."

Harry" grinned, "Point taken." Turning back to Hermione he said, "I wanted a little information."

"What kind of information?"

"Don't tell him anything Hermione," said Ron, who had kept quiet until now, but was eying Harry" with distrust.

"Nothing too bad," replied Harry", ignoring Ron. "I just wanted to know about the Mona Lisa."

Hermione's eyes lit up in surprise, "The Mona Lisa!"

"Yes, the Mona Lisa."

"Well, the Mona Lisa, also known as the La Gioconda, was a masterpiece painted by Leonardo Da Vinci in the 16th century. I don't know much about its history but it is said that it took Da Vinci over 5 years to complete the painting. Currently it is in the Louvre museum in Paris."

Harry" was silent for a moment. "Was there ever any incident in the museum, like a fire breakout or something?

Hermione frowned, "I'm not sure, but I think there was a fire in the museum about 15 to 20 years ago but no famous paintings were damaged. The fire was contained before it could do any more harm."

Harry" nodded his head absently, while Hermione kept going on about the other famous paintings kept in the Louvre museum and about how Da Vinci was actually a squib who made a life for himself

in the muggle word. Needless to say Ron was now snoring away to glory, having slept with minutes of Hermione beginning her lecture. The only one left listening was Harry.

"Why do you want to know about it anyway?" asked Harry. "From what I know it's a muggle painting."

"Don't be silly Harry," admonished Hermione. "Just because it's a muggle painting doesn't mean it can't be interesting."

"Do you really want to know?" asked Harry" with a smirk.

"Of course," replied Harry.

"Leonardo Da Vinci wasn't born Leonardo Da Vinci. His real name was Leonard Potter."

Stunned silence greeted him.

"Are you telling us that Da Vinci was a Potter!" gasped Hermione.

"That's right. The Mona Lisa is actually the portrait of his mother or some relation of the Potters," he said. "I'm surprised you never bothered to look into your past Harry," he added, looking at his older counterpart.

Harry shrugged uncomfortably, "Never felt the need to," he said.

Hermione on the other hand was looking at Harry" with burning curiosity. "How do you know all this!" she demanded. "I've looked up every possible book regarding the Potters and I have never found a single one which goes anything beyond Harry's parents!"

"I have better sources," said Harry" smugly.

Hermione huffed. "If you have better sources then why ask me about it in the first place?"

"Just wanted a muggle perspective of the painting," said Harry" with a shrug.

Hermione raised an eyebrow. "Didn't grow up in the muggle world!" she said, stressing on the word muggle.

Harry" winced and glanced at Harry. "Let's just say I wasn't much aware of the world around me until I became eleven."

Hermione just rolled her eyes not understanding what Harry" meant.

"Anyway thanks for your input," said Harry" and walked out of the room. He felt his stomach growl and decided to go to the kitchen and have something to eat.

Back in the living room Harry was staring at Hermione with a frown.

"What?" she asked him.

"You never told me you had tried to find out about my family," he said.

Hermione blushed, "It was a long time ago, back in our first year when we weren't friends yet," she said, not looking him in the eye.

"And you've never tried to find out more ever since?"

"N-no."

"You're lying," said Harry.

"Ok fine, I might have asked Dumbledore about it in our third year," she said, biting her lower lip.

"We were friends then... weren't we?" asked Harry flatly.

Hermione sighed, "Look, Harry. I didn't want to tell you because I never found anything. Even Dumbledore didn't know much."

"What did he know?"

Hermione looked extremely uncomfortable. "I promised him I wouldn't say anything to you unless the facts were right Harry."

Harry tried to control his temper, "Hermione, you better start talking before I lose my temper," he said angrily.

"He just told me that your family had a long history," she said hurriedly, "He said your family was very, very rich but he didn't know anything else."

Harry was fuming internally. Harry" was right he thought. Dumbledore was keeping things from him.

"Harry?" called Hermione nervously.

"You should have told me Hermione," said Harry.

"You're right," she said, "and I'm really sorry."

Harry sighed. "It's alright, all's forgiven." But a certain old man was certainly not forgiven, he added mentally.

Hermione looked relieved.

"Did Dumbledore tell you anything about my Gringotts vault by any chance Hermione?"

"No he didn't, why?"

"No reason," he said, thinking about what his younger self had told him about the two other vaults belonging to him. He hadn't believed him then but he was certainly starting to believe him now.

Maybe it was time to make a visit to Gringotts and find out for sure.

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Harry" entered the kitchen hoping to find it empty.

He sighed in relief when he just found Lillian sitting on a stool staring at the wall. Usually he would get annoyed by her mere presence but now it was nothing. If he would have thought more about it he would say it was strangely comforting!

"Hey," he said, startling her.

"Oh, hey," she replied dully and went back to staring at the wall.

Harry" frowned. Usually she'd scowl and just ignore him. This time it was just a glance and no look of hostility.

"What's got your knickers in a twist?" he asked.

"My knickers are perfectly fine, thank you very much," she said glancing at him and went back to staring at the wall.

Harry" just stood there trying to figure out what was wrong with her when it struck him.

"You feeling any different?" he asked hesitantly.

"Hmmm, what do you mean?" she asked.

"Hello? You just apparated in fire or whatever! Surely you must be feeling something or at least wondering what exactly happened!"

"Of course I wondering what happened, you jerk!" she snapped. "But lucky for you I figured it out."

Harry blinked. "You did?"

"Yep," she said with a triumphant look. "The reason my element has been reacting so much is because I'm maturing. And the reason it hasn't been happening to you is because girls mature faster than boys!"

Harry spluttered.

"That-that's absurd!"

"No its not."

"Well, how do you know you're maturing!" he demanded.

"That's because, because... it's a girl thing!" she yelled blushing furiously.

"That makes no sense whatsoever," said Harry deadpanned.

Lillian goggled at him before regaining her composure. "Don't worry, it'll make sense one day," she said with a smirk and quickly exited the kitchen.

"Girls are crazy," muttered Harry, shaking his head and began looking around for some kind of snack to prey on.

To be Continued...

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REVIEW!

Location of the Mona Lisa - found.

New powers being discovered.

Lot more things to come! Stay tuned!

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Chapter 24 – Mona Lisa Part 2

"Hey Sirius"

"Oh, hey there, Harry junior. How can Padfoot be of service today?" he said, with a hint of bitterness.

Harry" frowned. "What's wrong? Why the long face?"

"Oh nothing, just Snivellus reminding me of how useful I am to the Order," he said angrily. "Damn git."

Harry smirked. "He does have a way with words."

Sirius scowled. "I suppose you would know everything about his way with words, given that you are a Slytherin."

"One would think that after all these years you'd stop judging people on the basis of their houses in Hogwarts."

"I don't judge people on the basis of their Hogwarts house," he said with a scowl. "Its only people like Snape I judge on the basis of their house."

Harry" rolled his eyes.

"What do you want anyway?" asked Sirius.

"What? I can't come and talk to my other world godfather?" he said, trying his best to look innocent.

Sirius just gave him a look.

"But you're right," said Harry". "I wanted to know something."

"And what is that?"

Harry" took a deep breath. "If you had a chance of getting out of the house for a while and doing something useful, would you take it?"

"Without a moment's hesitation," replied Sirius.

"Then I need your help with something," said Harry "Something that nobody can know about."

Sirius leaned forwards looking interested. "Is it legal?"

Harry" smirked, "What do you think?"

Sirius gave a wide smile. "Now you've got my attention. What's on your mind?"

"Do you know anything about my parents having an ancestral home?"

Sirius was clearly not expecting such a question and looked quite surprised.

"No," he said, after a moment's pause. "James parents and grandparents and all the other Potters, all lived in Gordic's village as far as I know."

"Did my dad ever mention anything about his vaults to you?"

"Only that it had treasures that he never dreamed it could have. But James was never really the kind of person who cared about treasures. The only treasure he cared about was Lily," he said with a wistful smile.

"Nothing else?" pressed Harry".

"No," said Sirius. "But I do remember his dad asking him once or twice to accept the responsibilities of being the head of the house and guarding its treasures or something like that, but James had said no... I had asked him once what that was all about but he was rather tight lipped about it. Must have been something about finances," he said with a shrug.

"Or maybe it was some dark secret about their family. Maybe they weren't as light as people expected them to be," said Harry" thoughtfully.

"Light?"

"Opposite of dark," said Harry". "I figured if you can call the Malfoy's and families like theirs dark. Then the Weasley's and Dumbledore and families against dark arts would be called 'light'."

"That's quite the theory," said Sirius, sounding amused. "But if you're suggesting that the Potters of all people have some hidden dark secret, then I'd highly doubt it. The Potter's including your grand and great grand parents have always known to have been strongly against any form of dark magic."

"Then what would you say if I told you I found a coded map in one of the Potter vaults apparently leading to its ancestral home. The only reason I can think of a house being so well guarded was if they had something to hide."

"Then I'd say that were complete bullshit unless you showed me proof."

Harry pulled out the parchment he got from the vault and gave it to Sirius.

"What am I supposed to be looking at?" said Sirius nonplussed.

"Look at the bottom left."

"The key lies in La Gioconda, one of my greatest works – LDV," read Sirius. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"In one of the Potter vaults there is a table which can show you any document you want, in regard to the Potters. So I asked it to show me a map to the Potters ancestral home and it showed me this.

I then with some help from a few friends figured out LDV stand's for Leonardo Da Vinci and La Gioconda is the other name for the Mona Lisa, which means that we need the Mona Lisa to make this parchment show us the location of the house. And ironically Leonardo Da Vinci was known as Leonard Potter before he was disowned by his parents."

"What's the Mona Lisa?" asked Sirius looking lost.

"It's a painting kept in a museum in France. Very famous in the muggle world and a painting which could most likely be the key to finding my ancestors home."

"Harry"," said Sirius after a moments silence. "Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because I need your help to steal the Mona Lisa."

Sirius's mouth dropped open and he began to laugh.

"You have got to be kidding me! Now I know what this is!" he exclaimed.

"What is it?"

It's a prank that's what it is! Who put you up to it? Remus?"

He went into another bout of laughter.

"Or was it the twins?"

Harry" didn't even crack a smile.

Sirius's laughter slowly died away on seeing the look on Harry's face.

"Oh my god... You're actually serious."

"Spot on," said Harry" acidly.

"You, you actually want to steal a painting which is in France."

Harry" nodded.

Sirius looked at Harry" calculatingly, weighing the pros and cons of what Harry" was suggesting.

"Do you have a plan?" he said finally.

Harry" cracked a smile. "Knew I could count on you Sirius."

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Original World

Albus Dumbledore stood in front of the wall where his students had disappeared.

He removed a letter from within his robes, a small glass container with some sand in it and a piece of Harry's" glasses.

He placed Harry's glasses and the letter next to the wall and began to cast a number of powerful revealing spells on the wall.

His suspicions were soon confirmed as time passed by and a number of runes began to appear on the wall and after Dumbledore was done with the revealing spells, the entire wall was covered in ancient runes. Most of which even Dumbledore could not identify.

"I was right," he whispered in awe, while running his hands on each rune, carefully examining them.

He could make out the rune which meant travel and another which meant space but the rest were just obscure. They were unlike anything he had ever seen before and he had no clue as to why such runes would be inscribed on a wall next to a class room. But then again Hogwarts had many secrets and many which were yet to be discovered.

"Time to get to work," he murmured.

Taking a deep breath, he took a step back and uncorked the bottle with the sand and threw it on the wall.

Almost instantly the wall began to pulse, a blood red color which kept steadily rising by the second. He felt a breeze beginning to form around him and knew that whatever happened next would either kill him... or not kill him. Either way he'd never know unless he tried.

Dumbledore took a deep breath before raising his wand. "Scroufigy," said Dumbledore sending the spell towards the wall.

The moment the spell impacted the wall a black vortex replaced the centre of wall and Dumbledore could feel his magic literally being sucked out of his body. The light breeze which he had felt earlier

had now transformed into a powerful gale and seemed intent on sucking everything around it into the black vortex.

It took every ounce of Dumbledore's strength and will power to prevent himself from being sucked into this black portal. He glanced at the place where he had placed the letter and the piece of Harry's glasses and realized that they had already got sucked into the vortex.

The strength of the vortex kept increasing as Dumbledore's strength faded. He tried to break the connection his wand had with the wall but it wouldn't break.

Dumbledore's eyes widened and he tried to break the connection again, but it didn't work. He knew he didn't have much time left.

Thinking about his student's safety he focused all this power into his wand and with a burst of strength he forced his wand up breaking the connection it had with the wall causing the portal to suddenly close up as nothing had happened at all.

Dumbledore could feel his legs wobble from the effort he had put in staying firm in his place. He felt like his entire magic had been ripped out of his body and there were hot needles being pierced into every part of his body, going deeper by the second.

He barely managed to raise his wand and cast a concealing charm on the wall to prevent the runes from being seen by anyone else.

"I hope it worked," was his last thought before he fell unconscious.

An Hour Earlier.

Dumbledore had just finished his letter to his counterpart in the world Harry had gone to.

If his theory was right, then Harry and Lillian were trapped in another dimension and the only way to get them back was to open the portal through which they traveled. Which could only mean that combined with the cleaning spell or any random spell and the time turner sand there was another factor which caused the phenomenon. And that other factor had to be something close to where Harry had disappeared.

Now if he could find this other factor and open the portal, he needed to make sure he opened the portal to the correct world and to do that he'd need a link to that world. Lucky for him he had Harry's glasses which thankfully had not gone with him but had been there when Harry" traveled.

So if he used a piece of the spectacles plus the time sand and plus the unknown factor, the portal would open and he could get Harry" back.

Dumbledore smiled and leaned back in his chair. He glanced at the letter again hoping he had not missed anything important and read it once again.

Once satisfied he sealed the letter and cast a spell on it which would enable only him to open it and hence the other world Dumbledore to open it.

Satisfied with his hypothesis he stood up and made his way to he charms corridor to find the unknown factor and get another step closer to bringing Harry" back to the world he belonged.

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Alternate World, 2 Weeks Later

"Let's go over everything one more time," said Sirius.

"We leave at 3.00 in the afternoon," said Harry". "We then take the Knight bus to the ministry which will take approximately 10 minutes. Once we reach the ministry we make our way to the international portkey department and get a portkey to the French ministry which will take us about an hour to acquire. On reaching the French ministry we make our way to the muggle world and take a cab to the Louvre museum and find where the portrait is being kept.

Once we locate the portrait we find a bathroom and hide under the invisibility cloak until the museum closes and then go back, take the painting and get the hell out."

Sirius nodded.

"What about the cameras?"

"We'll be under the cloak so no problem," said Harry".

"What about the one that will be aimed at the portrait. Don't you think the muggles will freak out if they see the painting moving on its own? And not to mention if our hands get caught on camera, the French aurors will be on to us in an instant."

"That'll be the only camera we're going to disable. By the time the muggles realize what's going on, we'll be back under the cloak along with the portrait."

"And then we can slowly slip out undetected," said Sirius.

"That's right," said Harry"

"Remember, we can't use magic," said Sirius seriously. "The French ministry is much more efficient then ours and they strictly forbid the use of any magic in muggle areas. Even a simple lumos will get them to send an entire team of aurors to arrest you."

"Rather excessive don't you think?" said Harry" raising an eyebrow.

"They take their security extremely seriously. Which is why in the entire history of the war against dark wizards, you'll never find a single one even mentioning a war like ours in France."

"So no magic when we enter the muggle world," said Harry".

"10 points to Gryffindor."

"Slytherin," corrected Harry" automatically.

"Whatever," replied Sirius rolling his eyes.

"Is our back up plan ready?" asked Harry"

"Yeah," replied Sirius. "I had to give Dung almost all the silverware in this house to force him to get it done."

"But it is done, right?" pressed Harry" "The photos and all?"

"Don't worry they're all done."

"I want to see them."

"They're all packed!" protested Sirius. "I don't want to unpack just to satisfy you!"

"Alright, alright," grumbled Harry. "I just hope we don't have to use it."

"And remember," said Sirius suddenly, "Paris is an hour ahead of London and the museum closes at 8.00. So we got to make sure we reach there before six."

"What excuse do we give to the ministry for our reason to visit?"

"We'll come up with something."

"Not good enough Sirius," said Harry deadpanned.

"Oh, fine. I was thinking along the lines of you're my son and I was here looking for my wife who dumped you with me as soon as you were born and fled."

Harry's eyes almost popped out.

"Trust me, it'll work. Everybody falls for the whole mushy crap," said Sirius with a grin.

"You couldn't think of anything else!" demanded Harry.

"Nothing as convincing as this," replied Sirius airily.

"Idiot," mumbled Harry. "Anyway, go color your hair. I'll be doing the same."

"Yes sir"

"Don't forget the contacts and the fake mustache," added Harry.

"Right... Oh, and is our distraction in place?" asked Sirius.

"Yup, Harry senior knows what we're up to and is more than willing to help."

"He didn't want to come?" asked Sirius.

"He did, but I managed to convince him not to. We need someone here who can keep our disappearance secret for as long as possible."

"Does he have a plan?"

He enlisted Fred and George to create a huge distraction in the kitchen for us to escape. And the rest of the day will be filled with other pranks which will keep most of the people quite busy," said Harry". "Hopefully nobody will realize that we're missing until tomorrow morning and we should be back by then." Harry paused to glance at his watch. "Prank number one is due to start in exactly 90 minutes."

"Its 1.00 PM now," said Sirius.

"Let's get to work then. We have a painting to rob."

Two hours and a few explosions later.

"Welcome to the France," a pleasant voice said. "Please state name and nature of visit."

Harry" and Sirius were still disoriented from the long portkey journey.

"Yeah, names Sam Smith and this is my son Peter Smith," said Sirius smiling at the woman.

The woman smiled back, "Nature of visit?"

Sirius's smile nervously. "Is that really necessary?" he asked warily.

"I'm sorry sir, but you have to state a nature of visit or I'm going to have to hand you over to the aurors."

"I'm sorry but it's kinda private," said Sirius, lowering his head.

"Sir?"

Sirius's eyes glistened. "It's my wife," he whispered looking down cast.

"Your wife?"

A tear leaked out of his eye. "I don't want to talk about it."

Hey," said the woman putting her hand on Sirius's cheek. It's alright, you can tell me."

"She, she abandoned my son and me a year after he was born and I've spent my entire life looking for her just to know... just to know why she did it! Why did she choose to abandon me and leave us," he said as another tear leaked out. "Just to know the reason she caused so much pain to our family and break the bond of love we had!"

The woman was looking close to tears herself and Harry" had to refrain himself from rolling his eyes.

"What does she look like?" asked the woman gently whom Harry" had now identified as Amelie, by the name tag on her dress.

"She has Blonde hair, the most beautiful brown eyes and she looks like in angel from heaven," said Sirius, with a dreamy look on his face.

"That's so romantic," she said with dreamy look as well. "Tell you what. I'll just write the nature of visit as tourism and you can be on your way for the security check."

"Thank you so much," said Sirius, rubbing his eyes. "Come along now Peter. We have an angel to find."

"Best of luck!" said Amelie, now dabbing her eyes with a napkin.

"You could have just said we're here to visit a friend instead of that drama you pulled back there," hissed Harry" once they were out of hearing range.

"Then I'd have to state name and address of friend and thanks to my drama, our brown eyed friend forgot all about it. And when she realizes it, she'll make up a name and address to keep her job."

Harry" was about to reply but Sirius interrupted. "We'll talk later. Now we have to see if muggle disguises are enough to fool magical detectors."

10 minutes later, Harry" and Sirius were on the streets of Paris congratulating themselves on the success of the first stage of their plan.

"I can't believe that girl didn't realize that you described her as your wife!"

"She was a blonde."

Harry" rolled his eyes.

"But mostly it was the Sirius charm that worked the magic."

"Or it was the fact that I put a slight compulsion charm on her so that she'd believe you without any issues."

"You what!" hissed Sirius in outrage. "Do you have any idea how dangerous that was!"

"I know," replied Harry" simply.

"We could have been caught!"

"But we didn't get caught and I was sure the spell wouldn't be detected in that crowd of people who happen to be Witches and Wizards, so lets get on with the plan," said Harry" as they entered muggle Paris.

"Wow," said Sirius, as soon as he caught sight of all the cars, the number of people walking around talking on their cell phones and the number of tall buildings all around them.

"Taxi!" shouted Harry".

"What Xi?" asked Sirius incredulously.

"Sirius, just shut up and follow my lead. You're the boss in the wizard world but I'm the boss in the muggle world. So just shut up till we get to the museum."

"Yeah, yeah," said Sirius stared around in fascination.

"Where to sir?" asked the taxi driver.

"Louvre museum," said Harry.

The ride to the museum was quiet except for the occasional yelling of obscenities by the driver at other drivers.

It was 4.30 when they finally reached the museum.

"Enjoy the art my friends," said the driver after counting his money.
"The stuff in there is worth millions!"

"Thanks," said Harry" politely.

They were standing in front of 19th century style building with an archway in the centre. It was quite long and most certainly extended a long way back.

The only thing they didn't know was the sheer massiveness of the structure.

"Go on in my friends!" shouted the taxi driver. "You'll know where the entrance is once you see it! Most people consider it to be an insult to this beautiful structure!"

Harry" and Sirius stared at each other wondering what the driver meant as he zoomed away.

"Let's go then," said Sirius, shaking his hair out of his eyes.

"This looks like a palace," muttered Sirius, looking around as they entered a courtyard.

"Maybe because it is a palace converted into a museum," said Harry", pushing through the mill of people surrounding them.

They entered through another archway and then gasped.

Ahead of them was a beautiful pyramid made entirely from glass. It was surrounded by three other smaller ones but their eyes were drawn only to the main one.

"Looks like that's what the driver meant when he said we'll know which is the entrance," said Sirius in awe.

Harry" just nodded as they moved towards the majestic entrance.

"Though kinda looks out of place doesn't it," commented Harry". "A glass pyramid inside a 19th century palace."

"Still looks amazing," said Sirius.

They passed through a metal detector on their way in and through an x-ray machine to look for any other contraband they might carry.

They bought a book guide from one of the stalls.

"Wow, Sirius. Check this out," said Harry".

"What?"

"This place covers over 652,300 square feet and more than 380,000 objects and has eight departments, each dedicated to a different field of art!"

"That's impressive," said Sirius, slowly, not really understanding the significance of what Harry" just said.

"Impressive! Sirius this place is almost as big as Hogwarts and is filled only with famous works of art! Most of the items in here are worth millions!"

"Millions! Now that's impressive!" Sirius said sarcastically. "Now we can drool over the history of this place later. For now we have a job to do, so let's concentrate on that first... Now which way to the painting?"

Harry" looked at the guide map. "High Renaissance collection... This way," said Harry".

"Okay, now make sure you remember this way properly," murmured Sirius. "We can't go up and down trying to memorize the way because of the cameras. We keep close to the crowds and once we find the painting, we keep moving ahead until we find a rest room and hide in there until the museum closes. The museum stops admitting people in at 5.30 and they try to get rid of everyone inside by 6.30-7.00.

So we have around 45 minutes to find the painting and then hide, got it?"

"Got it," said Harry".

Once they reached the painting they marveled at its beauty for a while before moving on but not before making note of the positions of the cameras in the room.

Suddenly a voice boomed through the museum. "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Louvre museum is now closing. We request everyone to please make their way to the exit. Thank you for your cooperation."

"Time to find our hide out," muttered Harry".

They found a relatively crowded rest room and entered. Harry" slowly slipped out the invisibility cloak they had borrowed from Harry and covered Sirius and him when nobody was looking.

Stage two of the operation was complete.

Now they had to make sure nobody touched them and they didn't make a sound until the museum was empty.

It was not until 7.30 Harry" and Sirius were sure the museum was empty.

"Put the mask and gloves on," whispered Sirius. "Even if we do get caught on camera, they can't identify us which they can't anyway because of our disguises."

"Okay, lets go," said Harry".

They moved quietly and swiftly under the cloak. Once or twice they saw a security guard patrolling and they had to stop until they were sure the guard was gone.

Finally they reached their destination. The painting was right in front of them. All they had to do was grab it and run.

"Sirius, we have to disable the camera first," said Harry".

"How do we do that?"

"Just pull the wire out. Covering it with something will be too risky."

"Why?"

"They have ways of finding people with just a piece of cloth or a fingerprint."

"How much time do you think we'll need once the camera is out?"

"About a minute I guess," said Harry". "Muggles are quite efficient when it comes to security."

"So lets do this then," said Sirius with a grin, but Harry" didn't move. In fact he was frowning.

"Why the frown?"

"Did you ever think how we were going to carry such a big painting out? Some one is bound to hear us and it won't fit under the cloak," said Harry".

Sirius's mouth dropped open.

"Shit," was all that left his mouth. He couldn't believe they hadn't thought of that!

"We're going to have to use magic," said Harry", with a resigned look on his face.

"If we do that, the aurors will be here in an instant," said Sirius.

"They'll have to meet the muggles first. Talk to them and then enter here. They can't simply apparate in here without warning."

"If that were the case then how much time do we have to get out? I'm sure they'll put up anti apparition wards the moment they get here."

"Then we're going to have to move faster than them. Its 8.20 right now. We disable the cameras, transfigure the portrait into a doll or something and then you can apparate us out to the main entrance from where we can catch a taxi to the airport."

Sirius sighed. "Looks like it's a good thing we got Dung to make passports for the two of us in our disguise."

"It's a good thing I thought of it," replied Harry". "Now we have an escape route and I know for a fact that there is a flight back to London at 10.00 pm."

Sirius was silent for a moment. "Right, so we disable the cameras, transfigure the portrait and get the hell out and take the first flight out of here. Not the one to London but any flight out of Paris."

"Why any flight?"

"Because the French aurors are not stupid and they are bound to send some one to the airport to check for magical artifacts being taken out of the country."

"Then we still stand the risk of getting caught."

"Don't worry. They'll check all magical means of transport before moving on to muggle means. By then we'll be out of here."

"Why won't they send someone immediately?" asked Harry".

"Because they're arrogant too," said Sirius. "Even if they do have the best aurors in the magical world, they wouldn't consider a wizard using a muggle way to escape. Only after they run out of all options they'll consider checking the airports and all."

"Aannd you know this how?"

"I was an auror before being sent to Azkaban and I had a few friends who happened to be French aurors. Don't worry, we won't get caught," said Sirius.

"I don't like it, but it's better than nothing. Alright then, on the count of three.

One.. two.. three!"

Security Room, Louvre Museum

Mark the security guard was excited. His girl friend was sitting in his lap with her lips attached to his and was in no mood of letting go.

"Ummm, I like you when you're in uniform," she murmured huskily, brushing her lips against his ear.

Mark inhaled sharply, "I bet you'll like me better without the uniform."

"What about me without clothes," she whispered seductively, playing with his tie.

Mark was so busy staring at her that he didn't see one of the screens go blank.

She began to unbutton his shirt while trailing kisses down his chest and he didn't see the third and fourth screen go blank too.

Mark put his hand behind her head and pulled her in for another searing kiss. She moaned in pleasure when his mouth moved to her chin and then to her neck.

"Lift you hands," he whispered in her ear, trailing his fingers on her stomach and slowly grabbed the hem of her shirt, ready to remove the thin fabric covering her skin.

It was then he glanced at the T.V screens and noticed that four of the screens were blank.

"What the hell!" he shouted in shock, dropping his girl friend unceremoniously on the floor.

"Mark!" she exclaimed indignantly.

He ignored her and pressed a button on the control panel and spoke into the mike.

"Security team 3, we have a code blue situation in the high renaissance section, I repeat we have a code blue situation in the high renaissance section."

"Roger that, control tower, heading to the room now," came a voice from the speaker.

Mark removed his hand from the button. "Clair, get your shirt back on and sit quietly," he said sharply.

"What's going on Mark?" she asked fearfully.

"Possible theft," he replied shortly.

Back to Harry" and Sirius

Harry" and Sirius had just disabled all the cameras before removing the invisibility cloak and their masks.

"Go," was all that Harry" said.

Sirius rushed to the portrait and lifted it out of its hinges.

That turned out to be the wrong thing to do. As soon as Sirius removed the portrait, a loud siren began to blare and steel bars began to descend from all the exits blocking all the exits.

"Transfigure it now!" shouted Sirius.

Harry" nodded and transfigured the portrait into a wooden doll and stuffed it into their bag. Sirius then cast a quick cleaning charm around the room and grabbed Harry's" arm firmly. Harry" suddenly felt like he were being squeezed through a tight rubber tube and then it was gone. He found himself standing near the exit where no one could see them unless they looked real hard.

"Sirius," he began but his other world godfather just covered his mouth and quietly dragged him out and ran towards the other end of the street.

Almost immediately Harry" heard the telltale sound of wizards apparating where they were about 5 seconds ago.

They continued moving further away until the museum was out of sight and they were sure that no one had followed them.

"Taxi," shouted Sirius and one stopped right in front of them.

"Where to?" asked the cab driver.

"Airport," said Harry".

"You'll have to hire a private cab for that sir," he replied, "I'll give you a card."

"Look," said Sirius shortly, "We're in a hurry and we really don't want to miss our flight. I'll give you half the total fare as extra."

"Extra, huh," said the driver. "The airport is quite a distance away. You sure you can afford it?"

"I can afford more than you can imagine," replied Sirius with a smirk.

"Good enough for me. Hop in."

"And go a little fast if you can. We really don't want to miss our flight," said Sirius.

"You got it boss," he said with smirk before changing gears and shooting off like a bullet.

Harry" and Sirius held on to their seats for their dear lives as the cab driver swerved between traffic and took short cuts were ever possible.

"You have surprisingly no luggage with you," commented the driver.

"It's at the airport already. We were just roaming around the city when we realized the time," said Sirius.

"Yeah," added Harry", "The place is so beautiful that we lost track of time completely!"

Sirius rolled his eyes.

"Ah, yes," he said sagely, "Paris does that to you."

Harry" laughed cheerfully while Sirius stared at him with surprise written all over his face.

"Will you stop staring at me like that?" Harry" hissed softly.

"What's with the act!" whispered Sirius.

"The muggle police will question the taxi drivers about anyone suspicious person leaving the area around the museum and we shouldn't look suspicious to this guy even if we look different."

"We aren't suspicious," said Sirius. "We got in we got out. That's it."

"We are not out until we are back under the roof of Grimmauld place," growled Harry", "Now start laughing."

"What?"

"Laugh," said Harry", "Loudly"

"Why?"

"Just laugh," said Harry".

Sirius began to laugh uproariously causing Harry" to wince. He didn't mean Sirius had to laugh right into his ear!

"What's with the laughter?" asked the driver, now lighting up a cigarette.

"Nothing," said Harry" glaring at Sirius. "My dad was just reminding me of my less than memorable moments here."

"Oh, that's interesting, what happened!" he asked.

"Nothing interesting," said Harry" trying to discourage the driver from asking more questions. Obviously any man would insist on knowing

more he thought with a smirk and this simple minded driver was no different.

"Oh, come on," he said. "It's not like I'm going to tell anyone you know!"

"Alright," said Harry" with a resigned sigh. "It all started with this girl when we were visiting the Eiffel tower," he began.

The chatting continued and Sirius soon caught up with Harry's" plan and began making up more ridiculous stories each more embarrassing than the other.

After what seemed like hours of torture for Harry", the taxi finally stopped in a crowded airport terminus.

"Bloody hell," whispered Sirius, after the driver had left. "This place is freakin crowded."

"Welcome to a muggle international airport Sirius," said Harry" with a grin.

Sirius just nodded dumbly.

"What now?" he asked.

"Now, we follow the directions, look for the first flight we get out of this city and then head back home."

The pair stopped in front of a flight schedule.

"The earliest is in 45 minutes to Rio de Janeiro," said Sirius. "45 minutes is a long time."

"45 minutes is no time at all if what uncle Vernon said about airport security was true."

Sirius frowned when Harry" mentioned his uncle.

"Oh and Sirius."

"What?"

"You'll have to do all the talking. You're the adult."

"Me! But I know nothing about all this!"

"Don't worry. Just show them our passports when they ask for it and then pay them the amount they ask for."

Sirius looked extremely uncomfortable.

"Relax Sirius, I have no doubt you'll manage perfectly," said Harry"

"You so sure?"

"Yeah, coz if you don't... we're screwed."

"Right," said Sirius taking a deep breath and checked the flight schedule once more. "Rio De Janeiro, terminal 7, lets go."

They stood in line waiting to be scanned by the security guards when Harry" noticed something unusual.

"Sirius," he whispered.

"What?"

"Look at the guy in the black suit."

"What about him?"

"Look at his pants."

Sirius looked carefully. "They're too small for him," he said in surprise.

"And his socks are not matching... like he wore them in a hurry and to top it all off, he has a thin metal wire in his hand which looks like a magical detector to me."

Sirius's eyes widened in panic. "Shit, Harry", they found us! We got to run!"

"Dammit Sirius just calm down," he said, as he noticed a few people looking at his fake dad curiously.

"How can I calm down!"

"They haven't found us yet! It's been over two hours since we left the museum and I'm sure they must have made the muggle connection. Just let me handle this and we'll be fine."

"You'll handle it! How are you going to handle it without magic?" hissed Sirius.

"Trust me," whispered Harry", not elaborating.

Sirius to Harry's" surprise acted perfectly. Must be because of his pranking tendencies, he thought with a smirk. And maybe because of his auror training too he added as an after thought.

10 minutes later they were three more people in front of them before the wizard scanned them. He was sure that instrument would detect their wands and the transfigured portrait.

Slowly taking a deep breath he cautiously raised a finger and willed the wizards shoe laces to untie.

There were two more people in front.

Harry" held his breath.

One more person.

Sirius moved ahead.

Harry" raised his hand subtly and moved the man's left leg on to his right shoe lace and then made him try and move his right leg to the right.

Everything happened just as Harry" planned it.

The man went crashing into the table beside him, hitting his head viciously against its corner.

There were shrieks from the women around and a few guards rushed to the man's aid.

By the time the wizard recovered from his fall, Harry" and Sirius had already placed their bag on the conveyor belt and avoided the wizards scan.

Harry" allowed a smile to grace his lips as he saw the wizard stand on his feet shakily looking like he had just been slammed in the head by a bulldozer.

Things went pretty much smoothly after they left Paris. It was an 11 hour flight to Rio De Janeiro and another 12 hours to London, not to mention the three hours they had to wait in the Brazilian airport waiting for the heavens to clear. Harry" was confident that there was no way the wizards or muggles would be able to find them and identify them.

The only thing left to worry about was the reception they were going to get when they went back to the headquarters if anybody had discovered their disappearance. It would be sometime in the afternoon when they reached the headquarters and Harry" had no doubt the news of the stolen portrait would have reached every household around the world.

What to do next, pondered Harry" as the pilot announced their arrival at the London international airport.

Little did he know that, a certain dark lord had been resurrected in his world with unimaginable power and a will to rule the world.

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REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW !!!

Lillian and Harry" finally go back to their own world in the next one or two chapters! I'm sure many of you have been waiting for this for quite a while.

I tried writing a few sentences in French accent like Fleur's but it was too difficult, so abandoned that idea.

Until next time people...

Cheers!

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Chapter 25 – Interlude

The portal to travel between dimensions is a mysterious thing. There are very few in the world, who believe in the existence of alternate dimensions and even fewer who have an inkling of a possible theory to how to open the portal and only one with the knowledge to open it safely and guards said knowledge fiercely.

It was once said by those who built the portal that traveling through it will take you to any parallel world and but not to the time you intend it to take you to.

You could leave one world in the year 1990 and end up in another world in the year 1889 or 2089 or any random year. It's just the way the portal works and has no explanation as to why it works that way.

It is said that as soon as one enters the portal he or she immediately appears in another dimension but that is not true.

When you enter the portal, your body is disintegrated into uncountable number of particles which drift through the portal until the entrance to another is found.

It could be years or minutes or decades but you will never know. For your conscious does not exist, you are just another particle in space once you enter the portal.

Your conscious mind may not exist but your subconscious does. And the moment it finds an exit, the body reforms and comes out as if no time has passed.

Even if two people enter the portal at the same time, there is no guarantee that they will end up in the same dimension or not. It only pure luck if they end up together at the same time.

But traveling between worlds is very dangerous because it upsets the balance of power in the both worlds as a soul is lost in one and gained in another. Depending on the power the soul holds the balance of power in the worlds shifts too...

Though it is strange... for when the person travels back to his own world, he shall arrive at the exact same time at which he or she left. He or she shall not have aged a bit regardless of the time spent in

the other world and shall remain the same as they were when they left.

That it why it is most curious as to why Harry James Potter and Lillian Mary Austin were not back in their own world and why they still seemed to be in another world?

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Unless they were already back and didn't want to be found...?

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So if they are supposed to come back at the same time at which they left then were are they!

Review...

Chapter 26 – Realization

Harry was cursing his counterpart and Sirius for the umpteenth time today.

They had told him they would be back before midnight and it was now 7.00 AM in the morning! Harry didn't think he could keep their disappearance a secret any longer seeing that Harry" was always one the first to be down for breakfast and Sirius always made a big deal about Mrs. Weasley's cooking everyday.

There was no way anyone would fail to notice their absence. They might ignore it during breakfast but not lunch!

He hoped for their sakes they would make it back soon and also prayed nothing went wrong with their trip.

He had wanted to accompany them at the start but the idea was shot down immediately. Mainly because the people in the house might disregard Sirius's and Harry's" disappearance for a little while but not his, as he was too important to go missing for even a few hours.

Even in this house people kept checking on him every hour or so and it annoyed him to no end. Honestly, what could possibly happen to him in a house under the fidelius charm!

Harry sighed loudly hoping there wasn't any order meeting today and nobody would bother about the two missing people.

"Hey Harry, have you seen Harry" around?" came a sleepy voice from behind him.

Harry groaned. Looks like the gods were not on his side today.

Lillian pulled a chair beside him and sat down rather grumpily.

"What's up with you?" asked Harry, a little amused.

"Nothing," she said accompanied by a huge yawn, "It's just Ginny and Hermione."

"What about them?"

"They've been up almost all night arguing about god knows what. Your name seemed to come up a lot followed by a lot of giggling."

Harry's heart leapt into his throat, "My name!"

"Yeah," she grumbled. "Don't know about what though, all I know is that they cost me my beauty sleep."

Harry grinned, "Well you certainly do look like a beauty now."

Lillian raised her head and blinked owlshly.

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Pig," she muttered finally and let her head crash into the table.

Harry snorted. "If you're so sleepy why don't you just go back to bed?"

"Need to talk to Harry" about something," she mumbled.

"I'm right here."

"Not you, the other one."

"Oh, right," he said awkwardly. "What is it that you want to talk to him about anyway?"

"Stuff," she said vaguely.

"What stuff?"

"General stuff."

"What general stuff?"

Lillian pushed herself up and narrowed her eyes. "Why are you so interested anyway?"

"Whoa, don't need to get all defensive... I was just curious."

Lillian sighed. "Sorry," she said, "I'm just having a bad day that's all."

"The day has barely begun," pointed out Harry.

"And it's steadily going to get worse," she replied snidely.

Lillian felt the bubbling of her element deep inside her as her anger rose and quickly calmed herself before anything went wrong. She had almost torched Hermione and Ginny for talking loudly last night but she had managed to crush the feeling ruthlessly.

"Look I really need to talk to Harry", have you seen him?"

"No I haven't," said Harry. "He must be in his room."

"He's not in his room and he's always early for breakfast," she said frowning.

"Oh yeah," said Harry suddenly, "I did see him down here and I think he went back up to have a shower. He wasn't feeling too good."

"Oh no, I hope its not happening to him too," she said under her breath but Harry heard it.

"What's not happening to him? Is something wrong Lillian?"

"Nothing, nothing," she said quickly, a little too quickly. "Where on earth is Mrs. Weasley? I'm starving!"

"Lillian wait!" said Harry as she slid out of the chair and hurried to the kitchen.

"What the hell is she hiding that would make her so nervous?" wondered Harry.

All his thoughts were put to a stop when Mrs. Weasley came in floating a huge tray of delicious bacon, eggs and bread. The kind of food that would make ones mouth water instantaneously.

"Harry dear," she said cheerfully putting down the trays. "Where are Ron and the rest of the kids?"

"Still sleeping," said Harry with a grin.

"Really now," she huffed and then took a deep breath.

Harry and Lillian quickly covered their ears.

"BREAKFAST IS READY! AND WILL BE GONE IN 15 MINUTES!" she screamed.

There were thuds heard from above, a little yelling and scrambling.

Two minutes later the entire Weasley family present in the house was sitting around the table gulping down all the food like there was no tomorrow.

It was a little funny truth to be told.

"Where's the other Harry", dear," asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Oh, he wasn't feeling too well, Mrs. Weasley," said Harry. "Hopefully he'll be down for lunch."

"Oh, dear, maybe I should go and check on him."

"NO," shouted Harry.

Everyone stared at him.

"I mean, you know how he is," he added hastily. "He'll probably just insult you."

"Arrogant shit," muttered Ron, stuffing a piece of bacon into his mouth.

"Watch your tongue young man," reprimanded Mrs. Weasley.

Ron mumbled an apology not meaning it at all.

Harry was thanking the gods that no one noticed Sirius's absence. He honestly didn't know what excuse to come up with for his godfather.

10 minutes later not a crumb was left on the table and Mrs. Weasley gave a contented sigh. She really was proud of her cooking.

Just before Harry left following Ron back to their room, Mrs. Weasley called Lillian and him back.

"Harry dear, if you see Sirius, please inform him there is an order meeting at 11.00 today."

Harry felt like smashing his head on the wall.

"And Mary, Professor Dumbledore would like to speak to you before the meeting."

"About what?" she asked, frowning.

"I think it was about your accidental magic a few days back."

Lillian paled and Harry noticed it.

"Why does he want to talk to me about that?" she asked nervously.

"I don't know dear. I'm sure you'll find out when he gets here. Now run along there's a lot of work to do today."

"Yes Mrs. Weasley," they said and hurried out of her range. Both of them were not eager to do any work she gave them. Usually it ended it a lot of pain and bug bites.

Lillian practically ran up the stairs before Harry could even stop her.

Shaking his head he made his way back to his current room hoping nothing bad had happened to Sirius and Harry".

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry" and Sirius meanwhile were enjoying their trip back from Brazil.

Sirius kept ogling at the beautiful air hostesses and Harry" kept ordering a number of sandwiches and chocolates and taking an occasional sip from Sirius's drink.

"I shouldn't be allowing you to drink that you know," said Sirius lightly.

"I've never been one to listen to anyone else other than myself," replied Harry".

"I can see that," said Sirius. "And your inability to hold your liquor is showing too. A thirteen year old isn't supposed to be drinking."

"Relax Sirius. I'm just tasting it and it's not like I'm gulping it down am I?"

"You've been tasting for the past 20 minutes and you're speaking with a slight slur to your voice now."

"Am not!" protested Harry" feebly.

Sirius merely raised an eyebrow.

Harry" raised his eyebrows too.

Sirius raised them higher.

Harry" pulled his upwards with his hands.

"You loose," he said with a smirk.

"I wasn't aware it was a competition."

"That's why you lost," said Harry".

Sirius just rolled his eyes.

A women walked past and Harry" eyes followed her.

"Did you see her boobies!" he said with a gasp.

"Harry!" hissed Sirius, glancing apologetically at the people staring.

"But they were huge!"

"If you continue talking so loudly that woman is going to shove your head into the toilet."

"But Sirius, they were popping out of her shirt," he said and cupped his hands to his chest and made a weird action.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Her breasts falling out of her shirt," said Harry".

There a few outraged gasps by the women around.

"Teach your son a few manners mister," said the lady across them.

"You got nice boobies too lady," said Harry" cheekily.

The lady blushed and looked away.

"Okay, Harry. It's time for you to sleep," said Sirius. "It's my job to flirt with hot women not yours!"

"I'm not flirting! I'm just complimenting them."

"Go. To. Sleep!"

"Maybe I should show them a few magic tricks too," Harry" said thoughtfully.

"Damn it Harry", close your eyes!" he hissed.

Harry" obediently closed his eyes. A minute later he was fast asleep.

Sirius turned to the lady across them and gave her a charming smile.

"Sorry about that. The kid was a little high on sugar." And a little alcohol he added mentally.

"No problem," she said with a smile.

"You really have a wonderful smile you know," he said with a wink.

The lady giggled and the rest of the flight passed by too quickly for Sirius's liking.

-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-

"Welcome my friends," said Dumbledore to the recently arrived members.

"Why did you call a meeting today Albus?" growled Moody. "As far as I know there haven't been any complications in our duties."

"A painting was stolen from the muggle world."

"And this concerns us how exactly?" asked Remus.

"This painting is of a witch whose identity I do not know, but apparently it holds the key to some sort of treasure," he said.

"At least that's what I have found out in short notice," he added.

"And you're worried You Know Who might have something to do with this," said another member.

"This treasure could be anything. It could be gold or knowledge or even some other way for him to gain more power."

"Or it could just be a muggle who stole the painting seeing that the painting is very valuable in the muggle world," said Kingsley in his deep voice.

"Is there any proof that it was You Know Who?"

"None, however I do want you to find out everything you know about this painting. On the other hand how is your team performing Alastor?"

"Good," said Moody, "We've managed to take out Morgan and replaced his brother with a polyjuiced agent of ours."

"That's good news indeed," said Dumbledore as some of the members whistled in appreciation and congratulated Moody. "Has he found the blueprints?"

"Not yet, but he is close."

Dumbledore nodded approvingly.

Suddenly he noticed the absence of Sirius.

"Molly, do you know where Sirius is?"

"No, Albus. I haven't seen him all day."

"Could you please bring him down, I want him to be here for my next announcement. He'll probably be in Buckbeak's room."

Molly nodded and left the room.

But she returned 10 minutes later without Sirius.

"I can't find him anywhere Albus!"

Dumbledore frowned. "Did you check the library?"

"I checked everywhere. Even the kids haven't seen him all day!"

"Alright then, gentlemen, ladies today's meeting is adjourned. Kingsley, please stay behind."

Everyone slowly emptied the room. Few left by floo and most through the front door.

Once all the order members were gone he asked Mrs. Weasley to bring everyone to the living room.

As soon as everyone was down he cast a spell which caused a whopping sensation in everyone's stomach.

"He's not in the house," said Dumbledore gravely.

"He wouldn't have left the house, would he have Albus?" asked Mrs. Weasley sounding equally worried.

"I hope not."

"Harry's" not here too!" said Lillian suddenly.

"Beg pardon?"

"Harry"! The other Harry"! He's not here too!" she exclaimed.

"Oh dear," muttered Dumbledore. "I hope they haven't gone out somewhere without permission."

"Ask Harry," she said accusingly, "Apparently he was the last person to see them!"

"Hey!" said Harry. "Just because I was the last person to see him doesn't mean I know what they were up to."

"Ah-ha! So you knew they were up to something!" said Lillian triumphantly.

"Wait, now just hold on one sec," said Harry indignantly, "Why no one is supporting me here!"

"Harry," interrupted Dumbledore calmly, "Do you know anything about Sirius and Harry" whereabouts?"

"Of course not!" Damn right I do, he added in his mind. "I wouldn't let Sirius just leave the house without any protection!"

He wasn't lying in a way. Sirius did have protection in the form of Harry".

Dumbledore sighed, "Good, because last night a very famous muggle painting was stolen from the Louvre museum and I pray to god Sirius and Harry" weren't remotely involved in the theft."

Hermione gasped loudly.

"Is something wrong Ms. Granger?"

"Harry" was asking me about the Mona Lisa last week," she said covering her mouth.

"That is indeed the name of the stolen painting," said Dumbledore with a frown. "Harry, are you sure you don't know where Sirius is?" he asked again, this time a little urgently.

"No sir, I don't. And I don't think they had anything to do with this because I saw Harry" this morning."

"I see," Dumbledore said quietly.

There was silence for a moment before it was shattered by the headmaster.

"Everybody, back to what you are supposed to be doing," he said suddenly with a note of authority in his voice. "Kingsley, I need you to check the transportation department and check all the list of all the registered portkey's going out of the country.

I want the rest of you to wait here and inform me as soon as those two get back. Harry please stay back."

"Yes sir," they said dutifully and slowly shuffled out of the room.

Once everyone was gone Dumbledore turned to Harry.

"May I speak with you for a moment Harry?" he asked politely.

"Of course professor, you did ask me to stay back after all," said Harry with forced sweetness, when all he wanted to do was scream obscenities at the headmaster for keeping secrets about his own life from him.

"Now Harry, are you absolutely sure you know nothing about Sirius and your younger self's whereabouts?"

Harry was getting angry now. "I think I heard them talking about some vaults sir," said Harry, stressing on the word sir. "Something about family vaults and things like that you know. Or wait, that's what the other Harry" was telling me about."

Harry's voice was steadily increasing and Dumbledore was looking alarmed.

"Harry," said Dumbledore, trying to interrupt Harry's rant but Harry ignored it.

"What I'd like to know is why did you choose to keep me from entering my own vaults, why are you so adamant on me staying in Privet drive every summer when you know I hate it there, why do you not let me stay here with Sirius and why have you been avoiding me every time you enter this house!" Harry took a deep breath. "Why professor!"

Dumbledore looked at Harry with sadness etched deep in his eyes.

"I did not feel it right to tell you about your vaults so soon and I wanted to tell you about them as a birthday gift when you turned 17.

I know there are a lot of things I have done wrong when it comes to you Harry but I honestly just want the best for you."

Harry looked down to the floor feeling guilty.

"I understand your anger and pain Harry," said Dumbledore gently, "But please understand that everything I am doing is to protect you."

"Yet the Dementors attacked me at Privet Drive," Harry couldn't help but add.

Dumbledore suddenly frowned. "Those were not rogue Dementors Harry," he said gravely.

"What do you mean?"

"They were still under the control of the ministry."

Harry stared at Dumbledore stunned. "Are you saying the ministry ordered the Dementors to attack me!"

"Not the ministry Harry, both of us know that Voldemort has spies in the ministry and there are certain elements within the ministry who would love nothing more than to see your wand snapped."

"Fudge," said Harry dully.

"Amongst others," said Dumbledore. "While you are safe from deatheaters, Voldemort and other dark creatures at Privet drive, I cannot stop the ministry from doing anything stupid. And if the ministry falls then Voldemort will most certainly have the power to break through the fidelius charm if he puts enough effort. That is why you are safest at Privet drive."

"Then how come the Dementors were able to attack me?"

"You were outside the wards," he said. "That is why I had an order member stand guard at your house every day. I knew I could not

force you to stay close to the house everyday so every time you strayed outside the wards, an order member was there to protect you. Unfortunately Mundungus had to choose that particular day to make a sale."

Harry chuckled and Dumbledore smiled.

"I'm sorry sir, but if you had just told me this before, none of this would have happened."

"Another one of an old mans mistakes," said Dumbledore with a laugh.

"Sir," began Harry hesitantly.

"Yes my boy?"

"You're not keeping any more secrets from me are you?"

"Would you believe me if I said no," he asked, his eyes twinkling.

"I would if you'd say so," he said seriously.

Dumbledore sighed.

"There is always a time and place for everything Harry. You must learn to be patient and things will be revealed to you when the time is right."

Harry nodded.

"Now run along Harry, I'm sure you have much to discuss with your friends."

"Yes sir," he said with a sheepish smile and hurried up the stairs to talk to Ron and Hermione.

The smile on Dumbledore's face lingered as Harry vanished. "Take care my dear boy," he whispered before heading to the fireplace and flooded back to the castle.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

It was two in the afternoon when cab pulled up in front of number 15 Grimmauld place and a blond man and a boy got out.

They paid the cabbie and walked tiredly to the spot between number 11 and 13 before completely disappearing.

"My head is pounding Sirius," grumbled Harry".

"That's what happens when a thirteen year old consumes alcohol."

"It's not like you stopped me or anything!"

"That's true," said Sirius with a chuckle. "I wanted to see how you'd behave with a little alcohol in your system and I wasn't disappointed."

"Don't remind me," groaned Harry". "What was I thinking!"

"The look on that air hostess's face when you hit her butt was Priceless!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I was so glad when she didn't say anything. For an instant I thought she was going to slap me," said Harry".

"I thought she was going to spank you."

"Whatever, now just open the damn door. God only knows what kind of reception we're going to receive."

"What about our disguise?"

"Just remove the contacts and turn your hair back to its original color. The blonde color will disappear after a good head wash."

Once that was done the duo quietly opened the door and tip toed towards the staircase hoping not to be seen.

Luck wasn't on their side for once.

"Oh my god, I found them!" shrieked Hermione.

The curtains covering the portrait of Mrs. Black ripped open and her screams and obscene language filled the hall way.

Wincing Sirius rushed towards the portrait and forced the moth eaten curtains shut causing a welcomed silence to fall in the Black house.

"Where have you been!" hissed Hermione, beckoning them towards the dining hall.

Harry" smiled coldly, "Wouldn't you like to know," he said with a sneer worthy of Professor Snape.

"Play nice Harry", " muttered Sirius quietly.

Hermione just huffed and walked out calling for Mrs. Weasley and the others.

Harry" sighed. "Can I stun her Sirius?"

"That wouldn't be a good idea. And no matter how much you dislike her, I don't think it would be in your best interests to make more people mad at you right now."

"Like I care about that," he said with a snort. "And look! Here comes the cavalry," he added with a smirk as Mrs. Weasley came running down the stairs followed by everyone else in the house.

"WHERE IN MERLINS NAME HAVE YOU BEEN SIRIUS BLACK!" she screamed as loud as her voice would permit.

"Merlin, did she put steroids in her vocal cords!" muttered Harry".

Sirius suppressed his laughter.

"Calm down Molly. Harry" and I just had to visit Gringotts."

"Gringotts! Why in heavens name would you want to visit Gringotts! Harry" doesn't even have a vault in this world. And even if you wanted to visit the order would have planned a trip at the appropriate time! Do you know how IRRESPONSIBLE it was on your part!

Mrs. Weasley was breathing heavily and all the children behind her had moved as far back as possible to avoid her wrath just in case she turned towards them.

And don't worry Harry", I know you had nothing to do with this. I'm sure this man must have dragged you along just for his own amusement," she said nastily.

"Err, Mrs. Weasley?" said Harry" suddenly, suppressing his urge to choke the life out of her.

"Yes dear," she said, her demeanor changing from intimidating to loving in a matter of seconds.

"Are you Sirius's mother?"

She looked confused. "Pardon?"

"Are you or are you not Sirius's mother?" he repeated slowly as if explaining to a dumb child.

"Of course not!"

"Then what gives you the right to dictate where he goes and what he does?"

Mrs. Weasley stared at Harry" dumbly, her face red in anger and confusion.

Harry" just smiled serenely with a dangerous look in his eye.

She pulled herself together and put her hands on her hips.

"That is not the point. He should not be putting you and himself in harms way! What would have happened if you both were seen! How do you think the public would have reacted if they saw an escaped convict walking in Diagon Alley along with a much younger Harry Potter!"

"Do you really think we would be dumb enough to go into Diagon Alley without a disguise Molly?" asked Sirius sarcastically.

She seemed to be swelling as her anger grew.

"I'm calling the headmaster," snapped finally. "He'll deal with the two of you."

"Ohhh," said Harry, pretending to shiver in fear.

She just shot him a nasty glare and left the room. Sirius followed her out so that he could intercept Dumbledore when he arrived and save Harry" the trouble of making explanations to the headmaster.

Harry" decided to have a snack but stopped short when he found all the Weasley boys standing in front of him with their wands out.

"Is this supposed to be a blockade or something?" he asked. Not intimidated in the slightest.

"Shut it Potter," snarled Ron. "It's time you learned not to talk so rudely to our mother!"

Harry" just rolled his eyes. "And you're going to do what exactly?"

He saw Harry move towards Ron to calm him down and Hermione and Ginny went to the twins. Lillian was just watching the proceedings quietly and Harry" could tell from the look in her eye she was eagerly waiting for a fight to break out.

"Cool it Ron," Harry said gently, "Lets just go back upstairs."

"Yeah, go back upstairs Weasley. You wouldn't stand a chance if you tried to pick a fight with me."

Ron broke free from Harry's hold on him and lunged towards Harry".

"Ron don't!" shouted Harry, remembering the time he had tried to attack his counterpart.

But it was too late, Ron was barely an inch away from Harry" when he was viciously blasted back and went crashing into the twins.

"Ron!" shrieked Hermione and Ginny.

Ron groaned and slowly pushed himself up.

"Ron, are you alright!"

Ron nodded and stood up shakily.

Suddenly his cheeks blew out and he covered his mouth, his eyes wide in terror.

"What's the matter Ron!"

And then for the second time in his life Ronald Weasley began to puke slugs.

Harry" just smirked and quietly slipped into the kitchen. All that talking had made him even hungrier then he was before.

-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry sighed in defeat. "Why did Ron have to be so temper mental?" he thought. Now he'd have to wait even longer to find out what about Sirius and his counterparts trip to Paris.

He knew what was going to happen now. Mrs. Weasley was going to come and scream bloody murder when she saw Ron. Dumbledore would then arrive and remove the hex. The headmaster would then proceed to question Sirius and Harry" who would lie spectacularly and then he'd finally get his chance to talk to the two alone.

Total chaos in other words.

Shaking his head ruefully, he patted Ron on the back who was now puking slugs with renewed vigor.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

It was close to midnight when Harry, Harry" and Sirius finally managed to meet each other alone.

Presently they were sitting in the Black library with the painting unfolded in front of them along with the map Harry" had.

"What do we do now?" whispered Harry.

"No clue," said Harry" with a shrug. "What do you think Sirius?"

Sirius frowned.

"Place the map in the centre of the portrait."

Harry" did. "Now what?"

"I don't know," said Sirius, "But it may need some sort of catalyst or something, something which will make sure that a Potter is the one who is accessing the map."

"Blood?" suggested Harry.

"Maybe," said Sirius. "Why don't you give it a try Harry"."

Harry" nodded and conjured a small knife and placed his thumb over the map before pricking his thumb lightly and letting the drops of his blood fall on the parchment.

Almost instantly all the dots and lines began to wiggle and move like worms all around the parchment. Ink seemed to be leaking from the portrait into the parchment too, slowly blackening it.

The parchment steadily turned darker and darker as ink was still being absorbed from the painting.

And suddenly it just stopped.

"What," began Harry but shut his mouth when all the ink began to ooze out of the map. It slowly rose above the parchment swirling furiously forming no recognizable shape when out of the blue there was a flash of silver light and a small rectangular silver stone lay on the parchment which was now blank.

All three occupants of the library were silent after that particular event.

Sirius was the one who broke the silence. "That was unexpected."

Harry" gently picked up the stone and looked at it closely from all angles.

"Look!" Harry said suddenly, pointing to the parchment.

A word was now written on the parchment.

"Dom..," Harry" began but was quickly cut of by Sirius.

"No Harry", don't say it!"

"Why not?"

"It could be a password to activate a portkey. And if I'm right that stone is a portkey to your ancestral home. Now unless you want to go there right now, which I think is a bad idea. Just let go of the stone."

Harry" put down the stone.

"What does Domus mean?" asked Harry.

"It's Latin for home," said Sirius.

"Straight forward password," said Harry". "Anyway, I should keep this with me," he said, picking the stone again. "Wouldn't want to loose it."

"Why can't we use it?" asked Harry. "I don't know about you guys, but I'd really like to visit my ancestral home."

"You can't use this stone, because it's from my world and if it's a one time use portkey then I'd like to use it in my world," said Harry". "The portrait seems to be unchanged so I'm sure if you got your copy of the map out of the vault, I'm sure you'd get your portkey."

"What about returning the portrait? I thought the plan was to return it once we were done with it."

"This portrait rightfully belongs to the Potters so you don't need to worry about it. But if you're so concerned..."

Harry took out his wand and said Geminio, pointing his wand at the portrait. Instantly there was an exact copy on the table.

"Call Hedwig or preferably some common barn owl and ask it to drop this at the entrance of the Louvre without being seen. The muggles won't even know the difference."

That said Harry" walked out of the library and back to his room with a satisfied smile on his face. "Looks the trip across dimensions turned out to be beneficial after all," he thought.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Morning Daily

Mona Lisa Returned!

In bizarre turn of events, the Mona Lisa which was stolen from the famed Louvre Museum in Paris was found rolled up at the entrance of the museum and was found by a security guard.

There was no comment from the museum after the Da Vinci master piece was found, but it was reported by a source that experts were currently trying to determine if the portrait found is indeed the original Mona Lisa or a fake.

For history of the Mona Lisa... turn to page 3

For history of Leonardo Da Vinci... turn to page 3

For history of the Louvre Museum... turn to page 4

"Can you believe this!" said Hermione.

"Believe what Mione?" asked Ron, trying to stuff two toasts into his mouth at the same time.

Hermione just shot him a disgusted look and turned away from him.

"What do you think Harry?"

"Maybe one of the employees was playing a prank on the museum authorities or it's just a ploy by the museum to get more attention."

"Nobody would be stupid enough to play such a prank on the museum Harry," she said rolling her eyes. "And they don't need to

go to such extents to bring people to the museum, they're well known enough as it is."

"Maybe they were losing customers and they wanted people to remember the beauty of art or something," he said with a shrug.

Hermione bit her lip.

"Just drop it Hermione. You don't need to solve everything."

Ron snorted causing a few pieces of half eaten bread crumbs to fall out of his mouth again.

"Stop stuffing your mouth like that Ronald!" said Hermione sharply, "It's disgusting."

"Sorry," he mumbled, the tips of his ears turning red.

Hermione turned back to Harry, "Have you seen Sirius and Harry yet? Mrs. Weasley asked me to keep an eye on them." She said Harry's name with as much scorn as possible.

"Harry" had breakfast before we even came down and I guess Sirius is still asleep."

"I really don't understand him," Hermione burst out. "I don't understand why he is so rude and looks down upon everyone he meets. You and him are the same but yet so different!"

Harry rubbed the bridge of his nose in annoyance, but he could understand Hermione's dilemma.

"He may be the same as me physically but there are a lot of differences in our upbringing," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Harry with a sigh. He knew they wouldn't understand life living with the Dursley's. Harry remembered a conversation they had about the Dursley's and he was horrified at how the Dursley's had treated his younger self. Sure the Dursley's insulted, mocked and treated him like servant but never had they hurt him physically.

He had then realized why Harry" was so cold, rude and uncaring all the time. It was all because of the way the Dursley's had treated him. Discovering magic for him was like discovering a new life, a way to survive.

He shook his head trying to get rid of all those dark thoughts.

"Stop trying to compare the both of us Hermione. We are two completely different individuals," he said tiredly. "Anyway, I'm going upstairs... Coming Ron?"

Ron nodded and followed Harry out leaving Hermione at the table.

Hermione was quiet, her mind racing with thoughts trying to find a logical answer to what Harry had said.

The answer was quite simple and straight forward but she wanted to know why. What made them so different, where the always different or was it a particular event that made them different.

She really didn't know why, but she had made it her personal mission to figure out what exactly made them so different. Sure Harry had said it was their upbringing which was different but different in what way? She knew the Dursley's didn't like magic and were very rude to Harry and she was pretty sure it was the same for the other Harry".

It then struck her that Harry never spoke much about his childhood, his friends at primary school and all such things. All Harry kept saying was that the Dursley's didn't like him and didn't care about him.

Obviously he kept saying that because he didn't like them. Harry could be so childish at times, she thought.

"Well, now I know what to do," she said aloud with determination. She was going to find out more about both the Harry's childhood to find her answer.

She knew neither would be forthcoming but it was the only she could find out what she wanted to know.

She never even considered the thought that Harry never spoke about his childhood with good reason and it would cause him unnecessary pain.

Little did she know that in her quest to find her answers she might just create a rift between her and her best friend.

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An irreparable rift.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Headmasters office, Hogwarts

Albus Dumbledore idly read the letter he had received a year back, thinking what to do about it.

When he had first found the letter in the middle of Harry's fourth year, laying in the charms corridor addressed to him he was really confused. And what confused him further was that it was in his handwriting!

And when he read the contents of the letter his mind just froze to a halt.

"Ridiculous," was the first word out of him mouth. But then he couldn't deny the facts.

There was a letter addressed to him in the charms corridor whose wall apparently had runes which made traveling through dimensions possible and two students from another dimension had ended up in this world.

Upon conformation he knew that the letter was indeed in handwriting and had charms which would enable only him to open and read it.

But there was one inconsistency.

There were no students who had appeared from the wall, let alone a different Harry Potter and someone called Lillian Mary Austin.

That was one year ago.

Apparently the portal worked in mysterious ways.

Today he was reading the letter once more and wondering if it would be a good thing to send them back to their own world.

He knew they were powerful and after Lillian's little fire show, he knew she was a fire elemental.

How beneficial their powers would be to the war. Having two Harry Potters fight Voldemort would be much better than one. Two boys who were capable of defeating Voldemort according to the prophecy would be much better than just one, he thought.

But those were yesterday's thoughts. Today he realized the dangers of keep them in this world. Harry" had snuck out of the house for a reason not known to him and if they were seen the results would have been disastrous.

His Harry now knew about the Potter vaults thanks to his counterpart. Harry could now find knowledge in those vaults which he certainly didn't want Harry to have access to. Especially if there was a copy of the Potters will in there and that simply would not do.

He rubbed his forehead feeling the headache come. It was time to send the dimension travelers back to where they belonged before they ruined more of his well laid plans.

He should have known better and not tried to meddle with fate. His plans had failed spectacularly and Harry could easily slip out of his control if he spent more time around his younger self who was clearly extremely independent and wouldn't stand anybody trying to interfere in his life.

"He's my counterpart's headache," he muttered, "Not mine. Better get rid of him before he causes anymore trouble."

And with that Albus Dumbledore retired to his room. Tomorrow he would be sending Harry" and Lillian back to their world.

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REVIEW!

They are finally getting back home!

Next Chapter - Where are we now!

If there are any errors in the chapter please do point them out.

Thanks...

-X-X-X-X-X-

Chapter – 27 – Return

Today, 11 Pm

Albus Dumbledore was on his night time stroll in the castle when he felt the wards he had placed on the wall in charms corridor alert him of some magical activity taking place.

His face lit up in happiness and he hurried towards the corridor which was only a few minutes away.

"God dammit Freckles! Do you always have to fall on me!" he heard a voice he hadn't heard for more than a month say.

"That's why I told you to let me go through first!" said the other voice he hadn't heard for more than a month.

"And have me land on top of you! You'd be squashed."

"Oh please, I'm taller and healthier than you so you're the one who should be feeling squashed."

"You're taller than me! Which world are you living in Freckles? If you're heavier than me, it will be because of your large arse."

"My arse is perfectly normal you jerk!" she said angrily.

"Not from my angle."

"Than stop staring at it you pervert."

Dumbledore choose than moment to intervene. "Mr. Potter, Ms. Austin. How nice to have you back within these walls," he said, his eyes twinkling brightly.

Harry and Lillian immediately stopped their argument and looked at the headmaster.

"I can actually see the twinkle in your eyes in this darkness," said Harry in awe. He never understood how the headmaster's eyes could twinkle so much. He had a theory that Dumbledore might have put some holiday lights inside his eyes to enhance his twinkling eyes effect.

"Thank you Mr. Potter," said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling even more brightly, making Harry more confident about his theory. "I'm just glad to have my two missing students back."

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Two Weeks Ago, Original World

Sirius Black was sitting in the headmaster's office quietly drinking the tea offered to him by the headmaster.

None had said a single word yet and Sirius was feeling very nervous.

"Please explain to me why I shouldn't hand you over to the Dementors?"

Sirius winced.

"I'm innocent," muttered Sirius. "I didn't do anything that I was accused for."

Dumbledore was quiet. "As far as I remember, you were the Potters secret keeper."

"We changed it to Peter," he said with a snarl. "We thought it would be perfect because nobody would even suspect Peter of being the secret keeper. We thought it'd be the perfect bluff. But that bloody rat turned out to be a fucking spy for Voldemort! It was he who betrayed us all, not me!"

"Do you have any proof?"

Sirius pulled out a dirty paper from his pocket and gave it to Dumbledore.

"This is a picture of the Weasley's."

Sirius nodded. "Look at the rat on the boys shoulder, the one next to the girl."

"Scabbers?"

"Look at its toes. One is missing. Its in the same place Peter lost his finger when I apparently blew him to pieces."

"Are you telling me that Ronald Weasley's rat, is an animagus by the name of Peter Pettigrew!"

"Yes. All of us, meaning me, James and Peter became animagus in our fifth year. We did it to accompany Remus when he transformed during full moon."

Dumbledore looked amazed. "All of you became animagus in your fifth year in Hogwarts. That's amazing!"

Sirius grinned. "And I'd recognize Peter's animagus form anywhere and that is Peter Pettigrew on that Weasley's shoulder."

There was a knock on the door.

Sirius immediately transformed and hid in the corner of the room.

"Come in."

Severus Snape walked into the room.

"Severus!" said Dumbledore in surprise, and subtly sent a sleeping charm at Sirius. He didn't want any trouble right now. "Where have you been?"

"How long has it been since I have gone?" he said vaguely.

"4 days," replied Dumbledore. "What happened?"

"The potion is ready," he said. "The dark lord is ready to use it tonight."

"Whom is he going to use?" Dumbledore asked grimly.

"Bartemius Crouch."

"Crouch! Why Crouch?"

"Because Crouch is one of the most powerful wizards in the ministry and his loss will be a severe blow to the ministry, but that's not all."

Snape took a deep breath.

"Peter Pettigrew is alive and he is with Voldemort."

"He is with Voldemort!" asked Dumbledore sharply.

"You don't seem surprised to hear he is alive."

"I captured Sirius Black while he was trying to sneak in and got the truth out of him."

"You captured Black!" said Snape in shock. "Where is he!"

"He is safe for now."

Snape looked like he wanted to protest but he managed to fight down the impulse. "Pettigrew was the one who found the dark lord first and had been helping the dark lord grow stronger until Lucius decided to go looking for him. But forget that.

Last night, Lucius and Pettigrew went to Crouch's house to bring him to the dark lord."

"Did they succeed?"

"I'm coming to that!" said Snape irritably. "They managed to subdue Crouch when they found something they didn't expect to find in their wildest dreams."

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow.

"They found Barty Crouch Jr. under an invisibility cloak who was under the influence of the imperius curse."

Dumbledore was shocked.

"It seems that Crouch's wife somehow convinced him to help her son escape from Azkaban. They used Polyjuice to exchange places and she was the one who died in Azkaban, not their son."

"This is bad news," muttered Dumbledore gravely.

"Yes it is," said Snape bitterly. "Now the dark lord has an insane loyal supporter at his side who will do anything and everything for his lord."

"How come nobody has noticed his disappearance?"

"Lucius has taken his place under Polyjuice for now," said Snape with a sigh. "The only reason I was able to come back to Hogwarts was because the potion was ready and I told the dark lord I didn't want you to get suspicious of my prolonged absence."

"So Voldemort will be resurrected tonight," said Dumbledore.

"That's right."

Dumbledore sighed. "You should go back Severus. I don't want Voldemort getting suspicious of you."

"What will you be doing?"

"I will send out a summon for the Order of the Phoenix to gather once more and then somehow try to convince the minister to question Sirius under veritaserum and call off the man hunt for him."

Snape just sneered and headed for the door.

"Good luck Severus," said Dumbledore. Snape just gave the headmaster a short nod and left the room.

Dumbledore then waved his wand at the big dog sleeping in the corner that woke up with a start.

"You can transform now, he's gone."

Sirius transformed back. "What happened? One minute I saw..." Sirius's eyes widened. "I saw Snape!" he yelled. "What was that slimy git doing here!"

"Professor Snape is the Potions master at Hogwarts," said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling.

"W-what! Snape? Teaching at Hogwarts? But he's a death eater!"

"Things have changed since your imprisonment in Azkaban Sirius. Snape was never a death eater. He was a spy for me in Voldemort's ranks."

"Snape, a spy? Impossible!" declared Sirius.

"Enough about Severus, Sirius. I have a question for you."

"What?"

"Why did you not come to me when you escaped from Azkaban? I could have helped you."

Sirius laughed bitterly, his expression turning sour and angry. "Why didn't I come to you, you ask me. Tell me Professor, did you even believe for an instant that I was innocent? That there could be a perfectly explainable reason for my apparent betrayal? Did you even try to talk to me or help me get a trial to find out the truth?"

Dumbledore hung his head. "What could I have done? We always knew that someone who was close to the Potters was a spy and when Voldemort found them at Godric's Hollow and you were caught trying to kill Pettigrew, I honestly thought you were the spy."

"You lost faith in me so easily?"

"You were a Black. I thought you had defected to Voldemort because of your family," said Dumbledore sadly. "Now I realize how flawed my reasoning was."

"And this is exactly why I didn't come to you. The only reason I am here is because my godson hasn't contacted me in days and I was scared Pettigrew might have done something to him."

"Harry! Why would Harry contact you? Unless..."

Dumbledore inhaled sharply. "He has been living with you during the summer."

"That's right. And do you want to know why?" said Sirius, anger radiating from him.

"Why?"

"Because I found him in the playground near his house practically bleeding to death!"

Sirius was shouting now.

"I found him there, looking as pale as ghost with a gunshot wound to his shoulder! If wasn't there he would have died there! And do you know who shot him?"

Dumbledore was too scared to answer.

"His aunt," hissed Sirius. "Those muggles tried to kill the son of Lily and James. My godson!"

Dumbledore couldn't stand. He collapsed into his chair. Harry had told him about the way his relatives treated him but he didn't listen. He thought Harry was safe at the Dursley's but it turns out he was never safe there... His relatives had tried to kill him, he thought with a shudder.

"I'm so sorry, Sirius," he whispered.

"You should be apologizing to him, not to me. Where is he anyway?"

Dumbledore winced. "There was an accident Sirius."

Sirius felt his heart stop.

"He's not hurt physically Sirius."

"What happened to my godson? WHERE IS HE!" yelled Sirius.

"Sirius calm down. Harry is fine!"

"You just said he was involved in an accident," accused Sirius.

"A long story made short, there was an accident in the charms corridor involving Harry and a time turner."

"A time turner!"

"Yes, and I think it resulted in him traveling to a different dimension."

Sirius looked at Dumbledore in shock and then the expression changed to concern. "Are you alright headmaster? Did something happen to your brains?"

Dumbledore chuckled, "I assure you I am fine. Harry, hopefully will be back soon. I figured out a way to bring him back and I am hundred percent sure it will work."

"But Dumbledore, dimension traveling... it's just science fiction. There has to be another explanation."

"It was science fiction, Sirius. But let us discuss your situation."

"We are going to discuss my godson first. I want to see him."

"Sirius, I told you. It's impossible right now. Harry is in another world. But don't worry!" he said quickly when Sirius looked ready to erupt in anger. "He will be back soon, that I am sure of."

"But, but Dumbledore, you're talking about traveling between dimensions here!"

"I am aware of that," said Dumbledore. "I know it is unbelievable but it is true."

"When did this happen?"

"It's been three weeks."

"Three weeks! Merlin, hasn't anyone in the school realized that he is missing?"

"Of course, but they think they were involved in an unfortunate forced apparition incident resulting in them getting splinched and are now in a secret ward under the care of Madam Pomfrey."

Sirius closed his eyes in an effort to control his anger.

"What makes you so sure that he is safe even if he is in a different world? Assuming your theory is true. He could be in a world where everyone they know is evil and will not hesitate to kill him. He could be in a world where everyone is dead and he is the only one alive."

He could-" Sirius's voice shook with emotion. "He could be in a world where Voldemort has won which would put him in great danger."

Dumbledore looked troubled. "I did consider the possibility that they could be in a world much different from our own but there's nothing I can do about it. So I'd rather think they weren't in a world where they are unwelcome and liable to be killed any second."

"You keep saying they, who is they?" asked Sirius.

"My apologies," said Dumbledore with a smile. "Harry wasn't alone when the incident took place. He was with another girl, a Gryffindor by the name Lillian Austin."

Sirius's eyes widened. "He's with Freckles! Why didn't you say so before," he said relaxing a bit.

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow. "Harry has told you about her?"

"Of course. She is his mortal nemesis who will not stop at anything to annoy and irritate him and he too will stop at nothing when it comes to irritating and annoying her," he said with a smirk.

"And why does that put your heart at rest?"

"Because he has someone with him to keep him company and bring them closer. Of course and Harry is a very resourceful kid. If he can survive at the Dursley's, he can survive anywhere."

Dumbledore winced. He knew the last sentence was a jab at him.

"You were saying something about my situation earlier?"

"Ah, yes. I'm afraid Peter Pettigrew is no longer at Hogwarts."

"WHAT!"

"He has gone back to Voldemort."

Sirius spluttered. "Voldemort? But didn't Harry defeat him? I don't understand Albus."

Dumbledore sighed. "You have been out of contact with the world for too long Sirius. Voldemort was never killed when the killing curse back fired on him. It merely robbed him the pleasure of having a physical form. His spirit lived on waiting for one of his loyal servants to come and help him regain a corporeal form."

"And Pettigrew was the one who returned," whispered Sirius.

"Yes, it happened soon after Harry and Lillian disappeared. Soon after Lucius Malfoy set out to find his master and now they are helping him rise back to power."

Sirius looked appalled. "Then what are you doing here! Why aren't you doing anything to stop this from happening!"

"There's nothing I can do Sirius. I cannot force my way into Malfoy manor and stop the ritual Voldemort is going to perform."

"Why not!" demanded Sirius. "You certainly have the power to take on Malfoy and any number of death eaters and I am sure a spirit Voldemort can do no harm to you. All you have to do is convince the Aurors to accompany you to his house with a warrant."

Dumbledore sighed. "Even if we did manage to stop this ritual, Voldemort would still be alive. There is no way to kill him unless he has a physical body."

Sirius looked confused before his eyes grew in horror. "You're letting him come back!" he accused.

Dumbledore bowed his head. "Voldemort will come back on way or the other if not today."

"But, but-"

"Don't you think it would be better to get rid of Voldemort once and for all rather than delaying his return and having the fear of him coming back and killing everyone we know?"

"But, Dumbledore! We can't just let him come back to power!"

"I know that. That is why I have scheduled a meeting with the minister in half an hour. He will be coming here with Kingsley

Shacklebolt who is going to interrogate you under veritaserum with the minister as witness. I will be personally issuing a summon for all the members of the Order and we will actively begin to prevent Voldemort from regaining his old allies."

Sirius stared at Dumbledore. "Interrogate me?" he asked in a high pitched tone.

Dumbledore smiled. "Fudge does not know I have you in custody. Kingsley is bringing the veritaserum under my request and when Fudge gets here I will reveal you to them and convince Fudge to have you interrogated.

You will have a proper trial once we question you under veritaserum and you will be a free man."

Sirius's eyes filled with hope. "Do you think Fudge will listen?"

"He better, if he knows what's good for him," said Dumbledore, but didn't elaborate seeing Sirius's questioning look. "But there's something else I'd like to know."

"What is it?"

"How long did it take for you to become an animagus? When did you start and how did the wards not detect an animagus on the grounds?"

Sirius frowned. "You have wards to detect animagus?"

"The castle is very well protected."

"Does it detect animagus crossing the wards or does it detect an animagus transforming inside the castle?"

Dumbledore blinked. "You never crossed the wards transformed," he said with dawning realization.

"We'd always transform in the shrieking shack," said Sirius. "I don't think there was ever a time, we chose to transform in the castle and be detected. We always knew you were aware of practically everything that goes on in the castle."

Dumbledore smiled. "I don't always know what's going on in the castle. It is a big place and one has only two eyes."

"Lots more than that considering the portraits report to you if they detect something wrong," said Sirius with a grin.

"When did you figure that out?"

"In our second year. It was Remus who figured it out. He realized that whenever we got caught there was a portrait around. So we always avoided the portraits while executing pranks."

"You three were always very bright," said Dumbledore with a chuckle.

Sirius suddenly jumped.

"What's wrong?" asked Dumbledore.

"If you have wards that can detect a transformed animagus then how come you never detected Peter crossing them in his rat form?" demanded Sirius.

Dumbledore frowned. "Now that you mention it, the wards never alerted me when he entered Hogwarts. Maybe Voldemort had taught him a few tricks about crossing animagus wards undetected," he said. "Perhaps I should modify the wards so that they detect an animagus entering in any form."

"You do that," said Sirius darkly, thinking about the ways he would kill Peter when he found him or better yet, he could feed him to McGonagall in her cat form but he doubted she would go along with it.

"Where have you been living Sirius?"

"Grimmauld Place," said Sirius. "I don't think anyone would have expected me to go to the house I hate the most."

"Remus suspected you might," said Dumbledore. "He even tried to enter the house once but he was unable to."

"You didn't suspect I might hide there?"

"I didn't. But on Remus's request I tried and with great difficulty managed to gain entrance but you were not there at that time. I had to leave when a house elf started attacking me and a portrait started screaming obscenities at me."

Sirius grinned, "That was my mother."

"I gathered as much," said Dumbledore.

Suddenly a tiger patronus entered the room and Minerva McGonagall's voice came from its mouth. "Fudge on his way up with an Auror."

"Looks like you interrogators have arrived," said Dumbledore with a grim smile.

"Where should I hide?" asked Sirius.

Dumbledore waved his wand and a door appeared beside the entrance to his office. "Hide in there and do not under any circumstances touch anything," said Dumbledore sternly.

"You got it Dumbbells," said Sirius and hurried into the room.

He was just in time as someone tried to open the entrance to the headmaster's office.

"Come in Cornelius."

The minister of magic entered the room with Auror Shacklebolt behind him.

"Ah, Dumbledore. How nice to see you," he said with a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Cornelius, thank you for seeing me," said Dumbledore politely.

"I'm a busy man Dumbledore. I do not take kindly to summons from you on such short notice."

"My apologies minister. But I need to speak with you regarding a most important matter."

"You caught Sirius Black!" shouted Fudge.

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow.

"Sorry," said Fudge hastily. "That's all that has been on my mind lately. Quite a mess this Black affair has turned out to be."

"Then it will make you happy to know that I have indeed captured Sirius Black on the Hogwarts grounds."

"Where is he!" cried Fudge in joy. "We'll have the dementor's kiss administered immediately."

Even Kingsley looked interested now.

Dumbledore frowned. "That is the matter I wish to talk to you about. Sirius Black will not be given the kiss."

The smile on Fudge's face faded. "What are you talking about Dumbledore? What do you mean Black won't get the kiss!"

"I want you to give the man a trial before you make any decision about the kiss."

"Preposterous! Giving a guilty man and one who has escaped from Azkaban a trial would be political suicide!"

"Minister," said Dumbledore coldly. "Do you think I would make this suggestion unless there was some reason behind it?"

"Are you suggesting that Black is innocent?"

"I'm glad you catch on quick Minister."

Fudge stared at Dumbledore, his mouth open. Kingsley was still just looking merely interested and nothing more.

"Now see here Dumbledore. We can't just grant Black a trial. If you don't hand him over now I'm going to have you arrested on the charge of withholding vital information and protecting a fugitive," said Fudge angrily.

"I am well aware of the charges you can stack up against me minister. But all I am asking you is to have Black interrogated right here, right now under the influence of the truth potion."

Fudge spluttered, muttering incoherent words.

"I believe I do have a vial of veritaserum on me minister," said Kingsley, choosing that moment to interrupt.

"Thank you Kingsley," said Dumbledore with a smile. "I don't believe there should be any problems now minister."

Fudge glared at the tall black Auror but conceded.

"Alright fine," he snapped. "Where is he Dumbledore? I want this over with and Black carted back to Azkaban."

Dumbledore didn't comment but waved his wand once more and Sirius tumbled out from behind the door he was trying to listen through.

"Kingsley! Secure him!" shouted the minister. But Dumbledore had already conjured a comfortable chair and bound Sirius in it.

"Hey, you don't need to tie me in," protested Sirius.

"Shut up Black," spat Fudge, turning his hat furiously. "Administer the truth potion Auror," he barked.

Dumbledore was pleased to see Fudge was doing things formally. He removed a parchment and a Wizengamot approved court quill from his drawer.

The quill immediately began writing whatever was being said in the room.

"This is the informal interrogation of Sirius Orion Black. The interrogation committee consists of Head of Wizengamot - Albus Wulfric Brian Percival Dumbledore, Minister Cornelius Fudge and Auror Kingsley Shacklebolt," said Dumbledore quietly.

Kingsley dropped three drops of the liquid on Sirius's tongue who was looking extremely nervous. Within three seconds his eyes glazed and he became very still.

"What is your name prisoner," asked Fudge.

"Sirius Orion Black," he said in a monotonous tone.

"Minister," interrupted Dumbledore.

"What?"

"Do you mind if I ask the accused the required questions as I am the Supreme Mugwump."

Fudge's eyes narrowed in anger but he nodded stiffly, knowing he could say anything unwanted. After all, the court quill copied every single word spoken.

"When did you break out of prison Mr. Black?"

"It was a few days after the visit from the minister of magic."

"Why did you break out of prison?"

"To kill Peter Pettigrew and to protect Harry Potter."

This time even Kingsley was shocked.

"Pettigrew!" cried the minister. "You killed Pettigrew along with a dozen muggles thirteen years ago!"

Sirius did not answer as it was not a question.

"Did you kill Peter Pettigrew Mr. Black?" asked Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling.

"No I did not," was the flat reply.

If it possible, Fudge's mouth dropped lower than it already was. Kingsley's mouth had dropped open too and that was saying something for the normally calm man.

"Please explain the events that happened on the day you attacked Peter Pettigrew, Mr. Black."

"I found Peter Pettigrew near the south entrance of Knockturn alley in Muggle London. Peter saw me and realized I was there to kill him. But before I could do anything he yelled out that I had betrayed Lily and James and proceeded to cast a confingo spell with his wand behind his back. Twelve muggles were killed and he cut off his finger to make it look like I was the one guilty of casting the spell."

"Why did attempt to kill Mr. Pettigrew," asked Dumbledore quietly.

"Because he betrayed Lily and James to Lord Voldemort."

"In what way did he betray them?"

"He was their secret keeper. He was a death eater and he informed Lord Voldemort of their location."

"Are you saying you were not their secret keeper?"

"No I was not."

"But you told everybody including myself that you were the secret keeper."

"It was a bluff to throw Lord Voldemort off track."

The veritaserum was wearing off by now.

"I don't believe there are anymore questions to be asked," said Dumbledore grimly, glancing at the minister who was staring at Sirius in shock and horror.

Shock, because of the enormous political impact his confession would make and horror, because of the amount the man had gone through knowing that he was innocent.

Fudge might be a politician, an over ambitious person. But he was also human.

"Do you have any questions Minister?" asked Dumbledore, bring the minister out of his thoughts.

"No, no I do not. Sirius Orion Black, after intensive interrogation under the influence of the truth potion, I declare you innocent of the charges that placed you in Azkaban and stop the manhunt for you with effect immediately. Headmaster Dumbledore, please deactivate the quill."

Dumbledore obliged, beaming with happiness.

"Auror Shacklebolt, please take this document to the Department of Magical Law enforcement and recall all personals involved in the man hunt for Sirius Black," he said handing over the quill and the parchment to the tall Auror.

"What about the dementor's minister?"

"They will go as well. Ask Diggory to meet me in my office in an hour. I will hand over the required documents to him there."

"And shouldn't we be taking Black back to the ministry with us?" asked Kingsley.

Fudge seemed to be struggling to answer that question.

"That will be unnecessary," he said finally. "I'm sure Dumbledore will take good care of him and the healer at Hogwarts can examine him and submit a report to the ministry."

"It will be done Minister," said Dumbledore.

"Very well, Sirius Black, you are now a free man," said the Minister and stood up. "You are likely to be summoned to the ministry in a day or two Mr. Black. Good day Dumbledore," he said and left the room quickly beckoning Kingsley to follow him.

Dumbledore sighed happily and turned to Sirius who could not comprehend what had just happened.

"I'm free," he kept muttering. "I'm a free man."

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"And where the hell is my godson!"

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Two Week Ago, Malfoy Manor

At the stroke of midnight Bartemius Crouch Sr. entered the ritual circle prepared by Lucius Malfoy, Severus Snape and his son Bartemius Crouch Jr.

Crouch Sr. was not aware that his soul was being sacrificed to help the dark lord come back to power. He was not aware that he was being possessed by the dark lord himself. He was not aware of the numerous runes carved into his body. He was not aware of the ritual circle that was drawn from his blood. He was not aware of the fact that the dark lord had complete control over his body.

He was not aware of anything.

"Bring the potion Wormtail," came the powerful voice of Crouch Sr.

Wormtail shuddered and quickly gave the potion to the dark lord and hurried out of the circle making sure not to disturb anything. He knew if he so much as tripped or slipped, his life would be forfeit in a matter of micro milli seconds.

Lord Voldemort looked at the black potion curiously and then gave a single command.

"Begin."

The ritual circle was a simple one. It was a circle with three additional circles at equal distances to each other which were all connected to another circle in the center of the bigger circle. Lucius, Severus and Barty Jr. were kneeling in the outer three circles with their respective wands held with both their hands. Lord Voldemort stood in the center possessing Crouch Sr. who was naked. The nudity was necessary as his entire body was covered in runes.

The lines joining the center circle with the other three smaller circles was also filled with different runes. Only the main big circle had no runes drawn on it.

All the three men touched the tip of their wands to the rune which signified loyalty and began chanting together. They were chanting a spell which in simple terms was meant to restore a lost soul to his body by giving another soul as payment.

Peter Pettigrew shivered with fear as he saw the ritual begin.

The rune signifying loyalty began to glow green and start to shimmer. Slowly as the men continued to chant more runes began to glow green and the dark room was bathed in an eerie green glow.

Suddenly the runes stopped glowing and at that moment Voldemort swallowed the potion.

There was no sound for three seconds and then the men started chanting again and the blood runes began to glow red. Not just a normal red. Red mixed with black giving it a sickening look.

The runes on Crouch Senior's body began to move. They started snaking towards the ground slowly, connecting with the runes on the ground and began to glow more brightly.

Then Crouch began to scream. But it was no longer his voice. It was his and Voldemort's combined. The Blood runes all seemed to rush towards Crouch's body and slid into his mouth making him scream even louder.

The men did not stop chanting.

Crouch collapsed and every bone in his body could be seen breaking. It started with his legs, then moved to his hip, then to his spine and ribs, then his arms and shoulder and even his cheek bones broke with an audible crack.

The hair on his body began to vanish as his skin color began to pale. The hair on his head began to grow longer and his eyes grew narrower.

All this time he still hadn't stopped screaming and the men hadn't stopped chanting.

Peter had peed in his pants.

Soon Crouch's voice had vanished and it was replaced by Voldemort's and Voldemort's alone.

Bartemius Crouch was no longer lying whimpering on the floor. It was Lord Voldemort, who had stopped whimpering and shakily got to his feet.

The men had finally stopped chanting.

Nobody dared to say a word.

"I feel different," said Voldemort to no one in particular. "I feel... Powerful," he said with a smile growling on his black lips. "Robe me Wormtail."

Wormtail who was staring at his Lord's ridiculously small penis hurried forward with a plain black robe.

Lord Voldemort was indeed feeling powerful. After lying in a weakened state for so long, anyone would feel powerful after regaining their body, but it was different for him. He could feel a powerful strength growing in him, just waiting for him to command it.

He looked almost the same as he had before he was defeated twelve years ago except for a few minor changes. His hair was longer and hung loosely around his face, completely covering his ears. His nose was smaller which looked out of place on his long face. His cheek bones were higher making his cheeks look hollow. He was even paler, so pale that one might confuse him with a vampire. His eyes were narrower and were completely black. They were not red, like they were before. It looked like Bartemius Crouch Sr. had left a few parts of his physical body behind.

Lord Voldemort looked ugly, terrifying and dangerous at the same time and anyone would stumble and run in fear if he looked them in the eye.

"Welcome back My Lord," said Lucius, edging forward slowly to kiss the hem of his master's robes. Snape and Crouch Jr. followed.

Voldemort let them without a single word and waited for them to go back to their previous positions.

"Where is my wand?" he asked in a low voice which had a hypnotic ring to it.

Lucius strode forward and removed a wand from his robes. Voldemort took and Lucius bowed and moved back.

Voldemort could feel the rush of power on making contact with his wand. It was intoxicating.

"Come forward Barty."

Barty Crouch knelt in front of Voldemort.

"What command do you have for me my Lord?"

Lord Voldemort's smiled cruelly.

"Show me your left arm," was all he said, signaling the start of the darkest war to befall upon the wizarding world.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Yesterday

Until Last week all that the headlines of the Daily Prophet screamed about was the innocence of Sirius Black and the incompetence of the Ministry of Magic.

Then it started screaming about Bartemius Crouch's disappearance from his home after Black was declared innocent. Most people thought he was in hiding until Gringotts declared him dead and sealed his vaults.

Nobody knew Goblins could know if a person was alive or not. This lead to the feeling that the Goblins were planning a revolt and the ministry began making stricter laws for Goblin wizard interaction.

That became old news when thirteen highly dangerous wizards and witch, broke out of Azkaban and people began to start dying of fear in the Muggle world.

When Albus Dumbledore stated that Lord Voldemort was the one responsible for the escape of the death eaters, he was promptly fired from his position as Supreme Mugwump and all the other positions he held except his position as headmaster of Hogwarts.

But then when more people started dying including a few heroes of the last war, Albus Dumbledore was reinstated within a day back to his old positions and the minister was promptly kicked out of office for negligence of the security of the nation and Madam Bones was elected as the minister of magic.

All this happened in less than 24 hours.

The first action Madam Bones took was to remove the dementors from Azkaban and put them in a secure location but when wizards arrived at the prison, they found all the human guards had been kissed and the dementors had vanished along with every prisoner in the prison.

This was going to be tomorrow's headlines.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

REVIEW!

All the stuff explaining how they get back will come in the next chapter. This chapter basically dealt with the happenings of Harry's (thirteen year old) world.

If you guys and gals find any inconsistencies in this chapter, please let me know. I typed it in one go and didn't bother to look for errors. Just wanted it posted.

I have decided what Harry's power the dark lord knows not will be. It is not Love.

Also there will be a follow up story to the alternate world and I have also decided what Harry's power will be in that too.

Until next time... Raul.

Chapter 28 – Through The Portal

Harry" was bored.

He was lying on his bed playing with the portkey from the Mona Lisa. The portkey which most probably lead to the Potter's ancestral home... probably.

Sighing he got up and started walking around him room. He had been extremely restless since Dumbledore had floo called them and asked Lillian and him to be ready within an hour.

That had been four hours ago.

He could not come up with any reason that might indicate the reason behind the headmasters delay was beginning to get extremely annoyed with the old man.

There no doubt that the only reason Dumbledore would ask them to pack was if he had found a way to send them home. Harry" thought about the time he had spent in this world and couldn't help but think it was all just a damn nightmare.

Getting stranded in an alternate reality, meeting yourself, staying with the people you don't get along with, seeing yourself become what you'd never expect to become.

"Very bizarre," muttered Harry". "But then, so is magic."

But it wasn't all that bad, he thought. He had managed to get what he would have never ever obtained in his world. A portkey from a painting that had long been destroyed in his world.

Harry" couldn't help but feel this was part of his destiny. Maybe he was meant to come to this world. Maybe he was meant to get the portkey and find his ancestral home, where he might find something which will define his path yet again.

From the way he saw it, life was just a path from one point to another. In between were innumerable twists and turns which lead to the final point and it was his job to navigate through all the possible routes to the end and survive. Entering this reality was just another route to the end.

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"Or maybe all that is just plain and simple bullshit. Just like the afterlife is bullshit and destiny is bullshit."

He paused and held his hands behind his back and began to pace around his room again.

"Or maybe not. Maybe everyone has a fixed destiny and all that is not bullshit. Afterlife cannot be bullshit because of the presence of ghosts."

He stopped and let his arms fall limp.

"I have got to stop thinking like this!" he exclaimed.

He had a habit of agreeing and contradicting himself at the same time and then finally coming to a conclusion which he would contradict again and begin the process all over again.

That is how he spent most of his time. Most of his housemates simply think he is wasting time sitting idle when actually his mind is filled with ideas which are constantly being contradicted and modified until a solution is reached where there was no contradiction possible.

Harry" would sometimes force himself to stop thinking the way he did because it would only give him a headache a few hours later. But it was this very ability that made him a genius.

Even while talking to someone he would constantly think about what he was going to say and keep contradicting it until he found an answer he could not contradict and it would barely take him a second.

His roommate in Hogwarts, Blaise Zabini knows Harry" best. He knows about his elemental ability, his habits when he wakes up in the morning, the things that irritate him, his ability to spot things that could not be spotted at first glance, the ease with which he performs spells thought to be difficult even to the students three years ahead of them. But whatever Blaise knew was only what Harry showed him.

Even he does not know Harry" truly. He does not know what makes Harry" truly happy or what are the things that would make him interested or if there were any girls he was interested in. Things like that. Like how Harry" finds ancient runes the most interesting subject of all. Hogwarts only covers a fraction of what ancient runes was all about. But with the books he had found in the Potter vault, he had learnt about the art of creating spells, why each movement was so important in a spell, how each moment could change the spell.

He found practicing and learning new spells easy. But to understand the working of each spell was what captured his attention the most.

It was things like these that interested Harry". Things that demand a lot of thinking, things that require complex thinking, things that could not be achieved by a common witch or wizard.

This is what Harry" unconsciously wanted the most. To achieve things that normal people could not. To strive to be recognized for his own achievements and not for something he could not even remember clearly.

And it was this very nature of his that made the sorting hat place him in Slytherin and made Dumbledore extremely wary of him, for the last person who use to think like that ended up to become the darkest wizard in the history of the wizarding world.

But Harry" Potter also had the elder wand, the wand of destiny and nobody but Harry" knew what the purpose of the wand holder was. Nobody truly knew what the wand was.

Those who knew about only saw it was a weapon with which one could never be defeated in a duel. But they didn't know it would be unbeatable only if it accepts someone who had the potential to become stronger than its previous true master.

And the purpose of the person who would become the master of the wand was to destroy all evil, even if it sounded a little lame.

This person was Harry" Potter who had accepted this responsibility at the tender age of eleven.

This is why he would not become what Dumbledore feared he could become. Simply because Harry" firmly thought his purpose was to defeat evil. Not become the very thing he had to destroy.

If someone asked him why would he accept such a responsibility. It was because the wand had given him a purpose when he didn't know what to do with his life. When at the Dursley's his purpose was to survive, but after coming to Hogwarts there was no purpose except the one to do well in school and have friends. Harry" felt lost at Hogwarts even though he never showed it and then the wand had given him a purpose again and Harry had accepted it... even though it frightened him.

Dumbledore did not know it, but Harry" was already the person he wanted him to become. The more Dumbledore tried to interfere in Harry's" life, the more he distanced himself from said boy.

In a cruel way, leaving Harry" with the Dursley's was the right decision to make. For if he had not, Harry" would have never learnt to reach his magical core and access it in ways no wizard had ever managed before. He would not think the way he does now and would have never obtained the allegiance of the elder wand.

Dumbledore's original idea was to leave Harry" with people who would not pamper him and spoil him. He did not realize they would hate, hit and isolate him. It was these very things that made Harry" what he is today.

If Dumbledore's plan had worked the way he wanted it to, Harry" would simply be another wizard in an ocean of wizards. He would never be the genius he is now and would be mediocre at best.

This is what Harry" was. He was carefree, wasn't afraid of speaking his mind, was cautious when necessary, insanely intelligent, powerful and still growing. He had learnt how to hide and control his emotions well. He knew how to survive and considered no one his superior. He took orders from no one and made his own rules. He

always wanted there to be a purpose to life and he would do everything to achieve it.

A knock on the door, brought Harry" out of his internal debate regarding destiny and fate.

"Who is it?" he asked in an irritable voice.

It was Harry senior.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"No."

Harry rolled his eyes and entered anyway, shutting the door behind him.

"I thought I said no?"

"Dumbledore floo called," said Harry.

Harry" raised an eyebrow. "And?"

"Get your stuff down. Dumbledore said he was coming in half an hour."

"He said he would be here in an hour about four and a half hours ago, so I think I'll wait here until he arrives."

"And Mrs. Weasley has prepared an early dinner since the two of you are leaving tonight."

"I suppose all the redheads are down there too," said Harry" with a grimace.

"Of course," said Harry. "You might not have interacted with anyone but Lillian sure got to know almost everyone here."

"Freckles is an idiot."

Harry chuckled. "She's friendly. Maybe you should try it, it's not very hard."

"Ha-ha, very funny," said Harry" deadpanned.

"I'm serious," said Harry, "You just have to smile once in a while and not snap and insult anyone who talks to you."

"You're not serious, that's your godfather."

Harry gasped. "Was that a joke! Are you feeling okay?" he asked in mock concern.

Harry" sighed. "Are you going to leave or do I have to throw you out?"

Grinning Harry opened the door and was about to leave but he stopped and turned back looking a little nervous.

Harry" frowned. "What's with the look?"

"Err... Actually, I wanted to talk to you about something else."

"Something other than jokes?"

"I wanted to talk to you about the scar."

"The scar? Why?"

"Has... has it ever hurt?"

"Has it hurt? Why?"

"Has it?"

Harry" frowned in thought. "Just once. In my first year when I looked at Voldemort's spirit."

"It has never hurt since you arrived here? Or at any other time in your third year?"

"No, why are you asking me this anyway?"

Harry took a deep breath. "Every since Voldemort has returned my scar has this constant throb of pain in it. It's like a minor headache just in one spot," he said.

Harry" was quiet.

"At first I thought it was a normal headache but sometimes I can hear his voice in my sleep. Initially I discarded it as a dream but it keeps coming back at night and I know its not a dream."

"Are you saying you're having visions?"

"No, not visions. I can just hear his voice. But then when I woke up yesterday, I knew I spell I had never heard of before. I looked it up in the Black Library and turns out it's a dark spell."

"What was it?" asked Harry" with interest.

"I'd rather not say. It was rather... disgusting."

"Try me."

"Voro lecur. It is a spell which..."

"Which slowly destroys the liver and slowly starts consuming each and every major organ in the body except the heart?"

Harry looked shocked. And was about to question his counterpart about his knowledge of such dark spells before Harry" spoke before he could.

"I know the spell simply because I've read a lot of dark arts books not because I want to use those spells but simply to have a counter to them should I ever have the need to protect myself from such spells."

"Oh... I see... But why?"

"That's a stupid question."

Harry looked down feeling stupid indeed. It was a stupid question.

"But why in your third year itself. Sure maybe I should be doing what you're doing, but I have a reason. What about you?"

"Did you really think a person like Voldemort would let you live after you deprived him of a body all those years ago and prevented his resurrection in your first year?"

"I never expected him to come back," admitted Harry.

"I did. You should always foresee all possible scenarios and prepare accordingly."

"I'm not you," said Harry.

"No, you're not. And you never will be."

There was an uncomfortable silence in the room.

"Do you think you're the one who is going to defeat Voldemort!" asked Harry suddenly.

His younger counterpart scoffed. "That's a stupid question again. From my point of view I know I'll be the one to kill him."

"And why is that?"

Harry" shrugged. "I'd rather not say."

Harry looked at him incredulously. "How can you think you're going to stand a chance against him! He's the most powerful dark lord in history for crying out aloud!"

"I know I can beat him," said Harry" quietly. "I know I have the ability and power to destroy him and avenge the death of my parents. I won't allow my mother's sacrifice go in vain.

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Can you say the same about yourself?"

Harry stared at Harry" with pain flooding his eyes.

"Look at history," continued Harry". "You and I defeated him as a baby. You fought him in the graveyard and survived. Don't you see a

pattern? You were meant to fight him and once the wizarding world accepts his return they are going to look towards you to protect them. The sooner you accept that fact, the better it will be for you."

Harry laughed bitterly. "Protect them? The same people who want me thrown in Azkaban because I told them the truth about Voldemort! The same people who would just love to spit in my face if I walked past them!"

Harry" shrugged. "This is what I think is going to happen. It's logical. Voldemort is not going to stay underground forever. He is going to be surface one day and the common people will be looking for a hero to save them. Years ago it was Dumbledore and now it's you."

"I'm no hero," said Harry at once. "I don't even have a tenth of the knowledge Dumbledore has."

"Then do something about it. Stop doing everything Dumbledore and the rest of his puppets tell you. Stop doing that ridiculous house cleaning and start learning new spells. You have Sirius living with you and maybe you should ask him to train you and improve your dueling skills instead of just rotting in this house."

Harry just looked forward impassively.

"It's your decision. Follow a path laid out for you by someone else or make a fork in that path and make one for yourself."

"I suppose that someone is Dumbledore."

"Who else could it be?"

"Maybe we should get going," said Harry suddenly, not feeling like continue this conversation anymore. "Dumbledore could be here any minute."

Harry" sighed. "Go ahead and call me when he actually reaches here."

Harry turned to leave without a word but was stopped again, this time by his younger self.

"Harry wait."

"What?"

"Why did you tell me about the scar?"

"Just wanted you to be prepared if it ever happened to you. You and I maybe every different, but the scar is common to the both of us."

"Maybe," said Harry".

Harry shrugged. "You needed to know about it. You dislike Dumbledore too much to go to him for help if you ever have the problems I have with my scar."

"You got that right," muttered Harry".

Harry smiled. "That's why I thought you'd appreciate a little advice about it."

"I do appreciate it but somehow I doubt it will affect me the same way it did to you."

"Why?" asked Harry curiously.

Harry" just shook his head. "Forget about it," he said, thinking about Dobby and the disgusting blackish green thing in his magical core.

"Tell me something Harry. Have you ever had any problems casting spells?" asked Harry".

"No," said Harry looking confused.

"Once I'm gone, ask Dumbledore if he has ever placed any magical blocks on you."

"Magical what!"

"Block. A spell to restrict use of magic. Dumbledore put one on me before he placed me with the Dursley's. According to him, I was quite powerful as a child and he didn't want me performing accidental magic around the Dursley's and freak them out."

"You think he placed one on me!" he asked in slight panic.

"I don't, but you should ask him anyway."

"You don't think he placed a block on me? Why?"

"If I told you, you'd feel offended," said Harry" with a grin.

"Try me."

"Our personalities aren't the only thing different between us. I'm much more powerful than you too and I don't think you were that powerful as a kid for Dumbledore to have placed a block on you."

Harry indeed felt extremely offended. His counterpart made him feel like a poor excuse for a wizard. He had managed to the Patronus Charm when he was thirteen! He wasn't that weak!

"You talk like you're Merlin himself," said Harry, in an annoyed tone.

"Of course I'm not Merlin," said Harry" with a snort. "I could probably be more powerful than him," he added under his breath.

"What was that?" asked Harry.

"Nothing."

"You know, Mary beat you in a duel, so I bet she's as strong as you or maybe even more," said Harry.

Harry" spluttered. "What!"

"You know, the time you had to spend a month with her for a fist fight in the great hall," said Harry, now grinning broadly, their previous conversation pushed to the back of their minds but not forgotten.

"I'll have you know that I won that duel and it was Freckles who started the fight!" he said indignantly.

"Not the way Mary tells it," he said, grinning even more widely. He had found a way to unnerve the usually calm boy.

"She's an idiot," said Harry". "I bet she couldn't do a simple disarming charm if you asked her."

"You know Harry", " said Harry casually, rubbing his nails on his shirt. "The way you talk about her gives me the impression you like her."

"WHAT! Are you out of your crazy mind!"

"Its like Ron and Hermione. Though they argue a lot, I'm sure they actually like each other a lot."

Harry" looked at his elder self in disgust. "You're mad."

"You're in denial."

"Say's the guy who keeps staring at Ginny's assets."

It was Harry's turn to splutter. "I do not stare at Ginny's... things!"

"Don't you think she has reasonably large boobs for someone of her age?" asked Harry" with a smirk.

"Yes, I mean no! I don't know because I don't look at them!" he said putting his arms up.

"Sure, sure," said Harry" in a patronizing way.

Harry growled.

"You know, we should be downstairs. Mrs. Weasley might have had dinner ready by now," said Harry.

"Lead the way pervert."

The pair reached downstairs without incident. Harry" grimaced when he saw the entire Weasley clan in the living room.

Ron was sitting by the fire place talking with Hermione, Lillian and Tonks. Remus, Sirius and Mr. Weasley were having a conversation. The twins were sitting with the two eldest brothers hearing their stories about the countries they had visited.

Ginny was helping Mrs. Weasley lay the table.

"Psst Harry."

"What?"

"Look at Ginny," he said. "She's wearing a white shirt and you can practically see through them when she gets close to the light."

"I am not having this conversation with you!" he said hotly and made his way quickly towards the fire place.

Harry" chuckled and slowly made his way to the arm chair in the corner of the room. He sank into the chair comfortably observing everyone in the room. His eyes landed on Remus and Mr. Weasley and he realized that Sirius had gone.

Frowning he tried to locate the man.

"Boo," said a voice behind him in an attempt to scare him and failed miserably.

"I was wondering where you disappeared to," said Harry".

"I thought I'd try to scare you but looks like it didn't work."

Harry" smiled.

"Hmm, you should do that more often."

"What's with everyone telling me to smile more?" said Harry" annoyed.

"It makes you look good! Your dad had a smile that could make the ladies swoon." Sirius paused. "Well except for your mother and you have the same smile! It's time you used it. And in the process if you ever find a chick how doesn't fall for your smile, she'll be the one whom you're going to spend the rest of your life with."

"That's the biggest load of bullshit I have ever heard Sirius," said Harry".

"It may seem bullshit now, but five or maybe seven years later, you'll think back and realize how right your godfather was," he said with a dreamily look on his face.

"Five to seven years is a long time."

"Time flies, but that isn't the reason I'm here."

"Then what is?"

"I came to give a goodbye present of sorts."

"A goodbye present?"

"Yup, you see, you made me realize that following Dumbledore's orders is not always... necessary and I ought to make some decisions on my own even if the old man just wants to keep me safe."

"Glad to see someone agrees with me."

"Yeah, and I realized that me staying in this hell hole and rotting is only going to kill me."

"So what have you planned?"

Sirius cast a silencing charm around them. "I'm going to Hogwarts."

"Hogwarts!" said Harry" raising his eyebrows. "Now there's a hot zone."

"Harry might disagree with me, so I'm not going to tell him until I reach there and talk to him face to face."

"May I ask what you're going to do there when you arrive?"

"Train him, teach him how to fight. Sitting here and doing nothing is not going to help him and he needs someone to guide him in a different direction than the one Dumbledore is guiding him in."

Harry" looked extremely pleased. "You know, that's exactly what I told him not less than an hour ago."

"You did!"

"Yep, more or less what all you just said with a little more detail."

"What exactly did you tell him?"

"If he wants to talk to you about it, he'll talk. Else forget about it. Point is that I don't want him to lose the battle that is coming. He might not be me but he is me you understand?"

"You might not like him that much but you don't want to see a different you go down without a fight. Yeah I get you. But you should know that Harry will never go down without a fight. He believes in himself."

"He believes in what is right and honorable. He has absolutely no faith in his abilities and power. If he is anything or even remotely similar to me. Then I can tell you his abilities are far beyond what a normal wizard capabilities are."

"Are you saying you have powers a normal wizard doesn't have?"

"Don't ask me questions you know I'm not going to answer. All I'm asking you to do is make that son of bitch understand his worth and power. He has absolutely no self worth. From what I gather, the only reason he has been successful in whatever he has set out to accomplish is only because of desperation and sheer will power, but not belief in his own abilities."

"Do you know the extent of your abilities?" asked Sirius.

Harry" looked at Sirius is the eye. "What do you think?" he counter questioned.

"I think you do."

"You thought right."

"So when we went to Paris, did you have a back up plan?"

Harry" paused and then smiled. "In a way, yes."

Sirius laughed. "You're a curious boy Harry", and extremely mature for a boy of your age."

Harry" shrugged. "I do my best."

"But let's put these things aside. I came here to give you a gift."

Harry" leaned back in his chair.

"Lean forward dammit."

"So it's knowledge then," said Harry" leaning forward.

"Not exactly. Tell me have you ever heard of the book, the marauders secret to failure?"

"The marauders secret to what!"

"Failure," said Sirius with a grin. "A catchy title don't you think?"

"Would certainly keep me away from it," he said.

"Or make you insanely curious as to what it could contain," added Sirius.

Harry nodded. "I see your point. So what about it?"

Sirius's grin grew wider. "Have you ever considered becoming an animagus?"

"Whatever it was Harry" was expecting, it certainly wasn't this. "Become an animagus!" he said in shock.

"That's what I said."

"Well, I might have thought about it once or twice," he said with a frown. "I do have a book which as detailed explanation about becoming one though."

Sirius scoffed. "We had books too, but trust me, no book is like the marauders book of failure. Ask your Sirius about it and ask him to give you a clue to its location."

"You aren't going to give it to me!"

"Of course not. All our marauder stuff except for the cloak was hidden in Hogwarts. The map was in Filch's office and the book elsewhere."

"Speaking of the map, I got to somehow get it from the twins in my world."

"Good luck with that Harry" and don't forget to ask me about the clue."

"Are you going to tell Harry about it?"

"Maybe when I get to..." Sirius suddenly froze.

"What is it?"

"Food," he said in a trance like state and hurried to the table.

Harry" looked in the direction Sirius went and saw Mrs. Weasley carrying a huge chicken along with a dozen delicacies floating behind her.

"Food," whispered Harry" in a trance like state and hurried in same direction as Sirius.

Dumbledore was tired and irritated.

He had spent the whole evening with Minister Fudge and his undersecretary showing them around the castle while they inspected it and six hours later they were still there sitting in his office sipping a cup of tea.

"Here's the thing Dumbledore. While the castle is in marvelous shape, you still haven't found a professor for the Defense against the Dark Arts post."

"I assure you minister, that I am still looking for one and am quite close to obtaining one."

"Well you see... that is the problem. Every professor you have hired has either had a disability or has been a murderer or has been a dark creature."

"If you are referring to Professor Lupin, then let me tell you he was one of the finest professors this school has had the honor of hiring."

"Hem, hem."

"Yes, Dolores?" he asked politely while wanting to transfigure her into a toad and throw her in the lake. Maybe the giant squid could do everyone a favor and consume her.

"Professor Lupin has had one of the worst records in the history of this school. Added to that, he was a dark creature and a danger to every student in this prestigious school."

"May I inquire as to who submitted the report on Professor Lupin?" he asked, even though he knew the answer.

"It was Lucius Malfoy, headmaster."

"And is Lucius Malfoy not suspended as a member of the board of directors?"

"He is."

"Then I wonder as to how a suspended member was allowed to write a report on Professor Lupin and why did the ministry accept it?"

"How the ministry functions is none of your concern Dumbledore," snapped Fudge turning red. "We are basically here to assign Dolores Umbridge as the new Dark arts professor."

"You mean Defense against the dark arts don't you Minister."

"Yes, of course. Since you have been unable to find a teacher with only a week remaining for term to begin. The ministry will be appointing a qualified employee from the ministry and Dolores Umbridge meets the necessary qualifications."

"Forgive me, but did you not receive a T in your defense owl undersecretary?"

Umbridge turned red. "I believe you are mistaken headmaster. Here is my OWL and NEWT results," she said handing him a sheet of paper. And sure enough there were two bright O's beside the DADA in both sheets."

"I might be mistaken but I am sure you did not select DADA in after your OWL Dolores. I also have the Hogwarts records to prove it."

"Then the Hogwarts records are wrong!" said Fudge forcefully. "Dolores Umbridge is the new DADA professor and the sooner you accept it the better it will be for all of us."

"Then perhaps you will allow me to test her," said Dumbledore with steel in his voice.

"She has already been tested at the ministry."

"I believe that the headmaster has final authority over all appointments of professors in this school."

"Educational Decree Number 18 overrules the authority of the headmaster."

Dumbledore frowned. "I am unfamiliar with educational decree number 18."

Fudge grinned victoriously. "I was enforced just yesterday headmaster. It basically allows the ministry to have final say in the appointment of any professor at Hogwarts and in this case Dolores. Good day headmaster. Dolores will be here at the start of term," he said and walked out with the undersecretary right behind his heels.

"Merlin save this school," said Dumbledore with a sigh. As soon as the wards signaled their departure, he carefully dismantled all the listening charms Umbridge had tried to place when she thought he wasn't watching.

Once that was done, he opened his drawer and removed two vial of glittering sand and slipped it into his pocket. IT had taken him barely

fifteen minutes to break into the department of mysteries and borrow a time turner.

He then threw a pinch of floo powder said the required address and vanished in a swirl of green flames.

When Dumbledore arrived at Number 12 Grimmauld place, he expected to find a cheery dinner taking place, not find Mrs. Weasley yelling and screaming at her two youngest, Sirius, Remus and Mr. Weasley attempting to put out flames from a burning table and Ms. Austin apologizing to anyone who'd listen to her.

"Will someone please tell me what is going on here?" he said out loud.

All movement seized for a moment before resuming again.

Dumbledore was perplexed.

Suddenly Mrs. Weasley shrieked loudly. "It's the headmaster!"

Thank you for acknowledging my presence Molly. Now can someone please explain what happened here, Remus?

Remus sighed. "I'm not really sure what happened headmaster. But it all started with a food fight between Ron and Ginny."

"Oh dear," said Dumbledore.

"I think Ronald here first tried hitting Hermione with a pea but missed and hit his younger sister who as we all know as a temper to match Molly's retaliated by throwing a piece of chicken leg that smacked him on the nose. Ron here got angry too and threw a scoop of ice cream that hit Ms. Austin in the face and that's when it gets weird."

"What do you mean?"

"Well Mary tried to avoid the ice cream by leaning back. But it did hit her and she fell back and the whole table suddenly caught fire!" said Fred.

Dumbledore frowned.

"The weirdest thing is that the table caught fire because a fire ball came out of her hands when she fell."

"A fire ball!"

"Yes! Harry" here says that it's accidental magic and she has always had a severe reaction to cold things. But I don't think accidental magic can happen at the age of thirteen."

Dumbledore looked around and found Harry" sitting on the couch with his legs stretched out eating a large bowl of chocolate ice cream."

"Has this happened before, Harry"?" he asked.

Harry" looked up lazily. "How does it matter? You're here to take us back aren't you?" He glanced at Lillian who was looking quite nervous.

"That is right," replied Dumbledore.

Harry" stood up, "Then what are we waiting for? Let's role!"

Dumbledore rubbed his forehead. "I'm sure everyone would like to know what happened here Harry".

"And I want to get out of here as soon as possible. As Freckles too, the fire thing has happened before and our Dumbledore knows about it."

"Do you know why it happens Ms. Austin?"

"It's accidental magic professor," she said following Harry" strategy. "Our Dumbledore says it's because err... my magic hasn't quite matured yet and these incidents might keep happening."

Harry" applauded Lillian in his mind.

"I see," said Dumbledore quietly.

Harry" moved to Lillian's side. " Now can we leave professor?"

Dumbledore nodded, the twinkle back in his eye. "I'm sure you'd like to say good bye to everyone."

"Goodbye Bitches," said Harry".

There were gasps of outrage and a few wands pulled out which immediately went back with a glare from Mrs. Weasley. Lillian simply rolled her eyes and went and hugged Hermione, Ginny and Mrs. Weasley.

"I'm going to miss you all," she said tearfully.

"Oh for Christ's sake," muttered Harry.

"What don't we get a hug?" said Harry in mock sadness.

"No, you guys stink."

Ron gasped, "No we don't!"

Lillian laughed. "Just kidding." She went and hugged both Harry and Ron and said bye to everyone else.

"Set your Potter's arse on fire for us Mary," shouted the twins.

Harry" was getting really impatient and sickened by all the drama.

"Well, goodbye then," she said again, walking over to Dumbledore who was standing next to the fire place.

"Just say Hogwarts Ms. Austin and you'll be taken to my office," said Dumbledore handing a little floo powder to Lillian and then to Harry".

"Hogwarts!" shouted Lillian and vanished in a blaze of green fire.

Dumbledore motioned Harry" to go ahead.

"After you headmaster," said Harry" politely.

Dumbledore frowned and then nodded and he too vanished.

Harry" turned around and faced the crowd in the room and the few who were looking at him with disdain.

"Well bye then, hope we never see each other again," he said with a smirk.

"Get out of here Potter," said Ron.

Harry" smiled again and suddenly Harry felt extremely wary.

All of a sudden Harry" raised his hand and a huge wave of water descended upon everyone in the room.

There were a few screams and shouts filled with panic as the water hit them like a punch in the gut.

And when the water receded Harry" Potter was no where to be seen.

"What the hell was that!" said Ron spitting water out of his mouth looking extremely shaken.

"He, he did it without his wand," muttered Hermione in awe and confusion.

Everybody was helping each one and the other to their feet each looking confused and shook up.

Harry went to help Ginny and stopped in his tracks. Ginny was wearing a white T-shirt and wet white T-shirts on girls without bra equals to transparent white T-shirt on said girl.

Harry swallowed a gulp and tried to keep his gaze on Ginny's face. He could practically feel the heat in his face and kept screaming in his mind, "That's Ron's baby sister! That's Ron's baby sister."

"Are you alright Harry?" asked Ginny, walking up to him looking concerned.

"Yeah... umm... I'm fine!" squeaked Harry.

"You sure? You look quite... red?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. Just a little shook up that's all," he said with a nervous laugh.

"Aren't we all," she said.

"Err... maybe we should go and change don't you think?" said Harry looking down once again and cursing himself.

Ginny scoffed. "Are you a wizard or what?" she said. She quickly checked to see if her mother was looking and quickly cast a drying charm on Harry and her.

Harry gave a huge sigh a relief.

"Thanks," he said.

"You're welcome," she said with a grin and went off to help her mother with the rest of the cleaning.

"Had a nice view?" said a low voice from behind him.

He turned around cracking his neck and saw it was Sirius, much to his relief.

"Sirius! I don't know what you're talking about."

Sirius simply winked at him. "Don't worry," he said, "Your hormones are going to start going crazy. You're fifteen you know."

"So?"

"Get a girlfriend and have a good snog," he said. "You'll feel much better."

Harry blushed. "I'm not much of a ladies man Sirius. I think there are more important things to do rather than go looking for a girlfriend."

Sirius scoffed. "When you go to Hogwarts, ask some hot chick out on a date to Hogsmeade and you'll end up in a broom cupboard feeling like it's the most important thing in the world."

Harry stared at Sirius.

"It could be Ginny too you know," he said with a wink.

Harry removed his shoe and threw it at Sirius.

Harry" fell out of the floo feeling extremely sick. Fire travel or anything to do with fire always made his sick.

"Are you alright Mr. Potter?" asked Dumbledore.

"Yeah, I'm fine," said Harry".

"Sit down," he said gesturing to the empty chair next to Lillian.

"Aren't we going to the charms corridor?"

"There are a few things I need to explain first."

Harry" sat.

"A few weeks after you arrived a letter came out of the portal you two came through and it was addressed to me from me.

It was a letter from your Dumbledore who had somehow managed to discover the portal and send the letter to me by recreating the way you ended up here."

"So?"

"He explained to me how to send you back and the risks that went with them."

"Risk?" said Lillian.

"Yes, you should know that there are infinite number of alternate dimensions and going through the portal could dump you in anyone of them. But the letter your Dumbledore sent me had your spectacles attached to it so I'm assuming there is a link between you and your world that made sure the letter ended up in this reality."

"So if we go through the portal, it is likely that we could end up in another alternate world," said Lillian.

"Yes, but most likely you will end up in your own because the link should work both ways. If a letter could find you then you should be able to get back to your world."

"So what's the problem?" asked Harry".

"When you go through the portal, I want you both to concentrate on getting back to your own world and concentrate hard. We know nothing about this portal and if by any chance it can sense the desire of the traveler, it might just lead to the world you want it to lead you to."

"What if we end up in another world? Then what?" asked Lillian.

"That is why I'm giving you this," he said and pulled out the vial of the time sand.

"If you end up in a world not you own, use this and get out of there."

He handed the vial to Harry".

"So we're going to leave the same way we came. With time sand and a spell," said Harry".

"Yes."

"Quite simple. Can't believe it took you that long to figure it out."

"If I did then you wouldn't have been able to steal the Mona Lisa," said Dumbledore.

Harry" feigned ignorance. "Don't know what you're talking about," he said.

Dumbledore chuckled. "The muggle authorities were most perplexed when they found the painting near the entrance of the museum."

"Imagine that."

"And I assume you cannot control your elemental ability Ms. Austin?"

"I don't know what your talking about headmaster," she said looking bewildered.

Dumbledore chuckled again. "You two are quite the pair," he said. "I can imagine the trouble you get into at Hogwarts."

"She gets into trouble not me," said Harry" jerking his finger at Lillian.
"If I ever get into trouble its because she dragged me into it."

Lillian smirked.

"And you let her drag you into it?"

"My common sense abandons me when she starts ranting and raving about conspiracies and plots," he said.

"I don't rant and rave! And I was right in our first year," she said indignantly.

"And if we would have gone to Professor Snape like I suggested, I wouldn't have ended up in the hospital wing," he shot back.

The two continued to argue until they reached the corridor and Dumbledore had a bright smile underneath his moustache and beard.

"We're here," announced Dumbledore. "Please step back."

The pair took a step back and Dumbledore removed the powerful spell concealing the runes on the wall.

"Wow," said Harry" when the runes came into sight.

Lillian nodded. "Never thought something like this would be concealed on this wall."

"These runes are very old and I myself cannot interpret them. They are extremely complex and of course, serves as a portal to different dimensions."

"So how are we doing this?" asked Harry".

"Stand next to the wall," said Dumbledore.

Harry" and Lillian walked together and stood next the wall.

"Maybe you should hold hands," said Dumbledore. "You wouldn't want to end up in two different worlds would you?"

The two exchanged a glance and Lillian slipped her hand into Harry's without complaints from either. This wasn't a moment to argue about holding hands.

Dumbledore pulled out another vial from his pocket and showered the two with the time sand.

"Good Luck Harry, Lillian," he said and raised his wand.

Harry" and Lillian held each others hands tightly holding their breaths.

"Scroufigy," said Dumbledore and the two dimensional travelers were swallowed by a black portal.

There were almost instantly thrown out of the portal and Harry landed on the ground hard followed by Lillian who fell on him knocking the wind out of him.

"Oof," gasped Harry pushing her off him. "Couldn't you fall somewhere else?"

"Like I forced myself to land on you," she bit back. "Where are we anyway?"

Both got to their feet and realized they weren't at Hogwarts anymore. Harry summoned his wand and lit its end.

They were in a cave without any exit. He looked back and there was a wall with the same runes that were there in Hogwarts.

"We certainly aren't in Hogwarts anymore," said Harry.

"10 points for stating the obvious Potter," said Lillian. "But does this mean we aren't in our world?"

"Oh you're in your own world alright," said a voice from behind them.

Harry and Lillian turned sharply their wands at the ready.

"Whoa, whoa, came down. I mean you no harm," said the man.

Harry and Lillian stepped closer as the man came into the light. He looked like he was little over sixty with grey hair and a slightly wrinkled face. He wasn't too tall and stood at about 5'11".

"Who are you?" asked Lillian.

"Well, I'm just an old man who's wondering my two kids from Hogwarts have invaded my cave."

"Bullshit," said Harry. "You knew we were from another world and according to you we're back in our own. So you know who we are but we don't know who you are."

The man chuckled. "Quite a hypothesis."

"Which is right," said Lillian. "I repeat Potter's question, who are you?"

"Don't you want to get out of this cave first?" asked the man, producing a glass ball which was glowing blue from within his robes.

Both the thirteen year olds had guarded expressions on their face.

"Why should we trust you?" asked Harry.

"Do you see any other way out of this place?" asked the man mildly.

Harry slowly lowered his wand and the man smiled.

"You said we were back in our own world. Then why aren't we at Hogwarts?"

"You really didn't think there was only one portal in the world did you?" asked the man looked shocked. "If you really want to know I can monitor the entry and exit of anyone who uses the portal. So instead of you coming out of the portal in Hogwarts. I made sure you'd come out here!" he said cheerfully.

"Why?" asked Lillian sharply. His cheerful demeanor was beginning to test her patience.

The man looked surprised. "Well to meet the only fire and ice elemental's in the world of course!" he said like it were the most obvious thing.

Both students were shocked and raised their wands again taking a step back.

The man laughed. "Why don't you take a hold of this portkey and I'll answer all your questions."

"How about I burn you to ashes until you answer them," said Lillian.

"Hmm, fire elementals do have a temper don't they Harry?"

Now Harry and Lillian were getting a little freaked out. This man knew practically everything about them!

He laughed again.

"How long has it been since we left," asked Harry slowly, not lowering his wand.

The man rubbed his chin frowning. "Well I suppose it was about 20 milliseconds the instant you came out from the portal and now its about five minutes since you entered the portal in Hogwarts."

The elementals gaped at him. "You're lying," said Harry at once.

"Am I?"

"Its not possible," agreed Lillian.

"You sure?" he asked playfully stepping closer.

Harry raised his wand higher.

"Oh my," said the man suddenly.

"What?" asked Harry.

"Tell me something young man. Did your wand chose you or did you find it somewhere and just began to use it."

That was the limit.

A huge burst of sharp ice shards burst out of Harry's hand and headed towards the man at incredible speed.

There was no way the man could avoid them but the shards just dissolved into water and splashed harmlessly at his feet.

Harry quite expertly hid his shock. "Who are you?" he hissed.

Now the man smiled. Apparently he was waiting for one of them to react. "My name is Nicolas Flamel, young Potter. And you are currently in my domain."

"Nicolas Flamel?" said Lillian in shock.

"Yes, Ms. Austin. And I have been waiting for an opportunity to meet the two of you."

"Flamel," said Harry in slight confusion. "Nicolas Flamel is supposed to be dead."

"That's not true," said Flamel. "Just because Albus destroyed the stone, doesn't mean I'm going to die immediately."

"Can you prove it?"

"Take the portkey and you'll have all the proof you need," he said.

"Maybe we should do as he says," whispered Lillian. "There's no point in just waiting here. After you attacked him, we know we can't hurt him but I'm sure he can hurt us."

Harry nodded and the two of them pocketed their wands and put on finger each on the portkey.

Nicolas smiled. "I'm glad you chose to trust me."

"We don't trust you," said Lillian. "We just don't have a better option."

"I like you already," said Flamel, as the portkey activated.

REVIEW!

This was a seriously long chapter. Hope you enjoyed it.

Chapter 29 – The Flamel's

Harry managed to stay on his feet when they reached their destination. After going through inter dimensional portals, portkey's were nothing. Lillian still managed to fall flat on her face though. It would probably take her a little more time to manage to remain standing.

They were in an average size room with one table and three comfortable chairs. The paint on the walls was dull and was peeling off in various places. And much to Harry's surprise, there was a single bulb hanging from the ceiling, barely giving enough light to see.

"Where are we?" asked Lillian.

"A place where we can talk," replied Flamel.

"Looks more like a place to die," muttered Harry.

"Take a seat," said Nicolas.

He walked over towards the wall to their right and to Harry and Lillian's surprise he pulled out three bottles of butter beer through the wall.

"Looks like there more to this room than meets the eye," commented Harry.

"Its purpose varies from time to time. I didn't want to bring you to a rather grand place with grand furniture and all. Right now I want your attention on me rather than your surroundings."

"Why can't we go back to Hogwarts?" asked Lillian.

"How long did you spend in the other world Ms. Austin?" asked Flamel instead of answering her question.

"Five weeks," she said.

"Five long weeks," he said slowly. "Tell me how different was that world?"

"Potter was a Gryffindor I apparently did not exist, so yeah, it was quite different."

"Hmmm, let me explain a few things about the portal. I'm sure you know by now that there are an infinite number of parallel universes or alternate realities."

Harry and Lillian nodded.

"The portal serves as a door for each one of them but you cannot select the door you want. The portal will select a door at random. Usually when two people enter the portal they will never end up in the same world. But in your case, I suppose you were extremely close to each other, so when you went through the portal you were considered as a single entity."

Flamel paused.

"You weren't doing anything you weren't supposed to be doing were you?"

"NO!" shouted the pair.

Flamel smiled. "So how did the portal activate? 20 milliseconds is not enough time to gather information."

"It was because of the sand from a time turner and a random spell," said Harry.

"Ah," muttered Flamel, "That could certainly act as a trigger to activate the runes."

"You can read them?" asked Lillian.

"Of course. I wouldn't be able to use it otherwise," he said.

"What can it be used for?" asked Harry interestedly.

"Not a lot of things," said Flamel with a smile. "But we're straying of the topic. The reason you are here is because you cannot go back to Hogwarts until the time you spent in the other world is elapsed in this world."

"So you weren't lying when you said not even a second had passed since we left?"

"I haven't lied to you since we met," said Flamel. "That's the way the portal works. You can go to a number of worlds, spend some time there but when you come back to your own, you'll find no time has passed at all."

"So why can't we go back to Hogwarts?"

"You have spent five week there have you not?"

"Yes," said Lillian.

"Was it the past or the present or the future?"

"Future."

"All the more reason I cannot allow you to go to your school. You have the knowledge of future events even if they might differ plus because you left the fate of many things has changed and if you were to go back and try to change things based on what you have learnt you would simply make things even more worse than they could be."

"Why would things change because we left?"

"You left. That's the bottom line. That is why traveling through the portal is so dangerous. Even if you left for a micro milli second, you have changed the future of this world and of the world you visited. That's the way the universe works."

"I don't understand," said Lillian.

"Think of it has a balloon filled with air," said Flamel. "The portal creates a hole in the balloon and the air escapes and could be used to fill another balloon. You are the air and the balloon is the world."

Now what happens when the air leaves a balloon?"

"It becomes a thin rubber piece?"

"Or you can say it collapsed," said Flamel grimly as his point hit home.

"You're saying our world could collapse!" said Harry aghast. Lillian looked equally horrified.

"But you came back," continued Flamel. "The balloon has its air back but the damage is done."

"What kind of damage are we talking about?" asked Lillian fearfully.

"I told you. Lot's of things could have the fate changed. Lots of events are going to happen differently than they would have if you hadn't left. Same goes for the world you went too. That balloon had an excess of air and could have burst, but you left so it returned to its original shape but there was damage there too," he said.

"And all this wouldn't have happened if that idiot Granger hadn't dropped her time turner," muttered Harry.

"All this wouldn't have happened if Malfoy didn't trip her," shot back Lillian.

"I agree," said Harry, surprising Lillian. "It's both their faults. Granger's for running with the time turner in her hand and Malfoy's for tripping her."

Lillian simply nodded.

"Is the change good or bad?" asked Harry.

"It depends on what you consider yourself to be," he replied.

The message was clear. The change was bad and most probably good in the other world.

"So what now?" asked Lillian.

"Now you stay with me and my wife for 5 weeks and we shall help you with develop your elemental powers," he said with a smile.

A shiver of excitement ran down both elementals back. Training with a man and his wife who were both over six centuries old would be exciting.

"Wait," said Harry suddenly.

"What is it?" asked Flamel.

"I still want to see proof about you being who you say you are."

"Will the Philosophers stone be enough?"

"The stone was destroyed," said Lillian at once.

"And I can't make another?" he questioned.

Lillian shut her mouth with a snap.

"But no, I haven't made another," he added.

"So the one in Hogwarts was fake!"

"Of course not," he said. "Albus wouldn't be fooled by a fake stone. After all he has seen the stone before."

"I'm confused now," said Harry.

Nicolas laughed. "Well looks like a have a long story to tell you. And it's a story I have to tell you after seeing your wand Harry."

"What's my wand got anything to do with you?" asked Harry cautiously.

"Everything," replied Flamel solemnly.

Lillian raised her eyebrows.

"Has the wand spoken with you Harry?"

Harry glanced towards Lillian.

"You both are going to share everything from now on. You both are elementals and elementals should stick close to each other. Plus

you both are going to stay at my home for more than a month so you better learn to trust and get along with each other," he said firmly.

"I was going to say yes anyway," muttered Harry.

"That means it has really accepted you as its master and you really have the potential to be stronger than the eldest brother."

Harry nodded.

"I'm lost," announced Lillian.

"The wand Harry holds is very special Lillian," said Flamel.

"I know its special," she said. "I was there when he got it for the first time and I was there when Ollivander told him the story of the deathly hallows. But I certainly don't remember him saying anything about the wand accepting someone who was stronger than the eldest brother and things like that."

"Then I'm sure you'd like to hear what I have to say," he said. "The Deathly Hallows is merely a story. A fairy tale made by the youngest brother to keep the real story hidden."

Lillian was listening with rapt attention and so was Harry even though he already knew it.

"An extremely long story cut short. Death in the deathly hallows story was living evil creature. It could take any physical form it wanted and was extremely powerful and dangerous and I do not need to say more to emphasis its power. Let's just say Voldemort multiplied by infinity, infinite number of times equals to that being."

Both Harry and Lillian gulped.

"Now at that time there were three brothers. The brothers you have heard about in the story. These brothers were also extremely powerful and were almost an equal match for the evil being. After a long battle which nobody knows the details about. Evil was defeated and he gave the three brothers a gift each in exchange for its life.

"They let such a thing live!" exclaimed Lillian.

"Yes," he said shortly. "The eldest brother was given an unbeatable wand, the second the resurrection stone which can revive the dead but not in physical form and the youngest got the cloak of invisibility."

Lillian looked at Harry in shock. She realized he had two of the gifts. The invisibility cloak and the wand!

"The first two brothers died a few years later but the youngest lived on. Now the youngest brother was the smartest and it was because of his brilliant thinking that the evil being was defeated. He initially was against letting the being live on but he too succumbed to greed and accepted the gift evil gave them.

Later he was consumed by guilt after his brothers died and he vowed to hunt down the being and destroy it forever. But he was unsuccessful. Evil was cunning and smart too. It did something the youngest brother never even dreamed was possible."

"What did it do?" whispered Lillian.

"It created a different plane of existence where it stored its consciousness and essence. It created books with spells which when used by wizards would give it strength.

We call these books and the spells in it the dark arts today," he said.

"Over time it would gain strength and it has been waiting for the perfect vessel for it to take over and regain its former strength.

For thousands of years it hasn't found a vessel until Tom Marvolo Riddle was born. This man who has become the most powerful dark lord known to wizards can be the perfect vessel for the being to regain its consciousness and power in this world because lord Voldemort has immersed himself so deeply into the dark arts and is still doing so."

"What happened to the youngest brother?" asked Harry.

"He died eventually," said Flamel. "But not before finding someone to carry on what he had been trying to do."

"It was you I suppose," said Lillian.

"Initially no," said Flamel. "You might not believe me but it was Merlin whom he chose at first."

"No way!" said Harry with a snort.

"Yes way. But unfortunately Merlin was too enamored by wealth and fame and he did not do what was required of him by the brother."

"Merlin enamored by wealth and fame? That's absurd! He was known as Merlin the wise for crying out aloud!"

"Oh don't get me wrong," said Flamel. "He certainly was wise, powerful and a good man. But he wanted to be in the spot light. And the youngest brother didn't want that. So his plan failed."

"How old was he anyway?" asked Harry. "I remember the wand telling me that the brothers and evil had their great battle during the start of man kind, when everything was magic and there were no such things as wizards and muggles."

Flamel smiled. "He was old, really, really old and he was the one who had created the Philosophers stone. I merely cracked his formulae over a period of time and created my own which was known to the wizarding world and Dumbledore."

"Then how old are you?" asked Lillian.

"Much more than what the world believes me to be," he said with a smirk. "You two must understand that this is not about Voldemort overthrowing the ministry of magic or Dumbledore having his way in the ministry and things like that. This is about the survival of everything as we know it and I have been doing everything in my power to keep postponing the day it happens."

"How did he choose you?" asked Harry. "The youngest brother I mean."

"I tried to steal his money pouch. I was thirteen, a street rat and very hungry," he said with a laugh. "I can never forget that day. I sneaked up to him, managed to cut the bottom of his pouch and take all his gold and escape. And then suddenly I find myself hanging upside

down with him peering into my face looking like Father Christmas himself."

"He chose you because you stole his money!"

"He chose me because he sensed the power within me. The same power he felt within Merlin. He decided to take me in and train me in the arts of magic and science."

"Science!"

"He was a man who believed in utilizing knowledge from both the muggle and magical world. But because of what happened with Merlin, he made me swear an oath."

"What oath?" asked Lillian at once.

"I cannot interfere in the daily activities of witches and wizards. I cannot share my knowledge except when it was found in collaboration with other wizards or witches. I am supposed to hide my existence from the world and remain hidden, dead to all, the only exception being when I have no choice and have to show myself for a period of time and then go into hiding again.

Like now, the world believes the philosophers stone to be destroyed and I'll be going into hiding again, dead to the world."

"Must be hard," said Lillian.

"Quite the opposite, I have Penny and that's all I need," he said.

"Your wife," stated Harry.

"Right."

"Where is she anyway?" asked Lillian.

"You'll be meeting her soon enough. She's currently preparing our temporary home."

"There's one thing I don't understand though," said Lillian.

"And what is that?"

"You told us this big story about three brothers, an evil being, a powerful wand and all that but why? You said it was because the wand accepted Harry as the master of the wand and he could become more powerful than the oldest brother, who I'm guessing was the strongest. Does this mean Harry will be the one to destroy Voldemort or the evil being?"

Flamel glanced at Harry and nodded.

"Well," she said cheerfully. "I guess there's no need to worry then."

Flamel frowned, looking slightly confused for the first time since they met him. "Now I don't understand."

"If there's anyone who could defeat Voldemort and this super dangerous evil thing, Its Harry."

Harry looked at Lillian in surprise.

"Why do you think that?"

"You said it yourself Mr. Flamel. Harry has the cool wand, he's an ice or water elemental and he has his cool moving things power thing," she said.

"Moving things power?" he asked.

"I'll show you later," said Harry, still feeling a little pleased with Lillian's evaluation of his chances. He realized she believed in him and that made him feel a lot of things he didn't have the answer too.

Suddenly a red glass ball fell from the ceiling on the table with a slight bump.

"Looks like our home for 5 weeks is ready," he said cheerfully. "Now remember this," he added his expression hardening. "You are not here to waste time. You are here because you are going to be trained to control your element. Your five weeks here are going to be the most intense ever. You are going to be trained in the art of physical combat, elemental combat and various other things. This is not a vacation, do you understand?"

"Yes," said the two of them solemnly.

He tapped the glass ball and it divided into three pieces.

"One for each of us," he said.

"Why?" asked Harry suspiciously.

"To your rooms of course," he said with a laugh. "I want you to be fresh when you meet my dear wife. Now touch the portkey."

All three touched their respective portkey's.

"Oh by the way," he said suddenly.

"What?"

"Be sure to find the red rose," he said and everything became a blur for both Harry and Lillian.

The first thing Harry realized when he stopped was that he was falling.

He looked down and thought he had been thrown into hell because about 1000 feet below him was fire and nothing else. He was falling fast and kept twisting and turning in the turbulent air unable to control his body moment. He felt trapped and helpless. His mind began to shut down as he fell and panic began to set in as got closer and closer to the inferno.

"I'm going to die!" his mind screamed. "I'm going to die!"

"No you're not, use your element!" screamed another part of his mind. Deep within his mind, he remembered a sky diving show when he was at the Dursley's and he tried parting his arms and legs to gain some stability. He could hear the wind blowing past him at incredible speed and he could also hear his heart and was sure that it was beating at twice its normal pace.

He couldn't breathe properly and his eyes widened in fear as the fire grew closer and closer second by second.

He tried to send a blast of water and try to douse the fire but the water simply blew away because of the speed at which he was falling.

He closed his eyes in an effort to calm himself and began to form a large ball of water in his palm and began to cover himself completely with it when he was barely 100 feet away. He could feel the powerful heat begin to engulf his body and he began to freeze the water into ice to save him from being fried.

He plunged into the fire and the ice began to melt. He couldn't breathe as his entire body was covered in ice and it took Harry every ounce of strength and concentration to hold the ice firm and match the power of the fire.

He realized he was still falling and there didn't seem to be an end to his free fall.

It was unfortunate that he had to think of an end to the fall because suddenly the fire vanished and the ground began to come closer as he fell.

Harry's eyes widened. There was no way to break his fall at the pace he was going at and he did the only thing that came to his mind. He faced his palm downwards as he fell and blasted another jet of water in an effort to create some sort of lake to break his fall.

His effort was met with partial success. He slammed into the water and then felt his body slam into the ground too... hard.

Slowly the water spread and seeped into the ground leaving a motionless Harry on the hard surface. Moaning he tried to move but it was too painful. He tried to say something and then realized his mouth was full of blood. He spat it out pushed himself to his knees, the blood dripping down his chin.

It was over Harry thought breathing hard. He looked at his hand and saw they were shaking badly. He looked at his clothes and saw they were burnt away in places and his skin had slight burns too.

"Flamel," thought Harry angrily. "That man had just tried to kill him! Was he even who he said he was?"

"Look for the red rose." That's what Flamel had said to them before the portkey dropped him in hell.

Harry looked around and saw nothing but flat dry land with a blazing sun directly above him. He was in a place which would be the worst possible place for an ice elemental.

There were no trees, no small shrubs, nothing. It was a hard ground with no sand and a hot sun above him.

"Where the hell am I?" he shouted, "Is anybody there!"

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"FLAMEL!" he screamed and fell back on the ground, exhausted after the use of his element so extensively.

He could feel the heat beating down on his back and sweat began to drip from his body.

"Okay, Harry, think rationally," he said to himself taking deep breaths. "You're in a place with nothing around... a few minutes ago this place was nothing but fire and now its nothing but a barren land with the goddamn sun right above me."

Suddenly realization struck him. "This is a bloody test! That bastard left me here to test me!" he said feeling the rage build up within him.

"That no good, bloody senile old man!"

He would have continued his furious rant if it hadn't felt like the temperature had gotten higher.

Sighing he began to walk. He didn't know in which direction but he just began to walk wondering if Lillian was in a similar situation as he was.

Lillian was suffering the same fate as Harry. She hadn't fallen from the sky but was in a deep pit with a blizzard blowing around her. She

had practically frozen to death before she had the sense to start a fire around her to protect her from this freezing cold.

When the portkey dumped her in the pit there was no blizzard. It was merely a really deep hole with snow everywhere and there was a cold wind blowing around her.

She was extremely frightened when she saw nobody was with her and she certainly wasn't in any bedroom or a house for that matter.

She draped her hands around her shoulders shivering in the cold. Her teeth chattering she yelled out, "Hello?"

The instant the word left her mouth the wind began to pick up pace.

She fell to her knees feeling the chill on her skin and she noticed her hands began to turn blue.

The wind began to blow faster and faster before ice pieces started pelting her drawing blood.

"H-help me," she whispered as another ice piece hit her face. She couldn't move and half her body had turned numb. She couldn't think or process anything that was happening because of the intense cold.

She was lying on the ground curled into a ball shivering. She couldn't do anything because it was so cold. Her mind absolutely refused to do anything. She hadn't even got the time to panic or try to escape before the cold wind had captured her. She didn't even feel the ice shards hitting her and she didn't notice her blood freezing on the surface of her skin.

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And then she felt it. It was like a heart beat in her stomach. Sudden warmth began to spread through her body giving her strength. And then fire erupted from every inch of her body. It roared with all her

fury and rage and didn't allow even a single crystal of snow or the cold wind to reach her.

If she had looked in a mirror, she would have seen a golden ring around the pupil of her eyes.

She began to walk in an attempt to find shelter, but she always hit a wall of ice where ever she went. She screamed in anger and her fire grew even more powerful and began to melt the ice in every direction. But the blizzard which had formed around her was strong too.

Everything she melted simply hardened again.

She had the fire running for 20 minutes continuously while trying to find a way out of this hell hole even the exhaustion started setting in.

She looked down and realized all the clothes she had on and been long burnt to ash and she couldn't care less. Survival was the only thing on her mind and if the clothes had to go, then the clothes had to go.

"Bloody Flamel," she muttered, coming to the same conclusion as Harry. She surveyed her surroundings again but couldn't even see what was there a feet ahead of her.

Sighing and shivering in spite of the fire around her body. She began walking until hitting the wall of ice again.

An idea stuck her. Smiling to herself she placed her palms on the ice wall and began to melt the ice only to have it get frozen and filled with snow again.

She growled. It was like she was in a tornado of snow and ice. Closing her eyes she began again. It was really hard maintaining the fire around her and melting the ice at the same time but she concentrated hard, mentally thanking Harry for the book he had gifted to her last Christmas.

As the ice melted she quickly climbed in and began to melt the ice at her hip level again.

She was creating a make shift stair case all the way to the top. She looked behind her for an instant and realized that she wasn't in the blizzard anymore. She stopped the fire around her and realized the ice had formed again behind her and had stopped the cold from entering.

"Like an igloo," she whispered. She was trapped within the ice and the only way out was to keep melting the ice and heading upwards until she reached the surface. She looked at the ice again and saw her reflection. The fire around her had burnt her clothes to ash but hadn't harmed her body.

"It would be pointless to be a fire elemental if the fire burnt you," she mused, examining her reflection. Her body and curves were developing in all the right directions she thought with a smile before smacking herself on the forehead.

"This is not the time to be admiring your self Mary!"

Now that she was out of the blizzard she felt a little exposed without her clothes but forced herself to forget about it for the time being.

Ignoring her lack of clothing she began task of tunneling to the surface again. She kept melting the ice and kept moving one step closer to the surface at a time but after what she felt was ages there was still no sight of the surface.

She was exhausted and hungry.

Her anger grew. "DAMN IT!" she screamed in frustration banging the wall of ice. "Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! What gives that bastard the right to do this to me! Oh god, I'm sure even Potter is in a similar situation as I am," she thought in horror.

A lone tear rolled down her cheek but her resolve to get out of her and make Flamel suffer strengthened. She began to feel the cold from the ice because of staying stationary.

It stuck her mind that she could conjure some clothes for her instead of feeling uncomfortable every time she looked into the ice and saw herself. She tried putting her hand in her pocket but simply touched her thigh.

"Oh my god, my wand!" she said in panic. "Where is my wand!"

She began looking around everywhere but there was hardly anywhere to look. Either it had fallen in the blizzard or it was burnt.

Now she really felt like crying. Harry was lucky he didn't have to face the problem of getting clothes and wands burnt and as her sadness grew there was a flash of fire beside her and Lo Behold, her wand dropped next to her.

"MY WAND!" she yelled in delight and hugged it joyfully, feeling the warmth within her increase.

Giving a sigh of relief she pointed the wand in front of her and concentrated on conjuring a pair of thick woolen pants and a thick woolen parka.

Even though it was complex transfiguration she had taken a leaf out of Harry's book and studied ahead. And it was much easier after Harry had explained the basic concept of transfiguration to her.

She was extremely pleased when she succeeded on her first try.

She put them on welcoming the warmth they provided. There was no need to have a fire burning around her body now so there was no risk of them getting burnt. But she put a fire resistant charm on them just in case.

With renewed energy she began melting the ice and making her way to the top again. It was a tedious task and she didn't know how much time had elapsed and she didn't care. She ignored the pangs of hunger and the want of her body to just lie down and give up.

She kept going and going and going until she finally saw a glimpse of something above her.

Excitement bubbled within her as she melted the ice again and moved one step closer to the surface. Even her fire had become weak and was taking more time to melt the ice. Her hands were aching and bleeding and her head was spinning.

If she weren't a fire elemental and was trapped in an ice cage like the one she was in. She would have probably died due to lack of air

or oxygen ages ago. But then melting ice to water and water to vapors did create oxygen so she was still lucky to be breathing comfortably.

Finally she broke to the surface and fell on the snow with a cry of relief and joy.

Her joy vanished when she saw nothing but snow all around her and a light cold breeze blowing against her.

"No," she whispered, dropping to her knees. "This cannot be happening."

Tears began to roll down freely now as she was at her limit after tunneling through god knows what distance and god knows for how long. She began weeping and curled into a ball to escape the cold not having the strength to summon her element.

"I'm going to die here," she thought miserably. "I'm going to die," she whispered.

She could feel the cold seeping in through her unprotected hands and realized they had become blue again. Closing her eyes she tried to conjure fire but it was of no use. She could barely feel the warmth in her hand.

She didn't have the strength to move nor to use magic and just wanted to crawl back into her hole and stay there.

She was going to die with nothing but white snow around her without a soul in sight.

She was lying flat on her back, her hair spread beneath her and her eyes staring upwards without any sign of life. She could feel the cold wind beat upon her face. She turned her face to the left to avoid the wind when saw something that made her eyes go wide.

It was a red rose.

She pushed herself to her knees and began to crawl towards it one step at a time.

Each step was agony to her aching mind and body and when she reached it there was no sense of joy or victory. Only curiosity as to why she had suffered so much just to get to a rose. She started to hate that rose with a passion.

She lifted it by the stem examining it closely. She tried to stand and crush the rose beneath her bare feet when black spots began to form in front of her eyes.

"What the?" she murmured and lost consciousness barely feeling the tug below her navel.

Harry kept walking. He had discarded his shirt a long time ago, conjured an umbrella and was feeling extremely dehydrated.

Every now and then he would drink water from his hand and keep pouring water over himself to keep himself cool only to have the water evaporate within seconds.

"This is ridiculous," thought Harry. He had no clue where to go and was sure more than an hour had passed since he fell from the sky and nearly broke every bone in his body.

"What the hell am I supposed to do?" he muttered. "There's nothing in sight!"

He continued walking desperately hoping that he would find that red rose he was supposed to and find a way out of this place.

He kept walking and walking and walking till he could walk no more.

He was physically and mentally spent. His head felt like a hammer was being whacked on it every second because of walking in the sun for so long. And he had always had bad reactions to being in the sun for a long period of time.

Even the ground felt hot through his shoes.

"This is pointless," he said with a sigh. He summoned his wand and conjured a dark tent and a bath tub too. He filled the tub with cold water and slowly slipped into it with his pants on.

"Oh god, this feels so great," he said with a moan as the water seeped thorough his shoes and pants. He slowly went a little lower covering himself completely with water except for his head.

The water became colder at his command.

It was funny though. Water around his seemed to obey his commands. Even if he were at a distance and he wanted the water to rise or change temperatures it would happen. The only thing he could not do was make the water hotter or change it to steam or change steam to water.

He could not control very hot water that efficiently. But as long it was in liquid or solid state. It was under his control.

"Screw the red rose," he muttered. "I'm content to be waiting here until that son of a bitch decides to get me out of here."

10 seconds passed after his statement when the ground began to shake.

Harry looked around frowning and then his eyes widened.

"Oh damn," he said.

He could hear the roar of the flames as they grew closer. Harry was having difficulty standing. As it is, his feet were aching and now he was surrounded by fire which was moving towards him at quite a speed. There was no way of escaping.

His slight rest seemed to have disabled his ability to think because he did nothing as the flames steadily grew closer and he did nothing even he began to feel intense heat around his body.

He simply didn't do anything because he simply thought Flamel wouldn't dare do anything that could hurt him permanently. Or even kill him.

He ignored the voice at the back of his mind screaming at him to do something. All his pain seemed to vanish as the fire grew closer and he knew that all he had to do was step into the fire for all the pain to go away.

Pain? He thought with a frown. What happened to all the pain? Why couldn't he feel the heat anymore?

Let's just step into the fire, he thought with a silly grin on his face.

"Protect your self!" the voice at the back of his mind roared and whatever enchantment was messing with his mind was broken.

The pain came back in waves and the fire was barely a hundred feet away.

With a yell of panic he covered himself with water and lowered its temperature drastically while continuously firing water into the inferno that was all around him.

He could barely keep the fire at bay and could feel the heat even with his temporary water cover.

He fell to his knees with both his arms on either side pouring water into the fire. He closed his eyes and brought its temperature down to bare minimum without freezing it but it was useless.

Whatever enchantment that had been messing with his mind has weakened him severely and his body could not take the stress of holding of the fire forever. He was exhausted in every possible way.

Black spots began to gather in front of his eyes as the fire inched closer to him.

He began to hear whispers all around him and time seemed to slow down.

"Pull it out," said the whispers and Harry frowned.

The flames were moving slowly and he could see the water coming out from his hand drop by drop.

"Pull it out," said the whispers again.

Pull it out? Pull what out? What's going on? thought Harry. It just wasn't making any sense. None of this was making any sense.

"Reach out within," said the whispers.

Harry frowned again. He thought he was going crazy. But he decided to oblige the whispers and reached out within himself.

In other words he reached out to his core.

And he felt just like he had felt all those years ago when he first reached his magical core.

Absolute peace and serenity, he felt like he was floating in space, gradually moving towards his core.

Slowly he stretched his arms and touched his core.

It was like an explosion of power. He was brought back to reality with the feeling more powerful than he had ever felt before.

If he had looked in the mirror he would have seen a silver ring forming around the pupil of his eyes and the instant they formed a full circle Harry exploded.

The flames never stood a chance. If the fire was a blazing inferno trying to consume Harry. Harry was simply the thing that could stamp it out with a flick of his finger.

Waves of snow, ice, water all mixed were blowing in every direction at incredible speed with Harry as the epicenter. The fire was extinguished in mere seconds but the blizzard that was Harry didn't stop.

He felt like he had never felt before. He wanted everything to be cold. The ground began to turn to ice and it began to snow everywhere.

If Harry had been listening closely he would have heard some yelling about the wards starting to crack, but he didn't.

His arms were spread wide as if embracing the cold and a smile on his face, his eyes closed.

He never heard the explosion signaling the fall of the wards. He never realized that Nicolas Flamel and his wife were barely managing to hold his element back and prevent it from destroying everything in range.

After 5 long minutes of fury, the winds began to die down and the snow stopped falling.

Harry opened his eyes and found everything to be blurry. He blinked twice and everything started spinning.

He noticed two figures approaching him slowly and he thought he recognized one of them.

"Who?" he slurred out and fell over in a dead faint.

Above him Nicolas looked at his wife and said. "I told you we should have at least warned them before deciding to test their endurance."

"It wouldn't be an endurance test if they knew it was an endurance test. You know as well as I do that this test was also to see how they react to a hostile environment."

"And they both performed admirably didn't they?"

"The girl certainly used her head. For someone who has never been any potentially dangerous or scary situations in her entire life, she certainly did extremely well."

Nicolas nodded. "And what do you think about him," he said, poking Harry with his foot.

"I don't know what to think of him. But I certainly want to know what is he? I've never seen anything like it before!"

"I agree," said Nicolas. "He broke through wards which for centuries have been unbreakable."

Penny shook her head. "He didn't break them. He ripped through them."

Nicolas sighed. "So what now?"

"Let him rest and recover of course," she said. "Both kids are going to be furious when they wake up."

"I'm going to blame you if they try to burn and ice me," he muttered.

Penny laughed, pushing her grey hair behind her ear. "Take him to our infirmary Nick."

REVIEW

An early update... enjoy. Oh and if you spot any error's please do mention.

Chapter 30 – Training

Lillian woke up feeling quite disoriented. It took her a moment to adjust to the dimly lit room and realize she had no idea where she was. The last thing she remembered was looking at a red rose in the middle of a snow desert.

She looked around and noticed she was alone. There was a glass of water or what seemed to be water on the bedside table with a red rose beside it and a note stuck to the glass.

"Drink it," was all the note said.

"Like hell I'm going to drink something offered by him," she muttered thinking about the pain she wanted to inflict on Flamel.

The moment the words came out of the mouth the words on the note changed.

"If you don't, your head will start aching after a few minutes because of magical exhaustion."

She scoffed at the poor attempt to make her drink the water but a minute later she felt her head start aching.

The words changed again.

"And then you'll feel nauseous too."

She felt like puking too.

The words changed again.

"If you don't want to feel sick, drink the Potion. It will make you feel better."

She drank it in one gulp and gave a sigh of relief when the headache and nausea disappeared.

"Glad to see you decided to drink my potion," said Nicolas Flamel walking into the light. He was wearing a suit and for some reason had his grey hair pushed back giving him a very mafia look.

"You," growled Lillian. "Give me one reason why I shouldn't burn you to ground?"

"I can give you two," replied Flamel coolly. "One, you're magically exhausted and it will take you a day or two to recover and two, you're absolutely no match for me even at your full strength."

Lillian had no answer so she settled for glaring at him.

Flamel ignored it. "Are you hungry?" he asked her.

"No," she said, ignoring the hunger pangs.

Flamel smiled. "Well if you do make your way to the dining room. Penny and I will be waiting for you."

"Penny? That's your wife?"

"Yes. I'm sure she'd like to meet you."

"I rather not, if she's anything like you," she spat out.

Flamel gave a short laugh.

"Where's Potter?"

"Still asleep," replied the alchemist.

"Did you set a similar trail for him?"

"You knew it was a test?"

"Was he dumped in a fire storm like I was dumped in a blizzard?"

"You should know you passed."

"Who the hell are you!" burst out Lillian all of a sudden.

"I believe the introductions were done quite some time back."

Lillian threw the glass beside her at him being incapable to use magic at the moment.

Nicolas simply moved aside avoiding it and it smashed into pieces upon contact with the wall.

"Who gave you the right to treat us the way you have! What do you want from us!" she screamed, breathing heavily.

Nicolas sighed. "When you're hungry meet us in the dinning room," he said and walked out of the room.

Lillian felt her anger spike at the man's indifference.

"Bastard!" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

She collapsed on the bed feeling her head spin. She closed her eyes and took deep, slow breaths in an effort to clam down.

Lillian felt her stomach growl again and her anger dissipated. She looked at the door and wanted to go and eat but didn't want to give Flamel the satisfaction of obeying his order.

She stood motionless for a minute before changing her mind and headed out of the room.

"Bloody old man," she grumbled.

She stepped into a plain white well lit corridor. It was straight and about 2 meters wide. She looked up and saw tube lights?

Lillian was mystified. What kind of wizard had tube lights in his house! She looked left and right and couldn't figure out which way to go.

Sighing she turned left. She truly couldn't understand what kind of game Flamel was trying to play here. Her footsteps kept echoing and there was no way to know where she was going. There were no paintings, no windows... nothing. It felt like walking in a high security wing like in the movies, she thought.

Sometime later, the corridor ended and there was a door at the end of it. She opened it hesitantly wondering what horrors might be behind it. Her mind was filled with images of mutilated bodies and rows of rooms filled with people being experimented on or torture

chambers with all sorts of instruments with Flamel laughing evilly while holding them.

She was quite relieved and surprised to see Flamel and another woman sitting at opposite ends of a small table waiting for her.

"Ah, hello there," said Nicolas cheerfully. "I see it didn't take you long to come out of that smelly room."

Lillian frowned and cautiously edged into the room. The room wasn't too large nor was it too small. It had a fire place at one end with a few sofas and chairs. And at the other end there was a simple dining table with four chairs where the two Flamel's were sitting.

"Have a seat Lillian," said Perenelle Flamel.

"So you're his wife, huh?" asked Lillian, not moving from her place next to the door.

"That's right," she said with a smile. "I'm Perenelle Flamel. How are you feeling?"

"Why do you care?"

Perenelle glanced at Nicolas who just shrugged.

"We are not your enemies Lillian. But you should also know we are not your friends either."

"That is so reassuring," said Lillian sarcastically.

"What I am trying to say is, you and your friend Harry are here to train, not to enjoy the comforts of life. Leaving you to fend for yourself in an environment hostile to you was an important test for you both."

"Like hell it was! You could have at least warned us!"

"Then it would defeat the purpose of the test," said Perenelle simply. "The main idea behind the whole test was to see how you react and adapt when in shock and fear. And I can say both of you did very well."

"We could have died!" hissed Lillian but her argument had lost the intensity it had before.

"Do you think we would have let you die? We might have let you push your body to the brink of death but we wouldn't have let you die," she said.

Lillian just glared.

"Why don't you have something to eat," said Nicolas. "I know you're hungry. I can practically hear your stomach crying out for food."

Lillian glared at him too but slowly moved to the table and took a seat.

"Where's Potter?" she asked.

"He's still asleep," replied Nicolas. "He was quite exhausted at the end even more than what you might be feeling."

"I'm feeling fine," muttered Lillian grabbing a boiled egg and a toast and began smearing the toast with marmalade.

"What is this place?" asked Lillian. "It's so depressing. I haven't seen a single window since I've come here and the rooms and corridors are all lighted with muggle stuff!"

Nicolas smiled. "We believe in using everything this world has to offer. And this house is just a temporary place. You won't be staying here after today. Once Harry wakes up and has yelled and screamed just like you did. We'll be moving to a much more open location."

"Oh, well. I see," muttered Lillian. "So what's next?"

"You'll see," said Perenelle mysteriously.

"Oh great," said Lillian with a sigh. "Another torture session."

Suddenly a buzzing sound was heard.

"I guess Potter's awake then," said Nicolas. "Your turn to go eh Penny?"

"Yeah, yeah," she mumbled and stood up and left.

"She's going to talk to Potter?"

"That's right," said Nicolas. "We always take turns doing everything," he said.

"Are we going to be training, like everyday?" asked Lillian slowly. "I mean, we have to spend more than a month here and you're going to be training us everyday?"

"Of course," said Nicolas like it were the most obvious thing in the world. "You're going to wish you never knew us!"

"But why?"

"It's because you're elementals," he said with a grin, "And," his demeanor suddenly became scary and intimidating, "and because you're going to have to fight Lord Voldemort alongside Potter. You're going to fight with the most feared death eaters and you're going to need all the help you can get."

"And how would you know that?" she asked him, while slowly moving away from him.

"Did really think we would have decided to train you if you weren't important?"

"Am I important?"

"More than you know," he whispered.

Lillian looked at him feeling extremely uneasy and scared too. If he was trying to freak her out, he certainly was doing a good job of it.

Harry slowly came out of his dreamless sleep feeling like there was a boulder placed on his head. The last thing he remembered was feeling very alive. He remembered feeling that nothing could touch him and he was invincible before he lost consciousness.

His body was aching. He tried to move and pain shot through every bone in his body. Wincing he laid back trying to figure out where he

was. He blinked twice and realized his vision was all hazy and his head was beginning to ache real bad.

He tried to get up again only to feel extremely dizzy and weak.

"Drink this," came a feminine voice beside him. He turned and tried to make out who it was but his vision was too blurry. All he could see was grey hair and knew it was an old woman from her voice.

"Drink," she said again, handing him a glass.

"What is it?" asked Harry hoarsely.

"Potion to get rid of the pain you're suffering right now and to bring back the vision in your eyes."

Harry tried to see what he was drinking but his eye sight and headache was worsening. So closing his eyes he drank the potion which was surprisingly tasteless. The headache immediately began to recede and his eyes sight was fully restored.

He took a good look at the woman in front of him. She was easily into her sixties and had long grey hair and eyes that sparkled with wisdom. It gave the same feeling when he looked into the eyes of Dumbledore.

"How are you feeling now?" the woman asked him.

"You're Nicolas Flamel's wife," stated Harry instead.

She smiled and nodded.

"Where is he?"

"I hope you don't try to pick a fight with dear Nick," she said in a fragile voice.

Harry scowled. "I'm going to make him wish he never met me," he growled.

Perenelle Flamel was silent for a moment before she started laughing.

Harry was perplexed. He didn't know what was so funny!

"Dear child," she said. "You couldn't even lay a scratch on Nicolas or me even if you tried your best."

"Are you sure about that," said Harry coldly.

Perenelle leaned towards him, her eyes narrowed. "Very sure," she whispered and Harry could feel Goosebumps run down his back. This was not a woman to mess around with he thought.

She leaned back, smiling again. "And you don't want to be using magic for a day or too," she said.

"Why?"

"You were physically, mentally and magically exhausted at the end of your obstacle course. If you try using magic, you're head will ache and you'll feel extremely dizzy."

"What happened by the way? At the end?" asked Harry. He couldn't figure out even exactly he had fainted and how had he gotten rid of the fire.

Perenelle frowned. "Your element was fully unleashed," she said. "I have never seen anything quite like it."

"What do you mean?" asked Harry.

The woman sighed. "The power behind your element was incredible. We thought you were at your limit when you were surrounded with that fire but instead you suddenly became a living breathing blizzard. Or it was rather like the force of a hundred blizzards combined together."

"The wards which we placed around that area were shattered and it took the combined effort of Nick and me to keep your power at bay. You simply breezed through those wards like they weren't there," she said pointing a finger at him. "And those wards are practically unbreakable," she added.

Harry looked up, a slight grin on his face. "Too much power for you to handle?"

She smiled. "Hardly, you just caught us off guard that's all. Don't think you're powerful and all that because I could beat you with both my hands tied back."

Harry snorted. "You seem to think a lot of yourself. You look like a gust of wind would knock you over."

Perenelle chuckled. "You'd do well to remember that your life is in my hands as long as you're here. So mind your manners."

Harry yawned. "I can handle whatever you throw at me," he said. "If I can break through you supposedly unbreakable wards, let's see what more I can do. I'd probably defeat you with a flick of my finger."

Perenelle sighed. "Are you trying to test my patience? Because I must say, your attempts are quite pathetic. You say I think a lot of myself but you seem to have quite an inflated ego."

"Of course not," said Harry airily. "But I think if you had to resort to testing me without me knowing it and me still coming over the top, either I'm just strong or your test was pathetic."

Perenelle just stared at him incredulously. "Okay listen kid," she growled. "Either you shut your mouth right now and come with me or sit here until you beg me to give you something to eat."

"Lead the way, ma'am," he said bowing mockingly.

"Oh you're going to feel pain," she said icily and strode out.

Harry laughed. He had successfully riled her up. He felt that if they could subject him to any sort of test of training, he was well within his rights to insult and irritate them until he was satisfied.

He had to practically run to keep up with her. A fact which Perenelle took great pleasure in mentioning to Harry.

"Do keep up dear," she said. "Don't tell me this old woman is too fast for you?"

Harry growled. "My body is aching," he said.

Perenelle just laughed. "Don't give excuses Harry," she scolded. "Admit it that you're just too slow."

"Never in a million years," muttered Harry under his breath glaring at the woman's back.

"Ah here we are!" she said suddenly.

"Where is here?" asked Harry. "All I've seen till now is walls and more walls."

Perenelle grabbed him by the shirt and shoved him into the dining room.

"Bitch," muttered Harry earning a smack on his head. "Oww! What was that for!"

"Sit down," she snapped.

Harry sat giving her dirty looks.

"Did I miss something?" asked Nicolas looking amused. Lillian looked at both Harry and Perenelle curiously while munching on her seventh piece of chicken leg.

"No Nicolas, you didn't," she said. "I just took a little time explaining what happened before Harry passed out. Like a light I might add," she said glaring at said boy.

"Uh oh," muttered Nicolas. "Looks like Harry and Penny got off to a bad start."

"What do you mean?" whispered Lillian.

"Harry said something to piss her off and that's not good at all."

"Nicolas!" called out Perenelle suddenly while Harry helped himself to all the food in front of him.

"What?"

"Do you mind if I take over Harry's training?"

Harry choked on his potatoes.

"I thought you wanted to train the fire elemental?" asked Nicolas.

Perenelle glared at Harry and said, "I changed my mind. You train the fire elemental and I'll take care of the water."

"Its water and ice," said Harry politely. "Do your research properly before trying to train a person would you."

Perenelle ignored him though a vein twitched on her forehead.

"What do you say Nick?" she asked, her voice taking a menacing edge.

Nicolas sighed. "He's all yours Penny," he said regretfully, thinking of the number of times he'd have to patch the boy up now.

"What kind of training are you going to start with?" asked Harry.

Perenelle smiled evilly. "You'll see," she said and began to eat her salad.

Harry looked at her warily wondering if it was a good idea to try and test her patience.

"Oh boy am I full!" said Lillian leaning back, patting her stomach.

"Freckles! How come I didn't notice you?" said Harry.

"I don't know how your vision works Potter," she said tiredly.

"Hmmm... right. I suppose you had to go through the same silly test as I did?"

Lillian nodded slowly wondering what he meant by silly test.

"You know, Mrs. Flamel is quite useless at putting up unbreakable wards," he whispered to her which was easily overheard by both Flamel's.

"Err... what do you mean? She asked, glancing at said woman who hadn't reacted.

"Yeah," said Harry. "Apparently she put up unbreakable wards to keep us contained if we lost control of our element but when I lost control the wards just blew apart."

"That's... great?"

"Don't you think it's quite pathetic? I mean, she's supposed to train me but can't even put up decent wards!"

Lillian just nodded glancing at both Flamel's again. Nicolas looked extremely amused while Penny was still eating her salad emotionlessly but it was clear that her temper was on the rise.

"Potter, maybe you should stop talking now," she whispered.

Harry ignored her. "And she's quite ugly too. I mean look at that hair! It looks like a bird nest on her head and her skin! Look at the way it sags! Maybe she ought to have plastic surgery or something."

Lillian was looking horrified and Penny seemed ready to kill Harry when Nicolas quickly stood up and all eyes turned to him.

"I guess we're all done," he said clapping his hands. "Why don't we take you home and show you your new rooms?"

"We aren't staying here?" asked Harry.

"No we're not," he replied. "What do you think Penny? Let's go?"

"Yeah sure," she said indifferently. "We can start training too."

Nicolas looked worried. "Err... I thought we weren't going to start until tomorrow?"

"Oh, It'll be like an introductory lesson for dear Harry," she said with a smile.

"Right," said Nicolas skeptically.

He pulled out his wand and muttered Portus pointing his hand at the goblet in front of him.

The goblet glowed blue before returning to its original color, plain silver.

Nicolas took the portkey and stood beside Penny, who placed a finger on it.

"Come on you two," he said, beckoning the two elementals over.

Harry and Lillian eyed the goblet warily. "This isn't some other test is it?" asked Lillian.

"No, you both cannot use magic for at least a day or two so no tests until then," he said.

Both placed a finger on the portkey not really believing the man. They felt a jerk beneath their navel and were pulled into vortex of color. A few seconds later they landed hard on the ground and miraculously both Harry and Lillian managed to stay on their feet.

They shielded their eyes at the sudden brightness that assaulted them.

Lillian gasped at the sight of the Flamel's home. It was a two storey tall building made entirely of steel!

It looked more like a huge vault in the form of a house. There was a lake in front of the house and apart from that it was just a vast open land with a number of tree's here and there.

"Is that a house made from steel?" said Harry.

"That house young Harry, is not made out of steel but gold," said Nicolas.

Harry and Lillian whipped their heads towards the alchemist.

"Gold!" they both cried out together.

"Yes, gold," said Flamel calmly.

"But it looks like steel!"

"A temporary illusion," said Perenelle, "Let's walk closer and you might change your mind."

Sure enough, as they grew closer to the house, the color changed from normal metallic to bright gold.

"Where did you get all the gold from," said Lillian her voice filled with amazement and awe.

"The philosopher's stone," muttered Harry. "It produces the elixir of life and can change metal to gold."

"Unreal," whispered Lillian.

"But why build a house of gold?" asked Harry.

"Because we can," replied Nicolas. "What's the point of having all the gold you can possibly get if you don't use it in every way possible?"

"You could sell it," said Harry.

"We have enough money and you forget that the world thinks the stone is destroyed and we are dead."

"So? You could have built this house before the stone was destroyed."

"Our last known address was Paris," replied Nicolas. "You are the only ones who are going to see this house and we are going to make you swear an oath that you will not talk about what you did and where you were from today onwards until you get back to Hogwarts."

"An oath!"

"Yes, an oath," said Nicolas calmly.

"Why?"

"To protect my wife and I," he said simply.

"And where are we anyway?" asked Harry.

Nicolas smiled. "Don't worry about that. All you need to worry about is food, water and training."

"Yeah," muttered Lillian. "Training."

They reached the house and could help but stare. It was really beautiful. The gold walls were glittering in the sun light giving them a majestic sight.

There was a single door facing the lake made of wood.

"Welcome to our home," said Nicolas smiling.

Harry and Lillian didn't respond. They were too busy admiring the beauty of the house, both outside and inside.

The interior of the house was a decorated to give it a very cozy and homely feel to it. The only thing that made them gasp in surprise was the sight of a huge flat screen television and the presence of very hi tech equipment known to muggles.

"What the hell?" said Lillian.

"I told we like to keep ourselves up to date," said Nicolas with an amused expression.

"You call this up to date!" said Lillian. "This is awesome!"

"Thank you Lillian," said Perenelle.

"Is all this stuff in our rooms too?" asked Harry.

"No," said Nicolas. "And there are no rooms. There is only one room."

"WHAT!" shouted Harry and Lillian.

"Just kidding," said Nicolas laughing. "Just wanted to see your expressions."

"Next time try imagining," grumbled Harry. "I nearly had a heart attack."

"Get one and die Potter," said Lillian.

Harry ignored her pointedly making her go red in anger.

"Come one let me show you your rooms," said Nicolas.

Both thirteen year olds followed the old alchemist up the stairs. There were various different portraits hanging on the wall while on their way up with a few pictures of both Flamel's in different places. Like there was one of them standing next to a pyramid, another of them on a boat next to some huge water fall, another very weird one of them was in some deserted alley with dilapidated buildings in the background.

They reached the first floor landing and headed down the corridor.

"Alright, four rooms on this floor. These two are yours," he said pointing to two doors opposite each other. "You can choose whichever room you want. Bathroom is at the end of the corridor."

Both Lillian and Harry grimaced upon hearing there was only one bathroom.

Nicolas opened the door to one of the rooms and led them in.

"What do you think?" he asked.

Harry simply spluttered and then shouted. "It's pink!"

He was right. Everything in the room was pink. From the walls to the bed to the carpet on the floor, the windows, everything was pink. The bedcovers were frilled giving them a very girly look.

"Ah," said Nicolas with a smile. "This might be Penny's doing."

Harry turned red. "I am NOT sleeping here!"

"Me too," said Lillian looking appalled. "If the other room is anything like this I'd rather sleep downstairs with the cool home theatre system."

Nicolas shrugged. "If you want to sleep. This is the only place you got. You can sleep here or in the bathroom but no where else."

"We can use magic here, right?" asked Lillian.

"Yes, but I doubt you'll be able to undo whatever spell Penny has put. She does have more than a thousand years experience after all."

Harry just mumbled something inaudible.

Nicolas was sure it was nothing nice.

"Well, that's, that. Freshen up now. Penny wants you down as soon as you're done Harry," he said.

"What for?" asked Harry.

Nicolas smiled. "You'll see," he said and simply flickered out of view.

Harry just rolled his eyes and muttered, "Show off." He looked at his right hand and observed the sign of the hallows. He wondered if he could summon his wand. He closed his eyes and willed his wand to appear but instead a sudden sharp pain erupted in his head.

"Bad idea," he said wincing. Glancing around the room disgustedly, he decided to check out Lillian's room.

Lillian meanwhile had opened the other room and found it to be perfectly normal. There was no pink at all. It had a white wall, with a brown carpet covering the entire floor and a queen size bed in the center. There was a huge window overlooking the lake and Lillian was most happy with the room. She couldn't wait to see the look on Potter's face when he realized he was stuck with the pink room!

"Hey Potter!" she yelled out. "You can keep that room!"

Harry came out and entered a room and gasped in horror.

"You cannot get this room!" he cried out.

"I can, I just did. Look on the door. My name's engraved on it too," he said with a delighted laugh.

"I can simply throw you out and take over this room Freckles."

Lillian stuck out her tongue. "We can't use magic for a day so you can't do anything!"

Harry simply growled and ran forward and grabbed her by the hip and tried to drag her out.

"Nooo!" shouted Lillian and kicked out hard hitting him on the shin.

"Ouch god dammit! I am not sleeping in a bloody pink room!" he said and dived and grabbed her by the ankles making her fall and tried pulling her out.

"Let me go asshole!" she yelled while being dragged on her back.

Somehow she managed to sit up while being dragged and grab Harry's ankle and trip him.

Harry fell and Lillian immediately pounced on him.

Harry's eyes widened on seeing her jump and quickly rolled out of the way panting and jumped on her back pinning her on the floor. She tried waving her arms in an effort to hit him but Harry quickly caught hold of them and held them behind her back tightly.

"Give up?" he asked smugly.

"Never," breathed Lillian trying her best to break free of his grip.

She tried hitting him with her legs but Harry simply put his legs above them preventing her from moving them.

It was a very funny sight. Harry had his knees on her butt. Both his legs were on her legs and his hands holding her hands behind her back. Her cheek was pressed against the floor and she eyes were alive with fury.

"Argh!" cried out Lillian in anger. "Get off me Potter! You practically weigh a ton!"

"Not until you agree to change rooms!"

"My butt hurts dammit!"

"Like I care."

"Get off!"

"NO!"

Lillian closed her eyes and stopped struggling.

"Give up?" asked Harry.

And then all of a sudden, she began squirming and twisting and Harry almost let her free but managed to hold firm.

"Just agree to change rooms Freckles and I'll let you go."

An idea struck Lillian.

"Hey Potter," she said coolly.

"What?"

"GET OFF!" she yelled and pushed her butt up throwing Harry off balance. It was as if she was a bull trying to get rid of the rider.

Harry fell sideways surprised and let her go. Lillian immediately scrambled up and began kicking him.

"You jerk! What the hell do you think you're doing?" she said furiously.

Harry winced when he felt her leg hit his thigh just missing his jewels.

Lillian again aimed for his leg but Harry caught hold of her leg swiftly and shoved it back making her fall hard.

Both quickly got back on their feet before either could attack.

They stood three feet apart panting and glaring at each other waiting for one of them to make a move.

"Are you crazy Potter!"

"There is no way in hell I am going to be living in that room! You're a girl; you stay there and let me stay here!"

"No way, I hate pink and you should have checked out this room before assuming both the rooms were the same."

"Dammit Freckles!" said Harry and lunged for her again. He grabbed her around her shoulders and began pulling her towards the door again.

"Let. Me. GO!" she screamed, struggling to get free.

She tried tripping him and resisting his pull but it didn't do much good apart from giving him a few scratches and bruises.

Winching Harry reached the door and almost managed to throw her out when Lillian jabbed her elbow backwards hitting him on the chin. Harry let go and cried out in pain rubbing his jaws.

Lillian yelled in triumph and shoved him out of the room and slammed the door shut.

"Loser!" she yelled.

She let out a sigh of relief and began laughing. "You lost to a girl, Potter!" she yelled out again and began straightening her clothes. They had gotten terribly rumpled and crumpled during her fight.

Outside Harry was ready to explode in anger. His leg hurt, his jaws were aching and worst of all he had been beaten by a girl.

"This isn't over Freckles," he shouted.

"It is so!" she yelled back.

"It is not," muttered Harry, a plan forming in his mind. He unwillingly entered his pink room. Sighing he opened the cupboard and found that it was filled with clothes of his size. The Flamel's had left no stone unturned, he thought.

He chose a black track pant and a grey shirt and a towel and headed to the bathroom. He'd suffer for a day and when his magic was back Lillian would suffer.

Entering the bathroom he turned on the tap and let the cold water loose. He checked to see if there was any way to regulate the temperature and found a dial beside the bathtub. He turned it all the way to its minimum. His whole body ached. Lillian was surprisingly strong he thought grudgingly. With a sigh he lowered himself into the bathtub feeling extremely relieved and relaxed.

Lillian meanwhile collapsed on her new bed. Her butt was really hurting now after all the abuse it had just endured. Potter had put his full weight on it and she must have fallen hard on her butt once or twice. The rest of her body hurt too. All that struggling was really taxing.

She began laughing again remembering the look on Potter's face when he saw her room.

"What about clothes?" she thought suddenly. She certainly couldn't wear the same thing everyday!

With that thought in mind she quickly went to the cupboard and yanked it open. She gasped in surprise at the amount of clothes and varieties in there. There were skirts, jeans, tights, spaghetti's, t-shirts, shirts, undergarments, party wear... you name it.

Her eyes glowing with excitement she wondered what to wear. She began removing all the clothes and checking what looked good with what and which would suit her best.

It took her twenty minutes just to select a skirt and spaghetti. She collected the clothes and a towel and made her way out of the room before a terrible thought struck her.

What if she went for a bath and Potter high jacked her room!

She bit her lower lip wondering what to do and it didn't take long. Dumping the clothes she selected on the bed, she hurried back to the cupboard and starting removing all the underwear's and began throwing the randomly. Two minutes later she looked at her handiwork. There was no way he could enter the room without

having to touch her underwear's. And if he was like any other guy of his age, he wouldn't dare touch them. She mentally thanked the Flamel's for providing such a large quantity of clothes and left the room.

She hung another underwear on the door handle for good measure. Satisfied she headed to the bathroom only to find it locked.

"Potter are you in there!" she said exasperatedly.

"Yup," a lazy voice said.

"Well get out! I need to go in."

There was no answer.

"How long are you going to take?"

Again silence.

"I'll break the door down Potter," she threatened.

"Shut it Freckles, I'm relaxing," came Harry's voice.

With a frustrated sigh she sat down beside the door and waited. She knew this was going to be an everyday affair. The war had begun.

Fifteen minutes later Harry came out looking as cool as a cucumber. He had been in for about an hour.

"It's all yours Freckles," he said cheerfully.

"And you better not enter my room Potter," she said and slammed the door shut.

As soon as the door shut Harry ran towards Lillian's room but his hand froze above the handle.

A pink frilly underwear was hanging on the door handle. Harry turned red. His hand kept inching close and then backed it away.

Finally he decided against touching the disgusting pink underwear. "You win this round Freckles," he muttered and went downstairs, his

shoulders slouched in defeat. But he had to admit that putting the underwear on the handle was a master stroke.

"Ah, you're finally down!" said Nicolas. "Perenelle has been waiting for quite some time now."

"Waiting for me?" asked Harry.

"For your introductory lesson remember?"

"Oh, yeah, so where is she?"

"Sit down and have some biscuits," he said. "She'll be here in a minute."

Harry sat. "Why did you lie?"

Nicolas frowned. "Lie about what?"

"The rooms! The other one was perfectly fine!"

"Both the rooms are the same Harry," said Perenelle entering the room. "It's only the decorations that are different."

Harry glared at her.

"Where's Lillian?" asked Nicolas.

"Bathing," replied Harry shortly.

"Well come on then," said Perenelle.

"For what?" asked Harry wearily.

"Training," she said cheerfully, tying her hair into a bun.

"What kind of training?" asked Harry, not moving from his place.

"Move it boy," she said sternly. "Either you do what I tell you to do or you can leave and learn nothing."

Harry got up slowly.

"Good. Now follow me," she said. She led him towards the kitchen and through the back door.

Harry followed.

Outside it was just an endless sea of grass and trees. It was like a green carpet spread out as far as a person's eyes could see.

There was a nice breeze blowing and going by the position of the sun Harry figured it was around one in the afternoon.

"So what are we doing?" asked Harry.

"Run," said Perenelle.

"Run?"

"Run unless I tell you to stop. I don't want to hear any arguments. As of now, you're the student and I'm your boss, teacher, etcetera, etcetera."

"Any particular direction?" he asked her.

"Let's see how far away from the house you can go."

So Harry began to run. He ran fast for at least a minute and then slowed down and began to jog at a steady pace.

Five minutes later he began to pant and another ten minutes later he could feel the sweat dripping from his face like a tap left half open.

"How long do I have to keep going?" he asked perenelle in short gasps.

Perenelle was floating beside him on a broom watching him lazily.

"Are you tired already?" she said. "You haven't even gone more than two kilometers away!"

Harry stopped and put his hands on his thighs. He looked up at Perenelle, his face sweaty and red.

"Two! That's it?"

"That's right."

"It feels like ten."

"That shows what stamina you have," she said grimly. "Basically you have none. It's hardly been more than ten minutes and you're already tired."

"I'd like to see you doing it," he snapped.

Perenelle got off the broom and drew her wand. "Dodge," she said simply and fired a stunner at him.

Harry jumped out of the way. "What are you doing!" he yelled and dived to his left as another stunner came towards him.

"Come on dodge," she said again. "Let's see those Quidditch reflexes."

She sent two stunners towards him as soon as Harry dived left. Harry was forced to stop himself and dive to the right.

This time she sent three stunners in succession one straight at him and the other two to his left and right.

Harry panicked, unable to decide which side to go was hit by the stunner.

Perenelle sighed and revived him.

Harry awoke groggily.

"Stand," she snapped.

Harry slowly pushed himself up feeling disoriented.

"Tell me Harry, why are you here?"

"Because I can't go back to Hogwarts?"

"No, because you want to train yourself to be good enough to fight grown trained wizards. Because you're an elemental and because you're going to have to face Voldemort himself."

"Yeah," replied Harry dumbly.

"I made you run to see how long you could stay standing in a duel. I made you dodge to see how effectively you could avoid lethal spells which can't be blocked."

"So how'd I do?"

"Terribly," replied Perenelle. "Right now you wouldn't even last a minute in a duel against a well trained wizard."

"Hey, I'm just thirteen! Not thirty."

"You're a thirteen year old wizard who practically has the burden of the world on him," she said harshly. "Maybe you're every good at learning and casting spells."

She walked closer to him. "But what is the point if you physically can't endure?" she whispered.

Harry didn't answer.

"Most wizards simply focus on learning very hard spells and charms and enchantments. But in a duel you must utilize every weapon at your disposal. If you lose your wand you need to be fast enough to avoid the spells your opponent sends at you. You need to use your surroundings effectively to gain the advantage over him or her."

"What about runes?" asked Harry suddenly "Can they be used in a duel?"

"Of course, but it will take too long to do so. And there are too many disadvantages. You need to position them correctly, you need to say the required words and some complicated runes require you to stay still. Using runes is useless in battle unless you have a team with you. And even then it is hard because your team mates will be more worried about protecting you rather than fighting. And even worse, you'll need to position your opponent in a particular spot which is impossible unless your enemy is an idiot."

"So using runic magic is not advisable," he said dryly.

"That's right," she said and suddenly threw three stunners at him.

This time Harry was ready and he ducked, letting the stunner pass above him.

He was so pleased that he missed the one she had sent close to the ground and was stunned again.

"Ennervate," said Perenelle with a sigh.

"Do you want me to point out your mistake?"

"I celebrated too early didn't I?"

"You did."

Harry sighed and stood straight. "Okay, I'm ready," he said looking determined.

Penny smiled. "That's more like it," she said and started off with a single stunner which Harry easily dodged. Immediately she sent three followed by a one close to the ground.

Harry managed to duck under the three but fell to the fourth before he could get out of the way.

Penny revived him again. "Again," she said as soon as Harry recovered.

This time Harry didn't duck when she sent the three stunners. Instead he positioned himself in such a way that he was between two of them and let them pass between him. He then managed to jump over the low stunner. He saw another one right behind it targeted at his midriff and stepped aside to avoid it but unfortunately he didn't see the one beside the one he side stepped and was hit again.

When revived he saw Perenelle smiling.

"What did you learn?" she asked.

Harry rubbed his forehead. "Whatever you're trying to teach me," he said tiredly. His head was beginning to ache because of the constant stunning.

"Don't get smart with me kid," she said narrowing her eyes. "But what you should have realized is jumping and diving around like a frog is useless."

"Then what the hell am I supposed to do?"

"You are such a moron!"

Harry glared at her.

"Alright, I'll tell you what your puny brain could not process."

"And what is that?"

"Keep you're eyes focused. Jumping around will make you loose focus. Instead do exactly what you did when I sent the three stunners together. Weave through them!" she said gesturing with her hands. "Watch carefully and side step the curses! Look for tiny gaps and avoid them accurately!"

Harry nodded, processing every thing she said.

"Again!" she shouted raising her wand.

This time she sent two back to back curses in the same line but different levels which Harry easily dodged. Another soon followed right beside it and Harry moved back into his original position as soon as the other two passed.

He saw another coming his way and noticed Perenelle fire two more, no four more. One was to his left and the other to his right and when he moved in between the two to let them pass beside him the other two came crashing into him sending him flying back. They weren't stunners, they were punching hexes and Harry lay prostrate on the ground, groaning in pain.

Penny sighed. "Look's like the end of today's training," she muttered.

Harry tried to get up but Penny stopped him.

"Don't move," she said sharply, moving next to him. "Getting hit by two consecutive punching hexes could give you a concussion and added to that you have been hit more than four to five stunners before that."

"My head hurts," groaned Harry.

Penny pushed him back and made him lie down. "Your head hurts because you fell on it."

"Easy for you to say," muttered Harry.

"It is, isn't it?" she said grinning. "I told you you'll be feeling pain."

Harry looked resigned.

"I bet you're thinking, if only I didn't try to antagonize her," she said.

"No, I'm thinking of ways to torture you when I can use my magic without any problems."

Penny rolled her eyes and summoned her broom. "Get on," she said.

Harry looked at the broom and then looked at her. "I'm not sitting behind you, you probably stink!"

"Stupefy," she said with a sigh and shoved him onto the broom. "Bloody idiot," she said and flew further away from the house.

When the house was like a speck in the distance she stopped, dropped Harry down and woke him.

"Whaa..." began Harry groggily. "Why did you stun me?"

"What have we done for the past hour?"

Harry shrugged. "Dodging and running."

Penny smiled. It was a sinister smile, thought Harry.

"Training's over for now," she said.

"Sooo, why are we here?" he asked looking confused. The house was merely a golden speck far away and they were surrounded by trees.

"Come back Harry," she said and flew back.

"What! WAIT!" he shouted scrambling up.

"Stamina training Harry, stamina training," she said rising in the air.

"Stamina training!" cried incredulously. "Who makes someone run miles and call it stamina training!"

He didn't receive any answer. Penny just waved back and flew away.

Harry looked on feeling outraged.

"BITCH!"

Lillian was extremely pleased. Her idea had worked like a charm and Harry hadn't entered her room.

She went downstairs and found Nicolas sleeping.

She quietly tiptoed around him and pulled the remote out of his hand. It had been ages since she had seen a good television show.

She turned in on and VH-1 blaring at full volume.

Wincing, she quickly reduced the volume before the remote was wrenched from her hand and the television turned off.

"Can't you let an old man sleep in peace," grumbled Nicolas.

"Sorry," she said looking guilty.

"Ah, don't look all guilty and all. You'll make me go all soft."

Lillian giggled.

"Well sit down," he said gesturing to the chair in front of him. "How did you like your room?"

Lillian grinned. "It's great. How did you know my dress size and everything?"

"Oh, that was Penny. She set up everything. The clothes, the rooms, the color of the rooms, the house, the location, basically everything."

"And what were you doing?"

"I was busy doing something else," he said cryptically. "Enough discussion about that. Let's discuss you."

"Discuss me?"

"What was your routine in Hogwarts?"

Lillian raised an eyebrow. "Well, get up in the morning, have breakfast, go to class, spend time in the common room and then sleep."

Nicolas frowned, obviously displeased.

"What position do you place yourself in class?"

"Donno," she said with a shrug.

Nicolas sighed. "What classes are you good at?"

"Well I'm decent at everything. I would have liked potions best if it weren't for that old bat, defense I can't say because we've never had a teacher who actually taught us anything, charms I pretty much catch on quick enough and transfiguration is my weakest but I'm working on it."

"So, potions, charms, transfiguration and defense are the order."

"Pretty much," she said with a nod.

"Have you ever practiced any of the spells in your defense text books?" he asked.

"Of course, we had a small dueling club in our second year and I looked up quite a few spells. But they were all useless. I usually spend my time practicing transfiguration and my elemental ability."

Nicolas nodded and looked deep in thought.

"Well," he said finally clapping his hands. "Let me lay down the rules."

"We have rules?"

"Of course you do! Firstly you do exactly what I tell you to do, second- no entering rooms which have a skull on them, and thirdly," said dramatically raising his hands. "Just make sure you follow rule number 1 and 2."

Lillian's shoulders sagged, "Lame," she muttered.

"Harry and Penny have gone off for a light round of training. Do you want to start today?"

"What kind of training are they doing if Potter can't use magic?" she asked.

"Well, I guess she'll be making him run or do some sort of exercise."

"Oh," replied Lillian nodding. "Yeah, okay."

Nicolas smiled. "So shall we do something productive or shall we watch a movie?"

Lillian seemed to be struggling with herself. But in the end her logical side won. "Let's train," she said regretfully.

"Excellent!" said Nicolas. "But you're wearing a skirt and a... sleeveless top, which is not good for what I have in mind."

"Do you want me to change?"

"No, just go and wear some tights or something."

"Tights?"

"And I hope you're wearing a bra or what do you call them trainers... well, you know what I mean," he said uncomfortably.

Lillian turned red.

"Will do," she said slowly and quickly hurried upstairs and came back within a minute.

"You ready?" asked Flamel.

"Absolutely," she said enthusiastically.

Nicolas nodded and led her out the front door. They walked to the edge of the lake when Nicolas pulled out his wand and conjured a boat.

"We're going for a boat ride?" she asked, looking confused.

"Do you know how to swim Lillian?"

She nodded, "My dad taught me when I was six."

"Good," said Nicolas and pointed his wand at her.

Lillian immediately tensed. "What are you doing," she said, her heart rate accelerating.

Nicolas simply waved his wand and she flew into the lake with a scream. Nicolas laughed and got into the boat and moved the boat with magic towards Lillian who was bobbing around looking furious.

"What the hell!" she cried, spitting water out of her mouth.

"Swim Lillian," he said a grin forming on his old face. "Swim as fast as you can to the other end."

Lillian looked at the other end which was quite far and then looked back at the alchemist.

"Okay," she said pushing her hair back. "Could you at least provide me with something to tie my hair back?"

Nicolas snapped his fingers and her hair was suddenly in a pony.

"Go," he said.

"Okay, let's go Mary," she said taking a deep breath and began to swim as fast as she could.

Nicolas kept up with her watching her carefully. Lillian kept swimming at a steady pace for a good ten minutes before she began to tire.

"Are you tired?" asked Nicolas.

Lillian didn't stop but did manage to spit out a 'no' before her head went back underwater.

Three minutes later she stopped and said, "Okay, yes. I'm tired."

Nicolas had a satisfied smirk on his face. He held out his hand and pulled her into the boat.

Lillian simply lay flat on her back trying to catch her breath.

"I must say, I'm impressed you managed to swim for a good fifteen minutes."

"I could have gone longer if you had told me to wear a swim suit," she snapped.

"Where would be the fun in that!"

Lillian lifted her head and looked at him like he was crazy. "Do you have any idea how heavy these clothes felt!"

"Oh, come on kid. You're wearing just a skirt and a sleeveless top! How heavy could that be?"

"It's called a spaghetti."

"What's called a spaghetti?"

"The top!" she said exasperatedly.

Nicolas rolled his eyes. "Now only women would name their clothes after food."

She sat up and looked at him narrowing her eyes. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means what it's supposed to mean," he said. "I've been with Penny for more than a thousand years and I still can't understand her at times!"

"Let's just get back to why you made me swim shall we."

"To test your stamina," he said promptly. "It's very important and I must say you have quite a decent stamina. But not good enough."

"What's good enough for you?"

"You'll see what's good enough for me at the end of your stay here."

So are you ready for the next step?"

"Next step!" exclaimed Lillian. "I'm exhausted!"

"Oh it's not that tiring at all," said Nicolas turning the boat around. "I think you'll like it."

"I don't think I'm going to like it," muttered Lillian.

Nicolas tapped the boat twice with his wand and it suddenly took off into the air and flew to the house and stopped near the back door.

Both of them got off and the boat vanished.

At the same time Penny reached the house too and dismounted.

Nicolas frowned, "Where's Harry?"

Penny pointed away from the house and both Lillian and Nicolas put the hands above their eyes and tried to spot Harry.

"Can't see him," said Lillian.

"Me neither," added Nicolas.

"I told him to walk or run back so maybe you'll be able to see him in an hour or more," she said. "I'm going to rest Nick. These old bones can't keep up with all this activity."

"I'll be joining you in a minute," said Nicolas. "Just going to give Lillian here a job to do."

Penny nodded and walked into the house.

"What are we doing here?"

Nicolas reached within his pockets and pulled out a remote. He pressed a button and the wall beside the back door suddenly began to rise.

"This is my garage," he said walking inside.

It was huge and filled with cars. Aston Martins, Audi's, Ferrari's, Rolls Royce, Convertibles, it was all there and Lillian could only look on in awe.

"Your job is to make sure each and every one of these twenty cars are shining," he said.

Lillian snapped out of her trance. "Excuse me!"

"The pipe for water is outside along with a bucket, a cloth and car soap."

"You want me to wash all the cars! What for?"

"Because I feel like it. Now get to work."

"I'm not doing it!"

Nicolas sighed. "Lillian, Lillian, Lillian," he said in a sing song voice. "If you don't do it, you don't get to enter the house and you get no food! So Get. To. Work!"

Lillian dragged her feet outside and grabbed the hose and attached it to the tap.

"That's a good girl," said Nicolas and shimmered out of view.

So Lillian got to work. Cleaning and polishing each and every one of those amazing vehicles.

She was viciously wiping car number nine, which was a Porsche when she saw Harry walking like a zombie towards the house.

He seemed to be dragging his feet forwards, his shirt drenched in sweat. His eyes lit up in relief when he realized he had finally reached the house.

He saw the garage and despite his state of tiredness he decided to investigate and was surprised to see Lillian there... washing a Porsche?

"Hey Potter, you look fresh."

Harry looked at her then looked at the hose and then walked over to her and snatched the hose out of her hands.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Harry then pointed the hose at himself and poured water all over himself.

"That feels so good," he said with a sigh, feeling the water seep into his clothes.

Lillian looked at Harry grinning. "What are you doing Potter?"

"Shut up Freckles," he said and sat down on the ground, keeping the hose above his head.

"Oh for god's sake," said Lillian and snatched the hose back from Harry. "Lie down," she said.

Harry being in no mood to argue laid down.

Lillian then began spraying water on Harry who closed his eyes enjoying the feeling.

"So what did Perenelle make you do?" she asked him, leaning on the car.

"She made me run, then made me dodge stunning curses and then hit me with punching hexes, then stunned me again and dumped me at least 5 miles away from the house and told to come back myself."

Lillian winced. "That sucks."

"Tell me about it," replied Harry. "I don't think I've ever done this much running before. Did you train with the old man?"

"Kind of," she said. "He made me swim in the lake and now my job is to wash all these cars."

Harry opened his eyes and looked around. "They look good."

"Look good!" said Lillian incredulously. "Potter, people would die to own these cars!"

"They serve the same purpose," said Harry.

Lillian simply shook her head. "Maybe when you sit in one of them and drive them you'll realize their worth."

Harry simply rolled his eyes.

"Tell me something Freckles, how did you feel when you were swimming?" asked Harry suddenly.

Lillian frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Did you feel nice swimming or did you feel kind of uncomfortable?"

"Now that you mention it," she said slowly, "I did feel kind of nauseous and sick, but I didn't think much on it because I had to swim real fast."

Harry nodded thoughtfully. "And Penny made me run in the sun. Something I hate doing."

Lillian's eyes widened in dawning comprehension.

"This was similar to our first test," she said. "But on a much lesser scale."

"Not only that. Penny told me she wanted us to increase our stamina. And making me run in hot weather and you in water makes us weak. But if we manage to sustain ourselves for long periods in those conditions, then we'd be much more efficient in normal conditions."

Lillian gave a low whistle. "They might be unorthodox but they certainly know what they're doing."

Harry nodded.

"Do you want me to stop pouring water on you?" she asked suddenly. "I really got to get this done."

"Washing cars?"

"Ya," she replied with a sigh.

"I'll help you," said Harry surprising her.

"You want to help me?" she asked stunned.

"Yes," said Harry. "There seem to be a lot of cars left and I figured you need some help, unless you don't want it."

"No, of course I want help," she said looking confused. "But coming from you, it's a little unusual."

Harry smiled and got up feeling much better. "Call it a change of heart," he said tearing the cloth into two.

That said and Lillian still looking suspicious Harry began wiping the Porsche.

Slowly Lillian began to work as well while keeping an eye on Harry waiting for him to do something out of the ordinary but it never happened and soon they were chatting and arguing good naturedly.

When they were on the last car Harry looked at Lillian who was spraying water over the car and he felt weird whooping sensation in his stomach.

"What?" asked Lillian with a laugh and he realized he had been staring.

"Nothing," he said quickly wondering what had just happened.

Another ten minutes later the final car was done.

"Finished!" said Lillian victoriously and they exchanged a high five.

Harry looked out and saw that it was already dark outside. No wonder he was feeling so hungry.

"Thanks Harry," said Lillian sincerely.

"You're welcome. Now lets get in, my stomach is practically crying for food."

While going back Harry wondered how the rest of the month was going to go past. He had been almost killed and was now exhausted and it had all happened in less than thirty hours. He shuddered to think what could happen in a month.

But he knew... he knew that at the end of the day, he would be stronger than he ever knew.

REVIEW!

Chapter 31 – Pathways

It was around eight by the time Harry and Lillian had washed up and dragged their tired bodies for dinner.

"Hello there," said Nicolas cheerfully spotting the two teens.

"Hello yourself," mumbled Lillian as she took a seat.

"So how was your day?" asked Perenelle innocently.

Harry, refusing to allow the old woman to have fun at his expense did not show any visible reaction but answered anyway. "Different."

Penny was surprised, "What! No smart ass answer? Just different!"

Harry nodded tiredly.

Penny looked satisfied. "Well eat up then. We'll talk after you two are done."

About twenty minutes later they were done and Nicolas beckoned them into the living room.

For once Harry felt the alchemist was being nice and purposely guided Harry to the chair next to the window and Lillian next to the fire place.

They sat there for about fifteen minutes enjoying the peaceful atmosphere. Penny and Nicolas were sitting on the couch in the middle of the room, Lillian was close to them enjoying the heat coming from the fire and Harry was relishing the feel of the cool breeze on his face.

Nicolas was the first to break the silence.

"You should know today's training is nothing compared to what you two are going to endure for the next thirty days," he said.

Harry glanced at him wearily.

"I thought so," muttered Lillian glumly.

"Oh, don't look so gloomy," said Penny. "After all at the end of the day you might just be able to fight us!"

Harry sighed. "What's with you and you gloating about your strength?" he asked her.

She simply raised an eyebrow. "I think that's exactly what you were doing earlier weren't you?"

"That was then, this is now," said Harry.

"Act your age, Penny," said Nicolas good naturedly.

Penny just rolled her eyes.

"What are we going to do tomorrow?" asked Lillian.

"Pretty much the same thing," said Nicolas.

"More running!" groaned Harry.

"You can add more dodging and targeting too," she Penny.

"Targeting?"

"To make your aim perfect," she replied.

"And what about me?" asked Lillian.

"A variation of what Harry's going to do," said Nicolas.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You'll see," said Nick mysteriously. "So do you kids have any questions to ask? You've had quite the day, lots of unexpected things happening and I'm sure you might be having some questions."

"I got one," said Harry.

Nick gestured for him to continue.

"If the Perenelle and you are so powerful, why don't you just finish the dark lord once and for all?"

Nicolas laughed and said, "Why in gods name would I want to attract the wrath of a dark lord!"

"I donno? Because you can kill him in one stroke!" said Harry sarcastically.

"It's more complicated than that Harry."

"Really?" said Harry skeptically.

"Harry," began Penny, "Nicolas has a purpose, when the second brother took him under his wing he made Nicolas swear several oaths and one of them includes never interfering with the affairs of wizards."

Lillian frowned. "So he decided to train you but not let you fight?"

Nicolas sighed. "Do you remember what I told you about Merlin?"

Both teens nodded. "Merlin lived up to the youngest brother's standards for a long time but as always power corrupts and Merlin strayed away from the task the youngest brother set to him. Merlin always used his power for good and never took any credit for his deeds, but there is a point in everybody's life when they want to be recognized for what they do.

Merlin was no different.

The oaths I've sworn are to ensure I do not forget what my purpose is for as long as I live."

"What is your purpose?" asked Harry.

Nicolas just smiled. "To save the world," he said.

Lillian snorted. "How are you going to save the world if you can't and won't fight?"

"If such a situation ever arises where the world requires saving, literally, then you'll see what my purpose is. What job I was given by the second brother."

Harry leaned back in his chair and sighed. "You make yourself sound like a hero behind the scenes."

Penny laughed. "Even if he didn't swear those oaths why would he want to risk his life and defeat dark lords?" she asked the two.

Lillian and Harry had no answer. She was right though. Which person in the right mind would keep fighting dark lords for centuries! Harry was certain he wouldn't if he was ever in such a position.

"Tell me Harry, why do you want to fight Voldemort and kill him?"

"Revenge," said Harry simply.

"But not because you think it is your destiny and because you hold that wand?"

"That too," replied Harry.

"Why?" she shot at him. "And don't tell me it is to save lives."

Harry's stony face faltered for a moment.

"I guess, I look at it like it is some kind of a job," said Harry finally. "Something only I can accomplish."

"Selfish reasons," said Penny. "You're not doing it for the world but you're doing it for yourself."

"Of course I'm doing it for myself," said Harry. "If it weren't for that monster I might have had parents. Not some pathetic guardians."

Penny smiled. "And what do you think Nick here would have done with the amount of power he has? Keep waiting until a dark lord shows up and then kill him?"

Harry shook his head. "No, I guess he wouldn't do that."

"So if a person has a lot of power and is immortal but without a purpose, what do you think would happen?"

Harry shrugged. "How would I know?"

"What about you Lillian, what do you think might happen."

"Err... I guess he'd get bored?"

"Or he'd go mad because of living in solitude for so long and having to see the people he loves die. That is the price of immortality without a purpose."

"But you two have a purpose."

"That's the only reason we're sane right now. And the fact that we have each other."

Harry rolled his eyes.

"But there is one more reason why I won't fight dark lords," said Nicolas.

Both Harry and Lillian leaned ahead, eager to hear the man.

"You know that the dark arts are just a part of evil and one day he will come back?"

Both teens nodded.

"I could keep killing dark lords for the rest of my long life but evil would still survive."

"So your purpose is to defeat evil," said Lillian, her eyes wide.

"No," said Nicolas.

"No?" said Harry feeling annoyed. He was quite tired of the Flamel's guessing games.

"That is your purpose," he said calmly.

Stunned silence greeted him.

"I thought I had to defeat Voldemort," said Harry carefully.

"The one with the one wand will be the end of the evil," said Penny simply.

"What?"

"A prophecy made by a very famous seer centuries ago," said Nicolas.

"Meaning ... me?"

The alchemist nodded. "It is quite self explanatory."

Harry felt a shiver of fear and thrill run down his back. "But I thought prophecies were unreliable," he said slowly.

Nicolas just smiled. "In our long years, I have never seen a prophecy not come true, however twisted the outcome," he said. "Usually they are very difficult to understand but this one is fairly clear."

"Who was it?" asked Lillian.

"Well, at first this is what the second brother told me and years later I heard it first hand from Michel de Nostredame."

"Nosterdamus! As in the muggle known Nosterdamus?" exclaimed Lillian.

"Yes," said Nicolas. "And all his predictions have come true so far."

Harry just stared at a spot on the wall, his mind going blank for an instant. He didn't know what he felt about this latest revelation. He didn't know whether what he was feeling was fear or was it excitement.

"I want to know everything," said Harry suddenly, snapping his head towards Nicolas, his eyes burning. "All the time you keep testing me, revealing things when you choose too, I want you to come clean about everything!"

There was a light blue glow around Nicolas and Penny and Nicolas looked very pleased.

"What was that?" asked Lillian.

"An oath being lifted," replied Penny. "We couldn't tell a few important things unless the one with the wand demanded it."

"You mean I could have just commanded you to tell me everything and you would have told me!" asked Harry incredulously.

Penny looked annoyed. "Not commanded," she said, "But yes, you could have asked for the complete truth and we could have told you."

"Well go on then!"

Nicolas exchanged a look with Penny. "There have been various prophecies regarding the end of evil and all of them point to one fact."

"Which is?" asked Lillian, her heart filling with dread.

"When the elder wand finally recognizes an owner, it will start the second rise of evil and only the wand owner will have a slight chance of defeating it."

Harry felt his heart skip a beat. "It will rise again?"

Nicolas nodded solemnly. "Maybe."

"But, what if Voldemort is killed before it happens?" asked Lillian.

Nicolas shook his head. "I don't know. I told you prophecies can be interpreted in many different ways. For all we know, if Harry here somehow manages to defeat Voldemort then maybe evil will never be able to rise."

"And what if it does rise?" asked Harry, his voice steady but his eyes betrayed his confusion.

"It will become an unstoppable monster," said Penny. "An entity with power we can't even dream of."

"But, if it is unstoppable how did the brothers defeat it!" asked Lillian.

"They captured its heart."

Twin sounds of "Huh?" were heard.

"The second brother never told me the details but somehow they managed to capture its black heart. Once they had its heart, it was firmly under their control."

"But how are we going to do that?" asked Harry.

"So you've already accepted that it's going to come back?" Penny asked ignoring his question.

Harry took a deep breath. "I don't know if it will but I believe in being prepared for the worst and this definitely is the worst case scenario."

Perenelle smiled. "You are a very weird child Harry," she said.

"Thank you," said Harry dryly. "Coming back to my previous question, is there a way to kill it?"

Nicolas sighed. "How old do you think I am Harry?"

Harry was taken aback at the change of topic. "I donno, thousand?" he said taking a wild guess.

"Try two thousand," said Flamel. "The second brother had lived for more than fifteen thousand years or more before he found me or that's what he said."

Harry and Lillian's eyes grew large at that.

"You weren't kidding when you said he was old," muttered Lillian.

"And senile," said Penny.

Nicolas smiled at that. "He trained me and taught me everything that there was to know at that time but he never gave me his name."

"So what did you call him?"

"Old man," he said with a grin. "But forget that. He was ancient, living on an endless supply of the elixir of life. He had lost almost all his magical powers and the only reason he hadn't succumbed to death was because he was looking for someone to take over his mantle.

He took Merlin's abandonment real hard and when he found me, the first thing he did was make me swear lots of oaths at wand point when I agreed to train under him.

I tried to make reason with him but he went on and on blabbering about not letting it happen again and all such nonsense."

"Sounds like a very charming person," said Harry with a smirk.

Penny leveled a glare at Harry and said, "He was the craziest and most knowledgeable person I have ever met."

"Anyway," said Nicolas hastily sensing an argument brewing. "I don't even remember the number of oaths he made me swear. But I can tell you for sure that I am practically a prisoner in my own home."

"Not that I mind," he added.

"But why would he do that?" asked Lillian, "I mean what was the point of making all powerful and all if you can't even use it?"

"Because he was crazy," said Perenelle flatly.

"Forgive Penny," said Nicolas smiling. "She just dislikes the old man."

"With good reason," she muttered with a murderous look in her eye.

"Why?" asked Harry looking extremely interested.

"A story you will never get to hear," said Penny glaring at her husband. "Why don't we get back to the original topic?"

"Ah yes. So I'm sure you've figured out why I don't fight dark lords," he said, an amused expression on his wrinkled face.

The elementals nodded.

The group relapsed into silence once again.

"You know," said Nicolas after a while. "When I first met you two, Lillian told me something about Harry. Something about a moving power thing?"

"Yeah," replied Lillian. "Why don't you show them Harry?"

Harry glanced at her and then leaned back into his chair. "Don't know what you're talking about Freckles."

"Oh for heavens sake," she said irritably, "Stop being an idiot and just show them!"

"Fine," said Harry rolling his eyes. "You asked for it."

Lillian's eyes widened in horror as Harry raised his hand.

"Potter!" she yelled in panic as she rose from her chair and was flung out of the window.

Harry grinned as he heard her fall in the wet mud near the lake. His grin grew wider when he heard her roar in fury.

"So un-lady like don't you think," he said to the Flamel's.

"That was interesting," commented Perenelle.

"Quite," agreed Nicolas. "Do mind telling us how you did that?"

Harry shrugged. "I learnt how to have some control my magic when I was around 6 or 7 year old. I tried to reach out to the thing inside me which made me different and succeeded and ever since I've been able to move objects with my magic," he said.

"Hmmm... So because you tried to access your magical core at such a young age and successfully managed to do so, it manifested in a way we could have never known," muttered Nicolas.

"Can you do anything else?" asked Perenelle while Nicolas seemed to be deep in thought.

"No," said Harry. "It's just the elemental ability and this."

At that moment Lillian came back into the room looking extremely pissed but surprisingly clean.

"Did you change?" asked Harry with a smirk.

"There's something known as magic you moron," snapped Lillian.

"Anyway we'll test your unique skill tomorrow Harry," said Nicolas. "But before you two go upstairs there's something important I need to tell you."

"Do you know any magical creatures?" he asked them.

"Err... yeah," said Harry, "There are Unicorns, Dragons..."

"Hippogriffs and Centaurs," said Lillian.

"Goblins, house-elves," added Harry remembering Dobby.

"Alright," said Nicolas raising a hand to stop them. "You know quite a few magical creatures. You should know there are three branches under magic."

"Branches?" asked Lillian.

"Namely Wizards/Witches, magical creatures and dark creatures. Well this is the classification given by the ministry of magic," he said, shaking his head in amusement.

"I suppose elementals are classified as dark," said Lillian wearily.

"You guessed right. Which is exactly why you must not tell anyone about your powers, not your friends, parents, nobody. If the ministry gets even the slightest of hints about your powers you will be carted away to Azkaban without a second thought, or you will be captured by some crazy son of a bitch and will be forced to their bidding."

A nasty shiver ran down Lillian's spine.

"But is it that easy to capture an elemental?" asked Harry.

"No, but you will be on the run. You'll be wanted fugitives running for your lives with no one to help you.

Which is better? No one knowing what you are or running and hiding from the entire wizarding world?"

"I see your point," said Harry grinning lightly. "But how are we supposed to fight the dark lord if we can't use our powers?"

"Don't let anyone see you," said Penny.

Lillian snorted. "Yeah, like that's going to happen."

"That's your headache, not ours," said Nicolas. "But that's enough talk for today, it's time for you two to sleep and for us to watch a movie."

Huh?" was the eloquent reply from the two.

"We're watching a movie you dumb-asses," said Penny. "Now stop bugging us and go to sleep!"

"Which movie?" asked Lillian curiously.

"Inherit the wind," replied Nicolas.

"That's a really old movie right?" asked Lillian.

Penny sighed. "Will you go upstairs already!"

"Can't we watch?"

Penny glanced towards Nicolas who gave a subtle nod. She then smiled and drew her wand.

There was a whoosh like sound and Harry and Lillian found themselves standing in front of their rooms.

"The hell!"

Lillian tried going back downstairs but an invisible barrier seemed to be blocking the way down.

"Looks like we're trapped," commented Harry dryly.

Lillian's shoulders drooped. "Why can't we watch the movie?" she complained.

"What's the big deal?" said Harry.

"I haven't seen a movie for ages! The last one I saw was Aladdin and that was last year."

"Ala what?"

Lillian's mouth dropped open in shock. "You haven't seen Aladdin!"

Harry's irritation level spiked. "Well forgive me for not wasting my time watching stupid movies!"

"Aladdin is not a stupid movie Potter!" said Lillian angrily. "And just because you don't see movies doesn't mean they aren't fun!"

"I'm going to bed," he said shortly ignoring her rant and entered his awesome pink bedroom.

He lay down on his bed and couldn't help but enjoy the feel of the soft mattress against his back.

As he slowly drifted to sleep, he suddenly wondered how was it possible that muggle technology worked in this house when in any other magical household they wouldn't.

Lillian on the other hand was wide awake. Her anger at Harry had ebbed away and the gravity of what Nicolas had said was just starting to weigh on her. She was going to have to hide her true self from everyone around her or risk being hunted down.

She felt alone and scared all of a sudden. She was after all just a normal thirteen year old... okay not a normal thirteen year old. But even abnormal thirteen year olds aren't supposed to be told they are not human and could be killed anytime and anywhere.

Her mind was in turmoil and it would be hours until she finally fell asleep. At first it sounded exciting, now it was slowly transforming into a nightmare.

A loud scream jerked Harry out of his sleep. He looked around wildly looking for the source of the sound but could find none.

"Must have been a dream," he muttered before he heard something scream behind him making him literally jump out of his skin.

He looked back sharply his heart beating painfully against his chest when he realized it was the alarm clock screaming.

A note materialized beside the clock telling him to come downstairs. It was five 'o' clock in the morning.

The clock screamed again making Harry jump again.

"Freaking thing is going to give me a heart attack," he said clutching his chest. The clock shrieked again and Harry hurled it out of the open window.

Sighing, he slowly dragged himself to the bathroom to get freshened up.

He stopped outside Lillian's door and wondered what if she had a similar alarm.

It wasn't. He could distinctly hear the alarm screaming freckles at an alarming speed. It kept going freckles, freckles, freckles, freckles, until there was loud crash and the noise stopped.

"Well, looks the old man does have a sense of humor," he said with a wide grin suddenly feeling wide awake.

It took them about half an hour to get down which was practically a record in Harry's mind.

They found a note on the dinning table asking them to come out.

"They really like writing notes don't they," commented Lillian dryly.

"You bet," muttered Harry.

A cool breeze was blowing gently when they stepped out. The sun could be seen slowly waking from it's slumber and bathing the surroundings with it's light.

"Peaceful isn't it?" said Perenelle from behind them.

Harry turned to talk to her but instead his mouth dropped open.

"Oh.. what, how?" stuttered Lillian.

Nicolas and Perenelle seemed to have de-aged to around twenty five.

"Ah, it feels good to be young again," said Nicolas stretching. "Those old bones always make me feel lethargic."

"The Elixir of life," breathed Harry.

"Trainings going to be intense from today so we decided to be in good shape ourselves," said Penny.

"I'd have never believed it if I didn't see it," whispered Lillian in awe.

"Now, now Harry. You can stop admiring my body now," said Perenelle winking at him.

Harry blushed. "I wasn't," he muttered looking away.

"And you can stop sniggering too, Lillian. I know you were staring as well."

"So!" said Lillian. "It's not everyday you see an old hag become a...
... a..... well become young!"

"I know you were going to say hot kiddo," said Penny raising an eyebrow. "Do you swing the other way?"

"What!" cried out Lillian, her face turning red.

Penny just waved her off. "You'll understand when you grow older."

"I understood! And no! I don't swing the other way!" she said indignantly.

"Ahem," said Nicolas interrupting. "As illuminating as this conversation is. Let's get to what we came here to do."

Harry looked at Nicolas and again felt amazed at the change.

"You both are going to start by talking five rounds around the lake and then come in for breakfast," he said. "After that I'll be taking Lillian and Harry will be at Penny's mercy."

"Thanks for that," grumbled Harry.

"Okay start," commanded Nicolas.

With a sigh both started their jog around the lake. It began as a normal jog but soon transformed into a silent competition about who was faster and even though they both were tiring by the second, they continued to run. During the last lap it was a full out sprint which eventually Harry won.

Lillian looked like she had swallowed a sour lemon and Harry was just smirked and said, "Loser."

That irked her. "I wasn't aware it was a race," she said trying to catch her breath.

"Sure, sure whatever you say Freckles," he said in a patronizing manner.

Lillian sniffed in the air. "You stink Potter," she said coolly and walked back to the house.

Harry rolled his eyes but still sniffed himself and wrinkled his nose in disgust. He was stinking alright.

After breakfast Perenelle took Harry to the place they trained the previous day.

"So what are we going to do today," asked Harry, a little hesitation creeping into his voice.

He had to jump out of the way when a pale yellow light came shooting towards him.

"I guess it's dodging then," he said eyeing her wand warily.

The next hour was filled with Harry jumping and weaving through a constant stream of stinging hexes.

The one thing Harry realized was Perenelle was extremely creative when it came to shooting hexes. There was absolutely no way to predict what was going to come when and how. Each pattern was different from the other.

At the end of the hour when she finally stopped, Harry felt like he had been bitten by a hundred bees or maybe more.

"Well congratulations!" she said smiling. "You managed to score a 40 percent."

"Just forty!"

"Forty is pretty damn good," she said. "It means you can probably stay alive for about 30 minutes in a real duel."

"30 minutes only!"

"Less talk and more train," she said and conjured up a whole bunch of javelins.

"What am I supposed to do with these?"

She waved her wand again and a number of targets materialized in the air.

"Take three shots with your left hand followed by one with your right hand. Once you hit all ten targets we move on to the next round."

Harry took a deep breath and picked one javelin.

"I said left hand sweet heart," called out Penny.

"Left hand it is," he said rolling his eyes.

His aim was terrible. The javelin was too heavy and he couldn't even reach the targets.

Half an hour had passed by and he hadn't even managed to hit a single one. Both his arms were aching and on top of it his body stung too.

"This is pointless," he said irritably. "Those javelins are too heavy and the targets are too far!"

Penny simply shrugged and pulled a banana out of the bag she was carrying and threw it to him. "Maybe that will make you feel better."

Harry gave a sigh of defeat and ate the banana anyway.

It didn't make the slightest difference.

"Now start."

He picked up another javelin with his left hand and took aim again.

"Make sure you are well balanced and keep your arm firm," she said.

Harry obeyed.

"Now when you throw it, make sure the direction you throw the javelin is in the same direction as your line of sight and of course your eye should be only on the target."

Harry took a deep breath and threw it with all his strength and this time it managed to reach the target and miss only by almost six feet!

"You're getting better," said Perenelle approvingly. "Now continue until you get all the targets."

Harry began the exercise with renewed energy. With every throw the distance between the javelin and the target kept reducing until finally after one and a half hours he finally managed to smash a target!

"Yes!" he shouted in triumph.

"The rest of them are waiting," she said in a sing song voice.

Harry just grinned and said, "Bring it on!"

It was 12 'o' clock when Harry finally hit all ten targets and by then his arms felt like lead but the stinging feeling had gone and was replaced by unimaginable hunger.

The growl of his stomach was a testament to that hunger.

"I'm proud of you Harry," said Penny. "It took you only five hours to hit all targets."

"Is that good or bad," he asked.

"Good," she replied. "Considering the fact that those javelins were 4 kilograms each and you had to throw them 20 feet away your timing was pretty damn good."

"Four kilos!" asked Harry aghast.

"Yes four kilos," she said. "And the fact that you managed to complete the task indicates that your magic is maturing at a terrifying pace and your strength and focus is improving too."

"Thanks," said Harry grinning.

"Now I know you're hungry, so let's eat before we continue our exercises."

Instead of going back to the house to eat, Penny had brought the food with her.

"This is some good Chinese food," said Harry, his mouth half full.

"Glad you like it," she said. "We ordered it just this morning all the way from China."

"China! How the hell did you get it from China?"

"Magic," she replied simply.

"Oh yeah," said Harry. "But there's something I been wanting to ask you."

"Ask."

"You say you and the old man are around two thousand years old right?"

"Yes?"

"Do you keep records of all families and stuff like that?"

"Of course we do."

"Then you'll have records of my family won't you?"

"Yes," she said shortly.

"Could I have a look?"

"That's not possible right now. Those records are stored elsewhere and it would not be feasible for Nicolas or me to go and retrieve them."

"Oh," said Harry disappointed. "But there's another thing too. You see Austin forgot to mention one more unique ability we both share."

Penny raised her eyebrows in question.

"We're both Parselmouth's and I know it's weird," he said looking at her expression.

"Dumbledore thinks I can speak Parseltongue because of the whole scar thing but Austin is a different story all together and I can't understand it."

"Maybe she was born with it," suggested Penny. "I know quite a few people who had the ability to speak Parseltongue. It wasn't just limited to the Slytherin line you know. It's just an ability you're born with, like a metamorphmagus."

"I thought that too," said Harry, "But she can wear Slytherin's ring too. I had found it in my vault and could never wear it."

"Slytherin enchanted his ring so that only his ancestors could wear it, I know," she said frowning. "But Lillian is one hundred percent

muggleborn. She doesn't have any magical ancestors as far as we know."

"Then how can she wear Slytherin's ring?"

"Tell you what," she said after a moment. "When you get back to Hogwarts, find the chamber of secrets. Inside it there is supposed to be a library in which Slytherin kept his most prized possessions. But the entrance can only be opened by a blood relative. If Lillian is able to open it, then she is a descendant of Slytherin."

"I already thought of that," replied Harry.

"You found the chamber?" asked Penny in surprise. "That was the only place in Hogwarts which Nick and I could not enter."

"But you know where it is?"

"It has two entrances, one in the enchanted forest and one in a bathroom inside the castle."

"I know of the one in the bathroom, but I didn't know of the one in the... what forest!"

"The enchanted forest also known as the forbidden forest in recent times."

"It was known as the enchanted forest? Why did the name change?"

"Because the name was too attractive to the students at Hogwarts. Visiting an enchanted forest is exciting, but visiting the forbidden forest is scary."

"Well to most visiting a forest which is forbidden to visit is adventurous," Harry said dryly. "Especially to Gryffindor's."

Harry ate his lunch quietly mulling over his conversation with the alchemists wife. Most of his thoughts were directed towards his family and their history which he couldn't seem to find anywhere.

"Are you done," cut in Penny's voice. "We have to get back to training."

Harry nodded and wiped his hands clean. "Ready for round two."

"Good," she said and conjured more spears.

"More target practice!"

"This time it gets a little more interesting," she said. "The targets are going to be moving."

That said and ignoring Harry's mutterings she conjured more targets which began to move randomly at a steady pace.

"Remember. First three tries with your left hand and then one with your right. Begin."

He got one at his first try itself. Penny smiled but didn't comment. She could feel the change in him and couldn't help but wonder if he could change so much in a two days, what would happen after a month!

Sweat was dripping from his face profusely and his arms were crying for rest but Harry ignored them and continued his exercise.

He was now missing the targets by a few inches even when they were moving so Penny decided to increase their speed but it didn't bother Harry. He just hit them harder and faster.

"Stop," shot Penny's voice over the sound of another wooden target cracking.

Panting Harry looked at her in annoyance for his concentration was broken. "What?"

"That's enough," she said and vanished the spears and targets.

"Enough for today or enough target practice?"

"Enough target practice. We're going to start a new exercise."

"A new exercise?"

"We're going to test the limits of your wandless magic," she said and placed the tip of her wand on the ground.

"Broldeium," she said in a strong clear voice and the earth began to shake and huge boulders began to rise out of the ground like bubbles in a bowl of boiling water.

Harry was amazed. He had read about this charm and it couldn't be performed by any normal wizard. It was said that even Dumbledore couldn't perform this spell without being severely exhausted and yet this woman was doing it with ease.

By the time she was done there were at least thirty to forty boulders twenty times the size of him around them.

"I want you to levitate one of these boulders," she said calmly.

Harry looked at her and then looked back at the boulder and said, "That one?"

"Go on," she said gesturing to one of the boulders, "Let's see what you got."

Harry took a deep breath and stretched his hands out in front of him.

For a few seconds nothing happened and Harry seemed to be concentrating real hard.

He then closed his eyes and the boulder began to shake.

Perenelle could see that Harry was straining himself but she let him continue anyway.

Suddenly Harry dropped down to his knees panting. He wiped the thin layer of sweat which formed on his forehead and said, "I can't do it. It's too heavy."

"Well to bad," mocked Perenelle. "Because you're going to be staying here until you're able to levitate all these boulders at the same time and then use your elemental power to shatter them into pieces."

"You're joking!" cried out Harry. "Do you even know how heavy that thing is! Contrary to what you might think, I do feel how heavy the item I levitate is!"

"Use magic!" she said smirking. "This is your next exercise. And if you don't finish the task by the end of the day, you will be punished."

Harry glared at her furiously, "At least tell me why I am supposed to do this!"

"Strengthen your abilities and to make you suffer," she said casually.

Harry's anger deflated and he shook his head. "You're a sadistic bitch, you know that right?"

"You've until six in the morning," she said coldly. "Your dinner will be sent here at eight and when I come back I expect to see your task complete."

That said she simply shimmered out of view leaving Harry alone surrounded by rocks and boulders.

"She is a bitch," he said with a sigh and resigned himself to his plight.

Minutes became hours as Harry kept trying to lift a boulder. Soon it became dark and his dinner arrived which he gulped down like water.

He conjured a blue flame to give him some light as he went back to his task but he couldn't do it. He was too tired and he couldn't even raise his arms anymore.

Harry decided to rest for a little while and before he knew it, he was fast asleep. The cold winds made no effect on him but instead made him feel much better and more comfortable.

Perenelle watched him fall asleep from a distance and sighed. She was hoping he'd at least be able to levitate one but she was wrong. She knew it was harsh on her part to make him do something so hard but time was running out and there was no time for the easy stuff.

The next morning when Harry woke he was quite surprised to find himself surrounded by rocks before he remembered the previous day's events.

His eyes slowly scanned his surrounding when they came to rest on a figure sitting on one of the rocks eating a sandwich.

"Good morning Harry," said Penny. "I see you had a nice and restful sleep."

Harry winced. "I suppose," he answered.

"Did you do what you were asked to do?"

"No I didn't," he said. "I could barely even move it."

Penny's wand was out in a flash. "Are you familiar with muggle military training Harry?" she asked him in a low voice.

Harry gulped and said, "No."

"Well," she said with a pleased smile. "Looks like you're going to get a crash course."

What followed after, Harry could easily count as his most painful exercise. He did sit ups, push ups, was made to run with his hands above his head. Penny even made him somehow stand on his hands and walk until blisters formed on his hands.

Harry sorely regretted meeting the Flamel's at the end of his routine.

"Now that wasn't too hard was it?" Penny said cheerfully.

Harry could see she was taking pleasure in watching him suffer and it frustrated him to no end because he was suffering.

The rest of the day passed by in a similar way to the previous. First was the dodging training followed by target practice and then they moved on to the refining Harry's moving things ability. But only this time Penny asked him to try and use the water element to help him lift up the boulder.

It was met with partial success. Harry did manage to lift the boulder by a centimeter and when Penny asked to raise it further without his elemental power, it came crashing down.

Three days passed by before Harry was finally able to hold the boulder 5 feet above the ground without any effort.

"Now try to lift another one," said Penny.

Harry gave the slightest of nods. His eyes crunched up in concentration as he tried to lift another boulder without using his hands.

He could feel the intense pressure on his magic as the second boulder began to rise. His whole body began to shake due to the effort he was putting in.

"See if you can lift a third," said Penny softly.

Harry frowned. How was he supposed to lift another? He didn't have three hands!

Perenelle seemed to know what he was thinking. "Your magic is not flowing out of your palms Harry. It can flow out from any part of your body. Concentrate on holding the rocks up with your mind guiding your magic, not your hands."

Harry nodded and slowly lowered his hands while continuing to keep the two boulders air borne. Closing his eyes he reached out with his magic to a third boulder and envisioned his magic surrounding it and lifting it, just like the previous two.

Much to his delight it worked. The boulder began to rise slowly without a sound.

Now he was holding up three boulders and to his surprise it wasn't that hard anymore.

As a matter of fact he felt confident enough to try with more and one by one he began to raise each and every one of them and soon all the boulders were in the air just floating like planets in space.

"Put them down Harry," echoed the voice of Perenelle Flamel.

Harry lowered the boulders gently and took a deep breath feeling very relaxed all of a sudden.

"Care to explain how you managed to lift all those rocks?" she asked.

"I donno," replied Harry. "One minute I'm struggling to keep two afloat and the next it was all too easy! I think after I started to guide my magic with my mind rather than before when I would visualize it coming from my hands, it became easy."

When I was using my hands I could feel a little of the boulders weight which was quite a bit and when I started to use my mind it became as light as a feather."

"That's because before your magic didn't have much space to move around."

"Meaning?" Harry asked frowning.

"Look at it this way," she said. "We use our wands to access our magical core. You on the other hand did it without one. Just like blood needs veins and arteries to travel so does your magic. My hypothesis and original plan was to make those pathways expand by vigorous exercises. Just like how muscles hurt when they are over worked, your magic began to hurt too and it wasn't easy for it too travel so fast with a small outlet."

When you tried using your mind to control your magic, your magical pathways might have expanded drastically to meet the demand for it. And once your pathways expanded, it became very easy for you to use it to raise the boulders.

Now if you reach a new limit, your magic will be forced to expand these pathways again which will allow you to have a greater command over your magic."

"Hmmm," replied Harry. "Interesting, but is there a limit to its growth?"

"There is always a limit," said Penny. "You'll know when you reach it. Now I think we proceed. I want you to raise these rocks again and use your element to shatter them to pieces."

"How on earth are you supposed to shatter rocks with water?" asked Harry skeptically.

"Have you forgotten you can also lower its temperature!" she shot back.

Harry's smiled sheepishly, "I forgot about that."

"Well go on then," she said. "Let's see you do it then."

Harry nodded and once again lifted all the boulders without a sound and without breaking into a sweat.

He raised his right hand and a burst of water erupted from it and began to surround all the boulders.

Harry closed his eyes and started looking for holes in the boulders and made his water enter through them. Once all the boulders were saturated with water he went in for the kill. The water began to freeze with a crackling sound and then he just dropped them down.

They fell with a loud crash and shattered into a million white pieces.

Harry looked at the woman, his eyes shining with triumph.

"Very good," she said clapping. "I see you have a greater control over your element than I originally thought."

"I practice a lot," said Harry.

Penny conjured two chairs and took a seat, gesturing Harry to do the same.

"How do you feel?" she asked looking at him closely.

Harry shrugged, "I feel perfectly fine," he said. "I actually expected myself to be quite drained but I'm not."

"The wonders of magic," said Penny with a smile.

"How long has it been since I last went back to the house?" asked Harry.

"Four days," answered Penny, removing a bottle of water and a sandwich from her bag.

"So has Austin been training like me or what?"

"No, Nick is working on her element mostly and her spell casting abilities."

"No physical exercise?" questioned Harry.

"Physical exercise is a must for anything. But for you its more intense because you have to take on a dark lord."

"Then why train Austin?"

"Mainly because she was with you and we wouldn't want her to waste her time."

"So she doesn't have to be involved in all this. If she wasn't with me then you wouldn't have trained her," he said.

"No, we would have disguised ourselves and helped her to an extent with her element."

"I see," he said quietly.

"But you're also being trained harder because you can take it," she said.

Upon seeing Harry's questioning look she elaborated. "You had a hard childhood. It's as simple as that. Nicolas went to your house and read your relatives mind.

Lillian on the other hand has had a perfectly normal life. She doesn't truly understand what it means to be frightened for your life while on the other hand, you do."

"So?" he asked feeling a little defensive.

"This whole training thing is like a new game to her and I don't blame her. She's acting like any thirteen year old child would behave in her position. But you, Harry sadly are much more mature than that. That is why when I tell you that you have to kill a dark lord I know you won't loose your mind."

Harry was silent for a moment.

"You underestimate her," he said suddenly. "I know she won't freeze in pressure situations."

"We know that too," said Penny. "The first test proved that."

"What's next?" he asked changing the topic. "Talking about Freckles is just a waste of time."

Penny smiled but didn't voice her thoughts. Instead she just drew out her wand and said. "Now we duel."

Three weeks had passed by since Harry and Lillian had been with the Flamel's and every single day both were pushed to their limits to learn new things and strengthen their bodies.

Added to that, both had not seen each other since the second day of their arrival. Penny kept Harry far away from the house in the small forest while Nicolas trained Lillian next to the lake.

But today was the day when they would finally meet.

It was late in the evening when a small ball of glittering light appeared over Penny's head and dropped a letter in her hands.

On reading the contents of the letter which Harry had no doubt, was from Nicolas, Penny immediately created a portkey and took them home.

Harry landed with a hard thump in the gold house of the Flamel's. They were in the living room and Nicolas and Lillian were already there, sitting on the couch.

There was a strange balance scale on the table and both Nicolas and Perenelle were looking worried.

"Welcome back Harry," said Nicolas. "I hope you're enjoying your training."

Harry snorted. "Does getting beaten to pulp everyday count as enjoyment?"

Nicolas smiled. "No, I'm afraid not," he said.

Lillian offered a weak smile and waved at Harry looking quite tired herself. Harry looked at her closely and couldn't help but feel she was different in some way.

He couldn't figure it out but he knew something had changed in her.

"It has happened," said Nicolas suddenly distracting Harry from his observation of Lillian.

Harry frowned. "What has happened?"

"Lord Voldemort has returned."

Lillian gasped. "He's back! When did it happen?" she asked rapidly.

"Today and that's not all," said Nicolas.

Harry slowly sat down strangely feeling very light headed.

"This device you see in front of you is an instrument to monitor the consciousness of evil."

"It's on 35 percent," said Harry observing the markings on it. "Is that good or bad?"

"Bad," said Penny. "It has never gone beyond 10 percent even when Slytherin was at the heights of his power."

"Okay that's bad," muttered Harry.

"This only means Voldemort has used a ritual he should have never even considered," said Nicolas.

"I suppose it was very dark magic," said Lillian.

"Worse," said Penny grimly. "It is a ritual to sacrifice a soul in exchange for a body."

Harry and Lillian sat there wondering how far that was on the evil scale.

Nicolas sensing their confusion elaborated. "In simple terms Voldemort has just handed over a soul to evil and has effectively made his body a vessel for it."

"I don't get it," said Lillian. "How does evil getting a soul make a difference?"

"It makes a difference because now that a soul has been mixed in his magic, his consciousness is going to return at a tremendous rate. The more Voldemort uses dark magic, the faster evil is going to return."

"And added to that Voldemort will keep getting more powerful day by day because evil is slowly taking over his mind and body without him realising it."

Harry eyes widened in horror. "And Voldemort is not going to stop using dark magic which means..." He couldn't finish the sentence.

"How much time will it take for it to take over his body?" asked Lillian fearfully.

"We don't know," replied Nicolas. "It depends on Voldemort. I am sure he will not want to be wiped out of existence and will fight evil from taking over his mind."

Harry laughed humorlessly. "Voldemort fighting evil," he said shaking his head. "The irony."

"But eventually he will lose," said Penny.

"And when he loses the battle?"

"I believe some call it the apocalypse."

Note: Lillian IS NOT A RED HEAD! SHE HAS BLACK HAIR... B.L.A.C.K! with a slight reddish tinge.

Next Chapter will be up in less than a week... and sorry for the long wait.

REVIEW!

Chapter 32 – Reunion

Apocalypse?" said Lillian frowning. "I thought the apocalypse was like the end of the world?"

Nicolas shook his head exasperatedly. "Sometimes you really are dumb Lillian."

"Hey!" yelled Lillian indignantly.

"Not sometimes, all the time," said Harry smirking.

Lillian was ready to retort when Penny rapped both the teens on their heads.

"What was that for?" asked Harry angrily.

"Can you stop it for at least a minute and try and be nice for once?"

"Yeah, can't you?" asked Lillian grinning. "You arrogant arse."

"And watch that tongue of yours young lady," Penny said sharply to Lillian.

Lillian glared back at Penny not intimidated in the slightest.

Suddenly Harry gasped.

"What?" asked Lillian as all three turned towards him.

"I finally figured out what's so different about you."

"And that is?"

"Your hair!" he exclaimed. "It's short!"

"You just noticed?" she said incredulously.

It was true. Lillian's hair came just half way down her neck and the front of her hair was almost longer than the back with was tied in a small pony. Harry was amazed that he hadn't noticed it before.

"Why'd you cut it?" asked Harry. "Didn't like your hair before? Not that it looks any better now."

Lillian flushed red in anger. "I didn't cut it, it got burnt."

"It... got burnt?" Harry asked, mystified. "How?"

"You don't need to know alright!" she snapped.

"Ohhh... getting all defensive! Why, you couldn't control your element and you burnt yourself?" he asked grinning widely.

Harry felt a little uneasy when he saw Lillian smile instead of getting angrier.

"If you really want to know how I got burnt, maybe you'll find out when we fight," she said, her blue eyes crackling with the prospect of taking Harry down in a fight.

"Careful Freckles," said Harry. "You speak as if you think you can defeat me."

Lillian walked up to him and looked him in the eye and whispered. "It would be too easy."

Harry took a step forward too, their noses almost touching each other. "If we ever do have a duel..., make sure you have enough medical equipment around to keep you alive."

Both stood at equal height waiting for the other person to back down.

Suddenly they were roughly forced apart by an irritated alchemist.

"If you two want to fight, we'll let you fight and let you suck each others blood out. But for now go to your rooms and rest! We'll be getting back to your training after lunch."

Reluctantly Harry and Lillian forfeited their staring contest and headed upstairs silently.

"Honestly those two," said Nicolas shaking his head. "How are they going to fight together if they can't not fight each other!"

"They have to kiss each other," said Penny.

Nicolas laughed. "Fat chance of that happening."

Penny shrugged. "Let's their hormones start taking over and then see the spark of magic!"

Nicolas looked at his wife with a grin spreading on his face. "You know we have two hours till we restart their training."

"So?" said Penny feigning ignorance.

Nicolas moved closer to her and put his hand on her butt. "Garage or couch?" he whispered.

"Garage," said Penny huskily, moving her hands under his shirt. "Let's see if you're still that good!"

Nicolas lifted her into his arms eliciting a squeal from her. "Let's see if you can keep the volume down," he said and practically ran out of the house.

On the staircase Harry and Lillian looked on with their mouths wide open.

They looked at each other and blushed red.

"I... I think we weren't meant to see that," said Lillian uncomfortably.

"Or hear that," added Harry with a quiver in his voice.

They looked at each other again and suddenly leapt away from each other and hurried to their rooms, both eager to get rid of the nasty images in their minds.

Lunch was surprisingly a quiet affair after which Penny and Nicolas took their trainee's back to their make shift training grounds.

"Man I missed this place," said Harry with a sigh.

Penny raised an eyebrow as she surveyed the place. It was green, surrounded by trees and peaceful, but she was sure that wasn't what Harry missed.

"Why?" she asked him.

"Well, you do tend to miss the place where you spill precious blood," he said, unconsciously rubbing his right shoulder.

"Heh," was all Harry heard Penny say before what felt like a fist of iron came smashing into his jaws sending him flying.

Groaning Harry stood up slowly feeling dazed. He looked in Penny's direction and saw her grinning.

"W-what the hell was that for?" he asked wincing as he spoke because of the pain in his jaws.

"No magic allowed Harry," she said cheerfully.

"For what?" muttered Harry still feeling a little dazed.

"For this!" shouted Penny as she began to run towards Harry with her fists raised.

"Shi...", said Harry as he ducked under her punch only to be kicked in the stomach... hard.

"Gyauh!" he shouted as he felt the air being squeezed out his lungs from that kick.

Gasping he slowly moved away from Penny and pushed himself onto his feet.

"For the next five days we're going to study hand to hand fighting," she said.

"What good is hand to hand fighting in a battle of magic?" asked Harry skeptically.

"What good is hand to hand fighting?" she said in surprise.

"Well I suppose you don't have the issue of loosing your wand but it is important. In a battle where you have to preserve your magical reserves hand to hand combat is very useful. You could easily knock

a wizard out and with speed and strength you could defeat him or her without showing all your skills."

"So you decide to teach me that by beating me to pulp!"

"Noo..." she said as if talking to a one year old. "I intend to beat the skills into you. Maybe if we had more time I would have taught you the stance and made you practice each block and attack like a good karate teacher but that's just not me."

"Yeah," grumbled Harry. "You love beating skills into a person."

Penny laughed. "Oh, you're so cute Harry. Now come, try and hit me."

"With pleasure," growled Harry and launched himself at her.

She dodged his fist with ease and swiped him off his feet.

Harry landed with a thump on the ground. "You idiot. Did you really expect to hit me with that lousy attempt!"

Harry ignored her and tried to hit her again. This time she simply caught his wrist as his fist came flying at her and slammed her other palm on it snapped it like a twig.

Harry screamed in pain.

"What an idiot," said Penny with a sigh and pushed him away.

Tears were rolling down Harry's eyes as he fought to remain conscious and ignore the pain in his wrist.

Penny let him feel the pain for a whole minute before healing it.

"Do you still think this skill is useless?" she asked him.

"Screw you."

"You're too young for me Harry. Maybe when you're of age I could give you a good time."

Harry clenched his fists controlling his anger at the woman.

Penny sighed. "Can't even take a joke."

"You broke my wrist."

"I almost separated your right arm from the rest of you when we dueled. You weren't angry then."

"I was unconscious then."

"Oh! Yes," said Penny remembering that day again. "It was funny you know, the way your arm was literally hanging from your shoulder. You should have seen your face!" she said laughing.

"Only you would find something like that funny," said Harry and charged at her again determined to wipe that smirk of her face.

She caught his fist again and Harry instantly swung his other fist at her face which was caught by her other hand and before Harry knew what had happened, Penny crashed her head into his forehead knocking him out cold.

"Teenagers," she grumbled healing some of his wounds and then reviving him.

"What happened?" said Harry standing up, his green eyes looking puzzled. "Why is the last thing I remember is your head?"

"I slammed it into yours knocking you out," she said. "Now do you remember our training to make you move really fast using your magic?"

Harry grinned and moved at least 20 feet away from her. "Of course."

"You're going to attack me using that skill and keep probing me for openings and see if you can get a hit on me."

Harry closed his eyes and began to gather some of his magic under his feet.

"Come!" shouted Penny and Harry vanished from sight and in the blink of an eye was behind Penny ready to give her a taste of her own medicine.

Instead Penny's leg smashed into his face breaking his nose. Harry felt like a hot iron rod had been shoved up his nose.

He felt the blood drip down his lips and his anger spiked when he saw Penny beckon him to attack again with a mocking smile.

No matter how much Harry tried and no matter how fast he moved, he just couldn't land a hit on her.

Deciding to try a different tactic he suddenly slid in front of her and tried to hit her feet but simply jumped over him and slammed her foot on his face.

This time Harry lost a tooth and his mouth began to fill with blood. But that didn't stop him. He knew he couldn't hit her with such an attack so he quickly grabbed on to her leg surprising her and making her lose her balance and quickly stood up while gathering magic in his fist and slammed it into her chin.

She staggered back, the surprise and shock evident on her face.

Harry moved back spitting the blood out of his mouth with a smug grin on his face.

"Bet you weren't expecting that bitch!" he said panting. Gathering magic under his feet and moving that fast took a lot out of him.

"No, I wasn't," she said trailing her wand on her chin healing the cut. Harry's punch was as quite powerful considering the fact that it was loaded with magic and she was protected by a number of charms to prevent any damage to herself.

The fact that she got cut was a testament to the power in that punch.

"But you seem to be at the limit too," she said.

"You wish," said Harry, even when it was too painful for him to gather magic in any particular location anymore.

"Alright," she said with a devilish grin. "Now it'll be who shall attack and you defending."

"Make sure to dodge Harry, because you know how much I love to give you pain!"

Harry sighed. The next five days were going to be bloody... literally.

It was finally over.

Only a few hours were remaining until the duo got back to Hogwarts and the Flamel's had decided to end their training.

They were all sitting by the lake resting comfortably.

"So did you have fun?" asked Nicolas.

"No," said Harry flatly and turned his back to them.

"A bit, you're quite a good teacher," Lillian said to Nicolas. "How was Penny, Harry?"

"She's a vicious blood loving leech," he said nastily.

Lillian stared at Harry blankly while Nicolas just chuckled.

"Err... she is?" she asked uncertainly.

"Yes she is. She loves watching people bleed to death and then save them only to watch them bleed again."

Lillian looked at Penny with a disturbed look in her eye while Penny was coolly looking at Harry twirling her wand in her hand.

"I can still teach a lot, you know that right Harry?" said Penny, with a dangerous edge to her voice.

Much to Lillian's surprise Harry actually gulped in fear and shut his mouth!

"Wow!" she said laughing. "You got Potter tamed!"

"Shut up Freckles," snapped Harry. "I like to see you train with her for a week and survive."

"Well I didn't," said Lillian, "So there's no need to see."

"Now, now, stop fighting children," said Nicolas calmly.

Harry sighed and turned away from Lillian and Penny.

"Even so, do you think you have changed after coming here?" asked Nick.

"Of course," said Harry. "According to your wife I could easily defeat any strong wizard if I use most of my abilities, while if I can only use magic then I'm probably at the level of a trainee auror."

"Hmm... that's quite good," said Nicolas thoughtfully. "Lillian on the other hand has much to learn when it comes to casting spells but her elemental training has been excellent."

"Spell casting sucks for you huh?" Harry asked her.

Lillian shrugged. "Nick says I need to give my magic more time to develop before I can attempt harder spells."

"Ehh, whatever," said Harry dismissing her. He turned to Penny instead. "You're absolutely free today right?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said wondering what Harry was thinking.

"I want to see my family tree. I remember you saying you have the history of practically all magical families and I want to see mine."

Penny and Nicolas exchanged a glance.

"No," said Nicolas. "If you want to find out about your ancestors do it on your own."

"What! Why?" asked Harry angrily.

"Because we don't want to," said Penny. "If you want to know more about your family then go find your family home. I know you have the portkey to the house."

"But you won't tell me," said Harry. "Is it because they were dark or something!" after a moments pause.

Nicolas sighed. "Look Harry. Even if Dumbledore asked me to show him his family's entire history I wouldn't."

"But why not!" questioned Harry.

"If you want to find out about your family, you should do it by normal means."

"Are you bound by an oath?" asked Lillian.

"No," said Nicolas. "But our records have things that are not meant to be revealed to anyone but us."

Harry frowned. "Then just give me an overview," he said.

"Your family line extends back to the time of Merlin, that's all I will tell you," said Penny.

"Back... to the time of Merlin!" said Harry, his eyes going wide.

"Don't worry," she added with a laugh. "You aren't related to anyone famous. Not the founders, nor Merlin himself."

"Then who!"

"Why is it so important to you?"

Harry looked down at his hands and curled his fingers. "Because it is."

Penny looked at him hard knowing that he wasn't going to tell why and then just shrugged. "Well I guess it's your headache then."

"Penny," cut across Lillian suddenly. "Do you have records on me too?"

"Yes."

"So could you tell me if..."

"If your mother was a witch? No she wasn't. You are one hundred percent muggleborn. If you want the answer as to why you're able to wear Slytherin's ring, then maybe you and Harry should take a trip to the chamber of secrets and try to do some in depth research on your family."

"Chamber of secrets? But nobody knows where it is!"

"Harry does," replied Penny with a smirk.

Lillian looked at Harry in surprise. "You do!"

"Isn't there anything else to do around here?" Harry asked Nicolas wearily.

"Well I suppose there is one thing you could do," said the alchemist slowly.

Harry eyes lit up in interest.

"You and Lillian could have a little duel."

"Huh?"

"You heard me, let's see you two have a mock duel. I'm sure you both wouldn't mind trying to kill each other."

Penny looked excited too. "Yeah, let's see you two duel."

"Yeah Potter, let's duel. I can't wait to kick your butt," said Lillian in a challenging tone. "Unless, you're too scared," she added.

Harry stood up. "Too scared? Freckles, if we fight, it'd be over in second. That's all it'll take me."

Lillian stood up too and drew her wand. "Let's find out then, shall we?"

Penny jumped to her feet clearly eager to see the fight. She drew her wand and cast a spell over both of them.

A bright yellow light washed over them and slowly faded away.

"What was that?" asked Harry.

"That was to make sure you don't kill each other, don't do any permanent damage to anything and none of your body parts get detached by accident," said Nicolas.

"So I could go all out and not end up killing her," said Harry with a grin as he summoned his wand.

Penny and Nicolas moved away from them and nodded. "Take a bow and begin!" said Nicolas.

Harry and Lillian gave a small bow to each other and slowly moved a few steps away from each other.

Both were waiting for the other to make the first move with baited breaths.

Their heart rates steadily increased in anticipation and thrill when Lillian's wand was suddenly ripped out of her hand and flew into Harry's.

Harry smiled. "You lose," he said.

Lillian sighed. "You're so predictable Potter. I knew you would do that," she said and suddenly a ring of flames surrounded her.

"Stupefy," muttered Harry and to his shock the curse was stuck down by a burst of fire from Lillian's circle. He had decided not to use his element yet and first see what Lillian was capable of.

"None of your curses can get through by defense Harry," said Lillian with a smirk. She then raised her hands to the sky and brought them down sharply.

For a moment nothing happened and then huge balls of fire began to fall from the sky right at him.

Harry was forced to put up a strong shield and he began to run towards Lillian while continuously throwing low level curses at her which failed to penetrate her ring of fire.

Lillian too began running towards him with her hands ablaze ready to fry him.

"Take this!" she shouted and let loose a burst of flames obliterating everything in their path when suddenly she saw Harry leap over her head!

Harry took aim from atop and said calmly, "Confringo."

The area around Lillian exploded and Harry landed gracefully away from the blast area.

"You think it's going to be so easy," said a very familiar voice from behind him.

"What!" he gasped in surprise as he twisted around.

Lillian was behind him with a ball of fire in her hands.

"Eat this," she growled and threw it at his feet. Harry's was blown back, his eyes seeing nothing but fire around him.

He landed hard on the ground and the only reason he wasn't burnt to crisp was because he had managed to conjure a shield just in time.

He quickly stood up and began to gather magic in his body to strengthen it.

"Behind you Potter," came Lillian's voice again and Harry flashed out of the way to avoid another fire ball bomb.

Using his incredible speed he quickly moved behind Lillian and fired another exploding hex.

Again Lillian was not there and had somehow escaped the blast.

A burst of fire from behind him told him her new location and he immediately moved away.

Harry stopped and then quickly turned around just in time to see Lillian appear in front of him in a flash of fire.

"Confringo," he said again as soon as she appeared. Lillian wasn't expecting that and flamed out of there immediately.

This confirmed the theory brewing in Harry's head. Lillian could teleport using her elemental ability.

Lillian meanwhile was also a little confused and amazed by the speed at which Harry was moving.

She would flame behind him and attack but he would move away so fast that she could only see a blur of him moving away!

Harry decided to change tactics. He had to lure Lillian into a trap, so he stopped moving and gathered his magic around his body to prevent any damage from the flames. He also had his wand aimed backwards hidden under his arms.

Just as he had predicted, Lillian flamed behind him and as he heard the noise of fire behind him he fired two spells in succession.

"Ignisorbis, aetasflatus!" he whispered.

The first was an extremely fire resistant circular disk which was closely followed by a tiny black ball which would explode in three seconds.

His plan was success. The disk barely managed to get through Lillian's defense and the time bomb spell managed to get through and explode blowing Lillian away along with creating a foot deep crater.

When the smoke cleared, Lillian was lying a few feet away her clothes burnt in a few places and she was sporting a few cuts on her body. One cut above her eye was bleeding quite profusely.

Harry didn't give her time to recover and fired a stunning spell at her.

Lillian's eyes widened and she rolled out of the way, still feeling a little winded.

"Give up?" Harry asked with a smirk. "You're going to get hurt if we continue this."

"You must be insane," growled Lillian and stretched out her hand.

Harry's gasped in surprise when Lillian's wand which was in his pocket burst into fire and disappeared and appeared in her hands.

"That's new too," muttered Harry.

Lillian transfigured a number of stones into steel dogs and made them start running around Harry but not attack.

Harry frowned and stood still waiting for some form of attack

Suddenly the dogs opened their mouths and steel arrows began to fly at him at tremendous speeds.

Harry had quickly flashed out of range but the dogs seemed to sense his moments and followed his moments while continuously firing arrows at him.

"Confringo, Confringo!" shouted Harry blasting two of the dogs to oblivion out of the seven.

"Stupefy!" he heard Lillian yell behind him and he side stepped the curse while blowing the rest of the dogs to bits too.

Harry and Lillian were now engaged in a cat and mouse game. Lillian would keep teleporting and firing curses while Harry would keep moving fast avoiding her curses and trying to predict her next location to take her out.

"Why don't you use your element Potter," called out Lillian stopping a little distance away from Harry.

"You sound out of breath," said Harry instead of answering her question.

"So do you," she shot back.

They both stared at each other for a moment before shouting Confringo at the same time.

The curses met each other midway and made a ear shattering explosion.

"Conseco," said Harry flashing beside her and a deep cut formed on her left hand making her cry out in pain.

"Infusco," she said angrily with tears of pain in her eyes and everything went dark for Harry.

"Shit," cursed Harry. He never expected Lillian to know the darkness curse and he should have closed his eyes when he heard her say it.

Now the darkness wouldn't lift unless he managed to get a hit on her again.

Suddenly it was raining fireballs again and Harry lost patience and summoned his element.

The ground around his feet began to freeze as the temperature around him dropped drastically.

He quickly covered himself in an ice shell and shouted, "relucesco," pointing his wand up. A bright white light emerged from his wand which was guaranteed to blind Lillian for a moment.

He then fired ice bullets from his ice shield in all directions with such a fury that each time one impacted an object it made a resounding sound.

Lillian meanwhile was overwhelmed by the sudden retaliation by Harry and she was forced to lift the darkness spell and focus all her energy on her shield.

"Play time over Austin," growled Harry and flashed behind her and unleashed a torrent of water over her head which froze everything it touched.

Lillian immediately twisted her body and let loose a burst of fire barely managing to counter Harry's attack.

"Confringo!" roared Harry flashing behind her again and Lillian simply teleported out of the way.

Harry's eyes scanned the area for her and increased the magic under his feet readying himself for a final attack.

"There!" he thought seeing her appear to his left and flashed an inch away from her.

"Game over," he said and slammed his fist into her face knocking her out.

But much to his surprise she simply turned to ash and Harry realized he had been fooled.

He felt a wand tip touch his back and tried to flash away but it was too late.

"Confringo," she said with such fury that the explosion threw her back too.

She quickly stood up and waited for the dust to clear while preparing herself in case Harry and escaped her blast.

But he hadn't. When the dust cleared Harry was on the ground groaning and his entire back looked like it had been shredded with a jagged knife.

"Gross," thought Lillian at the sight of his back.

Harry was feeling incredible pain. Slowly he turned around and pushed himself to his feet, his eyes devoid of any emotion.

"If I hadn't protected by body with magic I would be I a lot worse condition," he thought grimly as he spotted Lillian.

"Nice trick," he commented as he drew a rune discretely with his leg. "What was that?" he asked.

"Wouldn't you like to know," she said sarcastically and quickly flamed away as soon as she saw Harry flash towards her.

Harry quickly drew a rune there too.

"This duel is not going to end like this," he said flashing to another spot.

"One of us will make a mistake at some point," said Lillian keeping her distance from Harry. "Look at your back."

"True," said Harry and flashed away again. Lillian thought he was trying to attack her and flamed away but actually Harry flashed to a different place to draw another rune.

When he had finished his drawings he flashed to the centre and pretended to trip and fall.

"Chance!" muttered Lillian and flamed right behind him with the tip of her wand glowing red.

Harry jumped back and yelled, "Activate!"

There was a flash of blue light and Lillian found herself frozen.

Harry had drawn a pentagram with the runes signifying body, motion and end at all ends.

"What is this!" demanded Lillian as she tried to move and flame away but nothing seemed to work.

Grinning Harry sauntered towards her and plucked her wand out of her hand.

"Now you really lose. Stupefy," he said and she dropped like a sack of potatoes.

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Clap, clap, clap.

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"Interesting duel," commented Nicolas walking with Penny.

"Turn around," grunted Penny moving next to Harry. She removed her wand and slowly healed all of Harry's injuries.

Nicolas did the same with Lillian and then revived her.

Nicolas then conjured four cushioned chairs and directed everyone to take a seat.

"First of well done the both of you and congratulations to Harry."

Lillian gave a dirty look to Harry and folded her arms looking away.

"Why thank you Nicolas," said Harry cheerfully. "After all we all knew I was going to win that duel."

"That said," cut in Penny loudly. "Both of you were idiots."

"What? Why?"

"Harry, you could have easily immobilized her by using your magic and element and Lillian you could have caused some serious damage to Harry by using that special skill you learnt while training with Nick, plus when you tried to blow Harry to shreds you could have stunned him instead and won."

"I didn't want to show that to Potter," she mumbled. "I was going to use that as a last resort and well the stunning spell didn't cross my mind when I had him trapped."

"And because you were keen on hiding most of your abilities, you lost by getting trapped in a rune trap made by Harry," said Nicolas.

"But I think the two of you should have a duel in which you're not allowed to use your teleporting ability and moving fast power," said Penny to Lillian and Harry. "If Harry hadn't used the pentagram rune, the duel would have never ended."

"I don't understand how come Lillian can use her element to teleport whereas I can't use mine to do the same," said Harry.

"Each elemental has their own unique powers," said Nicolas. "If you haven't discovered any then give it time and soon you will."

Harry nodded.

"Well," began Penny standing up, "The suns almost down and we have to send you back to Hogwarts in a few hours time. So Nick and I are going in and you two can come in whenever you want to. Dinner will be at eight."

Nick and Penny shimmered out of view leaving Harry and Lillian alone.

Both looked at each other uncomfortably before Harry turned around and sat under a tree staring over the lake.

Lillian followed him and took a seat next to him.

"Where did you learn runes?" she asked him after a while.

"Read about them," said Harry. "And I asked Penny to teach me a few basic ones."

"Oh I see," she said and they relapsed into silence once again.

The sun was almost out of sight and darkness was beginning to set in.

"It was a good duel," said Harry out of the blue. "You've improved your element quite a bit."

Lillian grinned and pushed a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "Thanks," she said. "I see you've managed to put your moving things ability to greater use huh."

"Yeah," said Harry. "So you excited about going back?"

"I donno," replied Lillian. "It will feel so weird. I mean, to them we've gone for just over a month but in reality it feels like a lifetime."

"Well its not," said Harry. "You're friends are quite dumb and they'll believe anything you told them."

"Don't underestimate them Potter," said Lillian annoyed. "They're smart too."

Harry rolled his eyes. "What about Weasley?"

Lillian laughed. "He's a little passionate about a few things and very sensitive about a dozen more."

Harry snorted. "He's an arse."

"That's why he is your best friend in the other universe?" she asked raising her eyebrows.

"The other me is an arse too."

"Hmmm... or maybe you're an arse and not everyone else."

Harry thought for a moment. "Could be that too," he said with a smile. "But I rather doubt it."

"Well of course you do," said Lillian rolling her eyes. "Moron."

"What do you think must be going on back in the real world?" asked Harry changing the topic.

"I don't know," said Lillian. "I honestly have no idea why the Flamel's refused to tell was what's happening outside."

"I've never seen them get a newspaper," said Harry.

Lillian snorted at that, "They probably have spy cameras in every major office in the wizarding world."

"Hmm... I never really thought about that," said Harry looking surprised at himself.

"Oh and one more thing," she said with a little hesitation.

"What?"

"I'll be entering the portal first."

"Huh," was Harry's intelligent reply. "What brought this on?"

"Weeeelll," she said uncomfortably "We do have a tendency of... you know... err... falling on each other. So... you know..."

Harry felt himself heat up. "Err... I don't think that's going to happen again," he said, purposely not looking at her. "So... you know..."

They both sat still feeling extremely awkward.

"Well whatever," said Lillian quickly, stretching her lithe body as she stood up. "I'm heading back inside. It's getting a little too cold for my liking."

"I'll be in soon," said Harry when she stood there waiting for him. "Unlike you I love this kind of weather."

Lillian gave a shrug. "Suit yourself," she said and headed back to the house which was glittering in the moon light.

"What a beautiful sight it must be from above," thought Harry. He imagined himself flying over the house and saw just tree's every where and a glittering house made of gold with a lake in front of it.

"I guess I now see the beauty of building a house of gold," said Harry to himself chuckling.

He sat there for another hour before going back, thinking about nothing and just enjoying the weather for he knew that when he got back... it would all be gone.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

"Well here we are again!" said Nicolas rubbing his hands together. "Here's where I freaked you both out and almost scared you to death."

"You did not scare us to death! We were ready to blow you to bits for your kind information," she said putting her hands on her hips and looking fierce.

"Ohh, touchy aren't you," he said with a chuckle ignoring her glare.

"Will we be seeing you again?" asked Harry. His question directed at Penny.

Penny gave a sly smile. "Why Harry? Going to miss me?"

"Yes," said Harry with a straight face surprising her.

"Oh," she replied, clearly at a loss of words.

Harry could not keep the grin of his face. "This is probably the first time I've ever got the upper hand in a conversation with you."

"And the last," she said.

"Anyway," said Nicolas. "You have about thirty seconds left before you leave. So listen carefully."

Harry and Lillian stood straighter.

"If there ever comes a time when you don't have the strength to go on," he paused. "Summon the sword of Gryffindor."

"What! What do you mean?" asked Lillian confused.

Nicolas just smiled in a knowing way and placed his wand on a particularly odd looking rune and muttered some incoherent words. To Harry it looked like a bleeding phoenix within a rune which looked like a Japanese letter. It was the only rune on the entire wall which had an image in it.

Slowly the entire wall began to pulse a bright orange before slowly darkening to a dark blue color.

"Will we meet you again?" Harry asked again.

"You might," said Penny, her eyes unusually moist.

Suddenly the runes started rearranging their positions and started moving in concentric circles with a screeching noise like a rusted tap being turned slowly. Their speed and volume kept increasing by the second and when they looked like blurs the wall vanished and was replaced with a blue vortex with no end visible.

Harry and Lillian watched on amazed as this transformation took place.

There was a strong breeze blowing within the old cave but there was no pull from the vortex like the last time.

Nicolas removed a compass from his pocket and slipped it into Harry's pocket. "To see how much time you have to kill Voldemort," he shouted over the noise of the portal and shoved them both in.

Albus Dumbledore was on his night time stroll in the castle when he felt the wards he had placed on the wall in charms corridor alert him of some major magical activity taking place.

His face lit up in happiness and he hurried towards the corridor which was only a few minutes away.

"God dammit Freckles! Do you always have to fall on me!" he heard a voice he hadn't heard for more than a month say.

"That's why I told you to let me go through first!" said the other voice he hadn't heard for more than a month.

"And have me land on top of you! You'd be squashed."

"Oh please, I'm taller and healthier than you so you're the one who should be feeling squashed."

"You're taller than me! Which world are you living in Freckles? If you're heavier than me, it will be because of your large arse."

"My arse is perfectly normal you jerk!" she said angrily.

"Not from my angle."

"Than stop staring at it you pervert."

Dumbledore choose than moment to intervene. "Mr. Potter, Ms. Austin. How nice to have you back within these walls," he said, his eyes twinkling brightly.

Harry and Lillian immediately stopped their argument and looked at the headmaster.

"I can actually see the twinkle in your eyes in this darkness," said Harry in awe. He never understood how the headmaster's eyes could twinkle so much. He had a theory that Dumbledore might have put some holiday lights or defective tube lights inside his eyes to enhance his twinkling eyes effect.

"Thank you Mr. Potter," said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling even more brightly, making Harry more confident about his theory. "I'm just glad to have my two missing students back."

"It's good to be back professor," said Lillian, her eyes sparkling with happiness.

"Well why don't we head to my office then," said Dumbledore gesturing down the hallway.

"Sure," replied Harry. "I really want to know what we've missed."

"Oh you have no idea."

Quietly they walked in the corridors, their footsteps echoing all the way. They thankfully didn't meet anyone as surprisingly the entire law breaking student body had decided to stay indoors today.

Once they reached the headmasters office, they both let out a sigh of relief.

"What seems to be the matter?" asked Dumbledore politely.

"Nothing professor," said Harry. "It's just that past few weeks have been really crazy."

"I'm sure it'll be a wonderful story to hear," he said.

"So what's the story behind our disappearance?" asked Harry.

"Apparation accident," said Dumbledore. "You cast a spell wrong that forcefully apparated the two of you outside Hogwarts. You were hurt very badly and are in intensive care. Or you were in intensive care."

Harry was horrified. "I... cast a spell wrong? Are you insane!"

Lillian nudged Harry frowning. "Watch it," she hissed.

Harry ignored her. "I bet nobody believed you."

Dumbledore smiled serenely. "Actually everyone did. Though I did notice the doubt and disbelief on your roommate's face when I did make the announcement."

Harry sighed in relief. "At least someone knows me somewhat," he said.

"Oh get over yourself Potter," snapped Lillian. "You're not god when it comes to spell casting."

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "Why don't you tell me about the world you visited," he said, his eyes peering over his half moon spectacles with disguised eagerness.

And so Harry and Lillian carefully told the headmaster about their surprisingly uneventful journey to the other world.

They obviously didn't mention anything about the detour to the Flamel's home as they were bound by an oath they swore during their training.

They also left out the parts where Lillian's element began to malfunction but told him about all the events that took place in that world up to the time they were present in that world.

Dumbledore's eyebrows were burrowed in thought when the two finished their story.

"Well first of I am extremely glad you two ended up in a relatively safe universe. Secondly knowing the future in that world is of no use to us since there are a lot of differences between the two."

"We know that," replied Harry. "The other you told us that, us leaving our world will cause a lot of drastic changes to occur."

This was a lie. It was Nicolas who had explained the workings of the dimension portal to them.

"You're right," said Dumbledore solemnly. "After you left, Peter Pettigrew escaped, Sirius Black has been cleared of all charges and Voldemort has risen again."

The last didn't surprise them one bit but it was the first two that made Harry jump to his feet and Lillian gasp in shock.

"Sirius has been cleared of all charges!" he shouted in surprise.

Dumbledore chuckled. "Yes. After you disappeared and did not contact your godfather. He grew worried and decided to come check on you. Luckily I captured him on the grounds and a few drops of veritaserum later he was cleared of all his alleged crimes with the minister of magic as witness."

Harry slowly sank into his chair, his happiness filling his heart.

"Where is he now?"

"At Grimmauld place," said Dumbledore. "But in your excitement about Sirius's release, I hope you didn't miss the last of my sentence."

"We didn't Professor," said Lillian solemnly. "What's going to happen now?"

"Now," said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling again. "You go back to your dorms and meet your friends and have a good night's sleep."

"But what do we tell anyone who asks what happened to us?"

"You recovered and you're fine and you don't want to talk about it you dumbass," said Harry rolling his eyes. "Goodnight headmaster, Freckles," he said and stepped out of the office.

"How rude," said Dumbledore in amusement. "But quite right too," he added. "Now run along Miss Austin. I'm sure you'd want to catch up with your friends after a month long absence. If they're still awake that is."

Lillian nodded respectfully and quietly slipped out of the room and made her way to her common room.

When Harry entered his room it was well after midnight and Blaise was fast asleep.

After leaving Dumbledore's office Harry didn't go back to his common room but went to his private den and stored the compass and portkey in his golden trunk.

That done wandered aimlessly around the castle enjoying the feel of the walls and the corridors and the magic that flowed through them.

He narrowly avoided being spotted by Filch who was prowling about looking for students to catch and finally went back to his dorm where he changed into his night clothes.

"I'm home," thought Harry before crashing on his bed and falling fast asleep.

pLEAse REVIEW!

Chapter 33 – Hogsmeade

It was dusk and the London tower bridge was filled on both sides by an angry mob of men and women.

There were a few budding reporters about with cameras and voice recorders weaving through the crowd looking for rational people to interview.

Vernie was one such young reporter.

"Come on Greg," she snapped at her huge camera man. "A two year old could easily crawl faster than you run!"

Greg glared at her. "What are we doing here anyway?" he shouted over the noise of the people yelling. "Instead we could be enjoying a beer or something now."

"We're here for a story you thick lump of cow shit. Now quit complaining or I'll kick you in the nuts."

"I'd rather have you suck on them," he muttered under his breath, but loud enough for her to hear.

Vernie glared at him furiously wondering for the hundredth time why had she been assigned the most useless camera man in the company.

"Excuse me, excuse me mister," she cried, pulling the shirt of a short surly looking man who wasn't shouting and yelling like the rest of the crowd.

"Yes?"

"Tell me sir," she said while beckoning Greg over. "What do you think of the government's decision to cut the pay of you postmen?"

"What do I think?" he said incredulously, looking at her as if she were stupid. "I think its fucking bullshit! That's what I think! We bring you your mails and packages travelling in all sorts of weather and what do we get in return when the economy breaks down!"

"What do you get sir?"

"We get pay cuts! That's what we get!" he yelled angrily. "Half my co-workers got fired for no reason of their own. But here's the most pissing of part," he said. "The MOST pissing of part is that the employee's higher up keep getting bonuses and I don't see any of them loosing their jobs!"

Chest heaving the man glared into the camera. "And do you want to know something else?"

Vernie hurried forward eagerly and placed the recorder closer to him.

"I think this..."

His words were drowned when a high pitched scream tore through the atmosphere effectively silencing the entire mob.

Greg pointed his camera in the direction of the voice and spotted a woman with a fear struck face looking up. She was pointing up and he followed her line of sight and froze.

There was a man falling from above and the strangest thing was he was falling slowly!

"Come on Greg!" shouted Vernie excitedly pushing people out of her way as the man hit the ground.

Greg had a bad feeling but followed the budding reporter none the less and focused his lens on the man's face.

His body went cold when he made contact with the man's eyes. They were completely black.

"Excuse me sir!" said Vernie excitably, "But what kind of a stunt... was..."

Her eyes widened as she suddenly felt a sharp pain erupt in her abdomen.

"Oh," she said in a small voice as she saw her shirt slowly turn red.

"Muggles are filth," hissed Lord Voldemort as Vernie collapsed. He then slashed his wand at a person nearby slicing him clean into two.

Then the panic set in. What started as a strike was turning into a blood bath. Everyone started screaming in fear and began to run trying to get away from this demon who had suddenly appeared in their midst.

The dark lord kept slashing his wand cutting down anyone in his path with an evil smile on his face.

Greg let his camera clatter to the ground and froze in shock and horror when he saw Vernie collapse in a pool of blood. But then the screaming began and his senses came crashing back to him. He ran forward, slung the bleeding girl over his shoulder and began to run.

"It's going to be okay Vernie," he said in a panicked and terrified voice as he ran for his life.

His heart rate spiked when the man next to him simply exploded spraying blood on his face. Greg suppressed the urge to throw up and simply closed his eyes and ran faster praying that this was just a nightmare and he would soon wake up.

A few men bravely tried to attack the dark lord but when they were merely a few feet away they were simply beheaded.

Voldemort sighed in pleasure on seeing the amount of blood being spilt. He slipped his wand back into his black robes relishing the sound of terror.

"Running is futile," he said and slowly raised his hands to the blood red sky.

He was right, from shadow of every person in the area a swirl of darkness began to rise from their own shadows.

"No, NO, NO! Please!"

"HELP ME!" screamed someone trying to run away from the darkness that was slowly began to change to the form of a spear.

The screams continued to increase in volume as people tried everything possible to get away from that unnatural darkness but it was useless.

Voldemort thrust his hands forward and suddenly all the screaming stopped.

Each and every person who was on the bridge had a gaping hole in their chests with flesh, bones and blood all around.

They were all dead and an eerie silence engulfed the bridge at the centre of which stood Lord Voldemort.

Blood was flowing everywhere and slowly dripping down the edges of the bridge into the river below.

Voldemort glanced to his side and found the camera man's camera facing him.

His lips curled. Despite the hate he had for the muggle world, he did have a little knowledge about their technologies thanks to his stay in his orphanage.

"Bow down before me," he said softly, "Or embrace death."

That said he slowly rose into the air and hovered above the bridge.

"I AM LORD VOLDEMORT!" he shouted and from the shadow of the bridge dark black ropes sprung out and began to wrap themselves around the massive structure.

The dark lord curled his long fingers into a fist and the London Tower Bridge was crushed to pieces.

Voldemort sighed in content at the sight still floating in the sky his black robes fluttering in the wind.

Once the sound of the falling debris had stopped Voldemort saw the muggle police arrive at the scene and point their weapons at him.

"Muggle weapons," thought Voldemort in disgust.

"C-COME DOWN WITH YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD," blared a voice from below.

Voldemort sneered. He could practically smell the fear radiating from these low lives.

He frowned when heard an odd buzzing sound. He looked behind and saw a helicopter hovering a little distance away from him with a man inside pointing a rather long metal weapon at him.

"Lower yourself now or we will open fire," repeated the voice from below with a little more force and confidence.

The helicopter began circling him and another news helicopter joined it a second later taking a video of the entire thing.

"Confringo," said Voldemort lazily blowing the helicopter out of the sky leaving the one news channel one intact. After all, the point of this attack was to make the world aware of his existence!

"Open fire!" someone screamed and suddenly Lord Voldemort found himself in slight discomfort as holes were punched into his body.

He quickly conjured a silver shield to prevent damage to his body and pressed his thumb into the newly tattooed, slightly modified dark mark on his left palm.

Instantly there were loud cracking sounds heard all around and people in black robes began appearing in the midst of the muggles. They immediately began doing what they did best. Killing people and blowing up everything in their sight.

It was a massacre. The muggles didn't even stand a chance.

Green flashes of light were seen all the time and men and women kept dropping like flies swatted out the air. Their screams for mercy was in vain for the deatheater's of Lord Voldemort show no mercy.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Two things were happening simultaneously, the Order of the Phoenix was having a meeting and the new Minister of magic was meeting the Prime minister of the United Kingdom.

Number 13 Grimmauld Place

There was a grim silence lingering in the kitchen as Dumbledore explained the latest events that had occurred.

"More than three hundred people dead," whispered Molly Weasley in shock.

"Three hundred and twenty three," corrected Sirius absently.

"What's the muggles reaction?" growled Moody.

Albus sighed. "For now that video recording has been removed from all possible news channels and they are running a story that the video was fake and it was actually a terrorist attack on their nation."

"But why?" question Remus. "Why would he try and expose our world to the muggles? He didn't bother doing anything like this before."

Severus Snape chose that moment to enter the meeting.

"He's doing it because he's not thinking rationally," said the spy.

"Ah Severus, right on time," said Dumbledore with a smile, ignoring the swear words streaming out of Sirius's mouth.

"Well?" growled Moody.

Snape sneered at Moody.

"Why are you late?" asked Hestia Jones.

"The dark lord is celebrating his success and all this minions were supposed to be there."

Remus snorted, "What kind of celebration does he do? Torture people?"

Snape shifted his gaze towards the werewolf. He considered just insulting the wolf but instead decided to enlighten them.

"Not people, muggle children," he said viciously.

The entire room gasped.

"He'll ask each of his deatheater's to choose a child and do whatever they wish to do and we have to be there to witness those children scream and die."

He paused and took a deep breath to get those awful images out of his mind.

"That is what his celebrations are like."

"And what did you do?" said Sirius glaring at the potions master.

Snape was about to reply when Dumbledore cut across.

"Severus my friend, what news do you have for us apart from the celebrations."

"The dark lord has new powers," he said shortly. "As you all might have heard, he can control shadows."

"A power quite fit for a dark lord," muttered Charlie Weasley.

Ignoring the mutterings Snape continued.

"The dark lord is not the same as he was. He is becoming reckless, unpredictable, unreasonable, and... Sometimes he argues with himself."

"Talking to an imaginary person, the first signs of insanity," said Tonks sagely.

"This is not funny Tonks," snarled Moody. "Do you know how dangerous this power could be! We all could surround him and he'd just kill us with our own shadows!"

"Then fight at night," said Tonks indignantly. "He attacked in the evening because the shadows are the largest then and at night there are no shadows but darkness."

There was stunned silence.

Dumbledore cleared his throat bringing everyone out of their stunned stupor.

"Thank you Tonks, for that piece of err... advice. But Severus, you were saying?"

"Ah yes. All in all, the dark lord has changed. He cares not for blood purity but for ruling the world."

"And so the mad scientist in him is born," said Charlie lightly.

"Hasn't that always been his goal?" asked Arthur. "He always wanted to rule the wizarding world."

"He has always wanted for the wizarding world to reign supreme," corrected Dumbledore.

"And now it's the world which is larger than our world," snapped Snape. "But that is not my point. My point is the dark lord has clearly lost his mind after his rebirth and his magic is twice as strong as before."

"Which makes him even more dangerous than he already is," said Dumbledore solemnly.

"So what are we going to do about it," asked Sirius. "Frankly speaking, we are quite a useless order."

Immediately there were angry shouts and nasty words flying at him.

Sirius just raised both his arms in surrender and stood up. "Hear me out," he said calmly.

"All we do is guard a damn prophecy which none of us know what it says. We trail known deatheater's and do nothing when we see them carry out illegal activities. We try to find out the dark lords plans but do nothing to prevent them.

So tell me, what is the usefulness of this order?"

"Then what do you suggest Sirius, that we start killing deatheater's?"

"No, capture them, interrogate them. Stop them from joining Voldemort. Attack them before they can attack us."

"Well said lad," said Moody banging his wooden leg on the floor. "What do you think I've been trying to tell Dumbledore all these years? If you don't fight fire with fire we will be consumed by that raging inferno."

"And if you fight fire with fire, everything in its path will burn," said Dumbledore quietly. "I will not tolerate the use of violence in this order."

"Then if that's the case I quit this order," said Sirius furiously.

"What are you saying Sirius!" gasped Remus.

"How can we win if we do not do anything!" he shouted. "You keep sending Remus to the werewolves to gain their allegiances to what purpose? So that you can tell them to sit around and do nothing? You sent Hagrid to the giants for what? So that you can order them to stay in mountains and do nothing!" It took you three years to realize that you had to fight Grindelwald to stop him and I am NOT going to sit around and wait for you to realize that you have to fight Voldemort to stop him!"

"As much as it pains me to say it, the dog is right Dumbledore," said Snape. "You have nothing to offer to the werewolves and giants whereas the dark lord has everything."

Kingsley Shacklebolt to that very moment to walk into the room much to Dumbledore's relief.

"Ah Kingsley, I see the Madam Bones has finished her meeting with the Prime Minister."

"Yes she has," replied Kingsley in his deep voice taking a seat next to Moody.

"Would you mind enlightening us?"

Kingsley grinned. "The prime minister started threatening us and made Madam Bones lose her temper."

Moody winced.

"So?" asked Tonks confused.

Dumbledore chuckled. "Why don't you ask Alastor. He knows first hand what happens when you make Amelia loose her temper."

"You see this eye," he said wearily pointing at his magical eye. "I never lost it in a battle with deatheater's."

Those who didn't know the story gasped in shock.

"Madam Bones did that! Why!"

Moody now looked increasingly uncomfortable. "Amelia and I were in a relationship a long time ago."

This brought about more gasps of horror. Sirius fainted and was quickly revived by Arthur Weasley.

"And then I cheated on her," he added regretfully.

"You cheated on her!" screeched Tonks.

"I was young," said Moody defending himself. "The girl was smoking hot and I couldn't resist!"

"Oh my god," whispered Sirius. "I can never imagine Moody with a woman."

"And then Amelia found out and we had a fight, which from a shouting battle became an all out duel which leveled a five storey building. During that battle I lost my eye to her great satisfaction."

"Did she loose anything?"

Moody grinned. "If you ever feel her breasts, you'll realize one of them is missing."

Wide eyed, Tonks and the rest of the order stared at him.

"I think that's what made her go mad and gouge my eye out," he added as an after thought.

"I would have gouged a lot more than that if I were her," said Jones.

"Aye," said Moody inclining his head. "But let's get back the topic being discussed before Kingsley came in. I want to know if Albus is ready to use force, or not."

All heads swerved to the headmaster while Bill filled Kingsley on whatever he missed.

Dumbledore closed his eyes. "To take such a decision requires time," he said softly.

"We don't have time Albus," Moody wisely pointed out.

Dumbledore sighed. "Alright, I shall think over it tonight and you shall have an answer tomorrow at the same time. Kingsley can give his report then. Goodnight Ladies... and gentlemen," he said and swiftly walked out of the room and flooed back to the castle.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

A day before Voldemort attacked.

It had not been a good day for Harry Potter.

First he had been given detention for skipping Transfiguration. Then some moron, probably the twins, had seen fit to prank the entire Slytherin house by changing their hair pink. Not just the hair on their heads but the hair on every part of their body!

Added to that, Ronald Weasley had almost killed him by accidentally dropping a suit of armor with a sharp sword on him.

Added to that, Austin's stupid friends were with her all the time so he still could not get a hold of her to make a trip to the Chamber of secrets.

Added to that, his place in the Quidditch team had not yet been given back to him, thanks to Malfoy stealing his spot when he was off dimensional travelling.

And to top it all of, Daphne Greengrass had asked him out on a date!

How screwed up was that?

He was pacing up and down in his room and Blaise was watching him thoroughly enjoying himself.

"You should be ashamed of yourself Harry," said Blaise.

Harry stopped pacing and turned towards his roommate. "What gave you that idea genius!"

"First of, she asked you out and then you like an idiot told her I'll think about it!"

"What else was I supposed to say!"

"You should have said yes! She's good looking and she likes you! Isn't that reason enough?"

"I was caught off guard! And I had a lot more things on my mind at that moment."

Blaise rolled his eyes. "Are you afraid she'll kiss you?"

Harry's eyes bugged out.

"Kiss me!" he squeaked. "Why would she kiss me!"

"Huh? Why are you freaking out?"

"But why would she kiss me!" yelled Harry waving his hands around frantically.

"She's a growing girl, you're a growing boy, haven't you ever looked at a girl and thought she's cute?"

Harry stopped pacing and then began rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Well, yeah sometimes."

"Oh!" said Blaise excitedly. "Who do you think is cutest or rather hottest in our year!"

"Why are you getting all hyper?"

Blaise ignored him. "Have you seen Hannah Abbot in Hufflepuff? The rack on her... Ohhh..." he said dreamily. "And Katie Bell in Gryffindor, if she were in any other house, I would have asked her out in an instant, and how can we forget Tracey and Daphne... ... and of course Dominique Morgan, the hottest and most beautiful girl in school, too bad she's a bookworm!"

"Blaise, BLAISE!" shouted Harry. "Calm down you crazy fool!"

Blaise had a little glazed look in his eye. "Ah, I wish Daphne had asked me to go with her," he said with a sigh. "But instead she asked you, you who don't know the difference between a guy and a girl!"

Harry frowned, "I do know the difference between a guy and girl. But what I don't understand why on earth you want me to go with Daphne to Hogsmeade."

Blaise smacked his head against his bedpost. "Harry, have you ever felt a little weird or a sort of a strange feeling deep within you when you see a really beautiful, stunning girl?" he asked calmly.

"Of course, but that doesn't mean anything!"

"Of course it does you... you idiot! It means you're attracted to them!" yelled Blaise. He turned swiftly and slipped his hand under his bed and removed a red colored magazine.

"Here," he said and tossed it to Harry. "Maybe you'll learn something from that."

"Hmm, what's this?"

"That is the greatest invention of the muggles," he said while regarding the magazine with reverence as Harry face slowly turned red.

"Playboy!"

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The next day Harry woke up very early. Yawning he rubbed the sleepiness out of his eyes and turned to his side table to drink a glass of water but instead turned red.

The magazine was wide open and had a very interesting picture on it.

Harry shut it quickly and threw it at Blaise who didn't even twitch when it hit on the head.

But he couldn't help but be thankful to him too. That magazine had been very informative about a lot of things that had been happening to him lately.

His gaze shifted back to the magazine and he quickly averted his gaze to prevent certain thoughts from drifting in his mind.

But he couldn't resist.

"I'll never be able to look at girls the same way again," he said with a sigh and slowly tiptoed over to Blaise's side and took the magazine back and opened it again.

"How in Merlin's name do they get into those positions," he said in fascination before cursing out loud.

"Crap, getting a reaction again! Down, down, down!" he hissed at little Harry frantically.

Red faced he shut the magazine, shoved it under his bed and practically ran to the bathroom.

He really, really needed a cold shower.

Fifteen minutes later when his head was finally clear; he changed into his jogging outfit and headed out to the Quidditch grounds for his daily exercise.

It was still only five thirty. Staying with the Flamel's had certainly altered his sleeping routine.

Light was just beginning to enter the atmosphere when Harry entered the grounds and began his rounds.

Half an hour later just as he began his stretches he was surprised to see another figure enter the grounds.

"I thought you preferred the lake?" he asked Lillian who was wearing a thick jogging outfit. No doubt to keep the cold away.

"I-it's too cold," she managed to say and began her rounds.

This was a routine Harry and Lillian had adapted to after a month with the Flamel's.

Harry shrugged and joined her silently. He always found it amazing that he no longer felt irritable or repulsed by her presence. She had certainly grown on him.

After ten minutes of running Harry decided to break the silence. "Have you decided when you want to go to the chamber?"

"Vacations, when no one is around," she replied.

Harry sighed. Lillian had been avoiding going the chamber ever since they came back.

"I'm going back for the vacations and I really don't understand why can't you just sneak out at night and come!"

"Why don't you just tell me where it is and I'll go whenever I want!"

"No way, I know you'll ditch me," said Harry flatly. "Don't you want to know if you're related to Slytherin or not?"

Lillian hesitated and Harry's eyes widened in realization.

"You're afraid that you might be!"

"Yes, I am alright," she snapped. "I'm afraid I'm related to the founder of the house of stinking snakes!"

"There's nothing wrong with our house," Harry snapped back. "It's yours which needs to get your head out of your asses."

Lillian stopped with a scowl on her face. "I don't want to know if I'm related to him alright! I don't care and it doesn't matter!"

"Well I want to know what's hidden in that room so you have to come tonight!"

"I don't have to do anything Harry," she growled. "And if you force me, you know I can stand up to you in a fight."

Harry laughed. "Of course you can, or maybe it appeared that you can. But one way or another, you are coming to the chamber tonight."

Lillian's fist snapped forward suddenly and Harry caught it before it hit him.

They both stood there glaring at each other just inches apart.

Suddenly Lillian's left foot flew to Harry's head and he caught that too and slammed his knee into her right side.

She fell and landed with a painful thump and quickly got back to her feet radiating fury.

"Why do always resort to violence when you feel trapped or at loss for words!" asked Harry exasperatedly.

"You want to duel Potter?" she growled angrily. "There's still time before everyone got up."

Harry narrowed his eyes. "No thank you," he replied coldly.

Suddenly Lillian smiled and straightened up looking relaxed. "I understand," she said. "Our last duel did leave a lasting impression."

Harry's anger shot up with a vengeance but he crushed the feeling remembering Penny's most important rule which she had drilled into his head... literally.

"Deception is the key to winning a battle. Cheat, lie and never ever show your true power to anyone no matter what the case may be, unless you absolutely have no choice."

He hated pretending to be weak in front of a bug.

"It did," said Harry, even though it hurt his ego and pride to say that. "But that doesn't matter."

He took a deep breath and looked at her with strengthened resolve. "We are going to the chamber tonight. You owe me that."

"Why the hell do I owe you that!" she asked looking shocked.

"I told you about your elemental power when you were confused, I kept it a secret from others, I haven't told anyone about you being a Parselmouth and if it weren't for me, you would have never met the Flamel's and improved your control over your element."

"Let me tell you something mister," she began, her voice shaking with anger. "I would have found out about my element sooner or later, with or without your help. I would have met the Flamel's either way because they said it was their duty to impart some knowledge to an elemental and you haven't told anyone about my special language because I haven't told anyone about the secrets that are yours which are a hundred times bigger than mine!"

She was panting by the time she finished her rant.

Harry decided to play the emotional card, or rather the pleading card though he'd never call it that. It was too much of a bruise to his ego.

He sighed and looked down. "Listen Lillian," he said awkwardly, using her first name. "I know you don't want to go down there but can't you do this one thing for me? I really need to know what's in that chamber and you're the only one who can help!"

Lillian glared at him. "Won't work on me Potter," she said seeing through his tactics but Harry could see that she was already melting.

"Come on Austin! After all that we have been through together can't you do this one favor for me? Haven't we become friends!"

She pointed a shaking finger at him but there was no real anger behind it. She was losing the battle and Harry could see that.

He decided to use the magic word.

"Please Lillian," he said, his eyes pleading for a yes.

"Alright," she said with a low growl. "Alright we'll go! But I still don't like it."

Harry hid the feeling of victory that just erupted in him and settled for a smile.

"So where is the chamber?" asked Lillian.

"Meet at nine outside Myrtle's bathroom," he said.

"Myrtle's... bathroom?" she asked mystified.

"9 'o' clock," said Harry again tapping his wrist and began to jog back to the castle but not before waving cheekily at her.

Lillian stared at his retreating back until it disappeared through the entrance to the grounds.

"Oh what have I just agreed too!" she said with groan. "Argh, damn that bloody... bloody...!"

Words failed her.

"Damn him!"

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Morning classes had just finished and Blaise and Harry were on their way to the great hall.

"Are you going home for the holidays?" Harry asked Blaise.

"Of course. Mum has been planning to take us to Italy to meet her sister. What about you?"

"Yup."

"Not planning to go anywhere?"

"Maybe," replied Harry vaguely, "Depends on a lot of things."

"Like?"

"A lot of things," Harry said again.

"Like!" asked Blaise again.

"A LOT of things."

"LIKE!"

Harry just smirked and didn't reply.

Suddenly the pair were ambushed by Daphne and Tracey.

"Hey Harry, have you made up your mind yet?" she asked cheerfully, her eyes sparkling.

Harry opened and closed his mouth without a sound coming out.

Blaise, not so subtly nudged him in his ribs sharply.

"Y-yeah. Let's go together," Harry stammered.

She smiled widely, "Great, wear something nice and I'll meet you at three at the carriages," she said and hurried away. Tracey whispered something in her ear and they both started giggling furiously.

"I'm dead," said Harry flatly when they were out of sight.

"Oh, don't be so negative. It'll be fine!"

"Are you going with anyone special?" Harry asked him.

Blaise shook his head. "Malfoy, Nott and I are going together. Parkinson tried to get Malfoy to come with her but he refused."

"Hmmm... I wonder why Daphne wanted to go with me then?" he said out aloud.

Blaise snorted.

"Even though I hate to say it, you've changed after that accident of yours. You're taller, look more grownupish and you look good... yuck! I can't believe I said that!"

"Must have been the effect of the potions," said Harry grinning and wincing at the same time, remembering how exactly his body had developed.

"Lucky you," mumbled Blaise.

A thrill of excitement ran through Harry as he thought about his first date and suddenly, he found himself looking forward to visiting Hogsmeade with Daphne Greengrass.

-X-X-X-X-X-

It was late in the evening when the school returned from the trip to Hogsmeade.

All the Slytherin third years were in the common room leaving out two.

"Where are those two?" growled Tracey irritably. "Daphne was supposed to meet me here half an hour ago!"

"Maybe they got lost," said Nott.

"Or maybe," she said suggestively.

"Or maybe what?" asked Draco cluelessly.

"They're in a broom cupboard," said Tracey rolling her eyes.

"What!" squeaked Pansy. "They wouldn't!"

"Why not?" asked Blaise.

"She doesn't have it in her," she said scornfully.

"What's that supposed to mean," said Tracey angrily coming to the defense of her best friend.

Pansy shrugged arrogantly. "She's not me."

Everyone was stunned. They knew Pansy was a spoilt arrogant pain in the ass but this was taking things to an all new high.

All of them started laughing uproariously at the same time.

This was the scene Harry and Daphne found when they entered the common room. All their class mates rolling with laughter and Parkinson, her face red with anger marching back to her dorm.

"What's going on?" asked Daphne.

All heads swerved towards them so fast that it was creepy to look at.

"Oh, you're back!" they exclaimed together leaving out Pansy who was giving Daphne the evil eye.

"Yeah we're back," replied Harry rolling his eyes. He started to move towards his dorm before stopping and turning towards Daphne.

"I... Erm... had a nice time," he said in a low voice with a hint of a smile. He didn't want the others to hear him.

Daphne blew a kiss at him. "So did I," she said whispered and skipped towards Tracey and pulled her along back to her room ignoring her friends protests.

Just before heading up Daphne turned back and blew a kiss to Harry.

A second of stunned silence passed before all the girls quickly hurried after the duo, themselves eager to know what happened.

The rest of the boys were simply dumbstruck.

"Did, did Greengrass just give you a flying kiss!" asked Nott finally, his voice quivering.

"Hmmm, I guess she did," Harry replied and winked. "Well anyway, don't expect me to gossip about it. See ya!" he said cheerfully and hurried back to his room before they could stop him.

And just as he expected Blaise came rushing in two seconds later.

"Tell me EVERYTHING!" he said panting.

Harry grinned and lay down on his bed, his hands behind his head.

"Nothing much to tell you know."

Blaise narrowed his eyes. "Nothing much? She just freaking gave you a flying kiss!"

"Yes she did," said Harry calmly.

Blaise goggled at him. "So did you kiss her for real or not!"

To his great surprise Harry actually turned a light shade of red.

"You did, didn't you, you sly dog," he said in delight.

"Not exactly," he muttered.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"First swear to me you what you hear now, you will never ever mention to me or anyone else ever!"

Blaise's eyes widened. What in Merlin's name could have happened to make Harry this embarrassed, he wondered.

"Roommates honor," he said solemnly.

Harry looked at Blaise critically. "Does that even mean anything?" he asked dryly.

"What goes on in the room stays in the room," said Blaise putting his hand on his heart.

Harry rolled his eyes and jumped on to his bed.

"Well I guess it started of fine. I met her at the gates and we took a carriage with two other Ravenclaw's to the village."

Blaise folded his legs on his bed and looked on with rapt attention.

Harry resisted the urge to roll his eyes and plowed on with his story.

"After that it was like a normal date I guess. We went to Honeydukes first and had a bite out of almost all the chocolates for which I had to pay I might add."

"The guy is always supposed to pay Harry!"

"Don't interrupt," said Harry sharply. "Anyway, then we went to all these weird small stores which sold fake jewelry, some allegedly sold enchanted pendent's and there was this funny store which sold kitchen items which do their own jobs!"

"So you two had a good time then?"

"Yeah, we did. Until we entered that accursed Gladrags store! I don't know what got into her but we spent literally two hours in that place which was spent by her trying on every thing that her hand could reach and I was supposed to choose the best one out of thirty dress robes which all looked the same except for their color," said Harry waving his hands animatedly.

"At last we left that store and checked out all the other stores. We even went near the shrieking shack but Daphne refused to go within 100 feet of it.

Finally we made our way to the three broomsticks. We had agreed we'd leave that place for last."

"Did you see what Rosmerta was wearing!" asked Blaise excitedly.

"Oh yeah," breathed Harry forgetting his story for a moment. "That was practically cruel on her part."

"I know," muttered Blaise. "Either she should cover herself up completely or wear nothing at all. She shouldn't wear something as teasing as that! But didn't Daphne mind you staring at her? I mean you were on a date with her."

"Oh she was too busy bitching about the other guys who were staring at her to notice me too," said Harry grinning.

"Nice!"

Suddenly Harry's happy expression turned sour.

"What? What happened after that!"

Harry sighed. "We chose to walk back instead of taking the carriages. And on the way back she pulled me behind a couple of trees."

"OH MY GOD!"

Harry grimaced. "What happened next was pretty embarrassing and later shocking."

"What happened!" asked Blaise eagerly leaning forward.

"Weeeelll, she asked me if I enjoyed myself and I said yes." Harry took a deep breath. "Then she leaned forward to kiss me and I leaned back."

"YOU DID WHAT!" Blaise screamed jumping to his feet.

Harry was glad he had locked and silenced the room.

"I leaned back," snapped Harry turning red.

Blaise opened his mouth to express his disbelief but Harry cut him off.

"Of course she couldn't believe that I did that and looked very hurt herself and so I leaned forward before she could react and kissed her instead."

Blaise this time remained silent with his mouth wide open and slowly sank back on his bed.

"So you dramatically kissed her," whispered Blaise in awe.

Harry didn't say anything and instead of looking pleased to have had his first kiss he looked rather dull.

Blaise didn't fail to notice this.

"So you kissed one of the best looking girls in our year. Why the long face?"

Harry sighed. "Because the first words out of her mouth after I kissed her were, how cold my lips were."

"H-how cold your lips were?"

Instead of explaining Harry just stuck out his hand and asked Blaise to touch it.

Blaise slowly extended his hand forward as if he were afraid his hand would get burnt and gasped in shock on making contact with his hand and withdrew it as fast as he could.

"H-Harry, you're literally freezing!"

"Hmmm... she reacted much better than you. At least she seemed to think I was really cold and even suggested we go to a broom cupboard to warm up," said Harry with wry grin.

Blaise didn't know what to say. On one hand he was stunned, no super stunned that his best friend had kissed a girl and on the other hand he was shocked at how cold he was! It was simply unnatural!

Suddenly a grin spread on Blaise's face.

"So it wasn't that she was revolted by your kiss and body temperature but wanted you to get warmer so that you could kiss her again."

Harry tried to smile but it didn't work. For the first time in his life he wished he were just a normal average wizard. It was much too frustrating to think that he couldn't kiss a girl or even let them touch him after liking it so much.

He wanted to shout and scream at the unfairness of his plight.

"Well maybe its temporary," said Blaise reassuringly sensing that Harry was close to exploding. "Maybe it's a sort of transition or something."

"Yeah, maybe," replied Harry glumly.

His expression turned even sourer even the clock in the common room rang out loud nine times reminding him of his meeting with Austin.

"This day couldn't get any worse," he mumbled dejectedly. "I see you later Blaise, I got some stuff to do," he said and walked out of the room leaving a slightly confused Blaise behind.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

By the time Harry reached Moaning Myrtles bathroom it was already fifteen minutes past nine and he spotted Lillian waiting for him impatiently.

"You're late," she said angrily. "For a moment I thought you were playing a prank on me and sent me here for the fun of it!"

"Don't need to act up Freckles, I'm just fifteen minutes late," he snapped back.

"Try spending ten minutes with that crazy ghost and then tell me whether fifteen minutes is not much!"

Harry didn't have a retort for that and slowly a smile spread across his face.

"Touché," he said with a slight tilt of his head.

Lillian huffed appearing mollified. "So care to tell me why we're here?"

"This," he said with a grand flourish of his hands, "Is where the entrance to..."

He was interrupted when someone rushed in.

Harry hated being surprised. So it was no shock to him that he had his wand digging to the intruder's neck while slamming him into the nearby wall.

Except it was a her judging from the cry of pain that left her mouth.

"Hermione! What on earth are you doing here!" cried Lillian. "Harry let her go!"

Harry slowly moved back. His expression was slowly changing from surprise to fury.

"You told your damn friend's where you were going!" he hissed.

"No I didn't," shot back Lillian looking angry herself. "What the hell are you doing here Hermione!"

"I followed you. You've been disappearing almost every night since you've come back and I was worried about you! And now I see that you're sneaking around in bathrooms with Potter!" she said and shot a venomous look at Harry.

"Hermione, it's not what you think!"

"Austin," said Harry breathing slowly and deeply. "Get this bitch out of here before I throw her out myself."

"I'm not about to leave her alone with you, snake," sneered back Hermione.

"Don't kill her, don't kill her," Harry muttered to himself under his breath.

"Hermione, this is none of your business and you had no right to follow me!" said Lillian walking swiftly towards her friend.

"How could it not be my business," shot back Hermione. "You've hardly slept in your own dorm ever since your trip to the other world."

This was news to Harry. Lillian had not been sleeping in her dorm? And wait, what did Hermione say! He thought to himself.

"You told her!" he said with a gasp.

"I told her and Ron," she said irritably. "It wasn't just your secret to keep and I can tell whomever I damn want to."

Harry took a deep calming breath. "Austin, your friend has got five seconds to leave before I loose it."

"I'm not going anywhere," said Hermione stubbornly. "I want to know what's going on here and the two of you are meeting in secret."

"Nothing's going on here Buck tooth," spat Harry leveling his wand at her. "Now leave before I make you leave," he threatened.

Lillian groaned. She knew how stubborn Hermione could be and she knew Harry's patience was wearing thin.

"Harry wait," she said quickly. "She could help us you know."

"And how can she help us?" asked Harry acidly.

"She's brainy, she's read loads of books regarding the founders. She could find out something that we might miss or you know..."

"Founders?" said Hermione interestedly temporarily forgetting her mission.

"And you're okay with what she might find out down there?" Harry asked her with raised eyebrows.

Lillian understood what he meant.

She went to him and whispered in his ear so that Hermione wouldn't listen. "We'll be extra careful and you know she won't leave."

Harry sighed. "Alright, we've wasted enough time as it is," he said and went to the tap with the snake engraved on it and hissed 'open' in Parseltongue.

Both girls looked on in surprise and wonder as the sink began to spin rapidly and slowly sink out of sight to reveal the entrance to the legendary Chamber of Secrets.

"Is that what I think it is?" breathed Hermione in excitement.

"Get in," Harry said shortly.

"Into that smelly hole," asked Lillian cringing at the smell that was coming from the hole.

"Yes," replied Harry and suddenly shoved Hermione in, who was peering inside with her wand lit.

Her scream resonated loudly through the pipe walls as she went down.

Lillian rounded on Harry, her eyes burning in anger and horror.

Harry just smiled. "Your turn," he said cheerfully and pushed her head first into the slimy pipe with a wave of his hand.

He sighed in pleasure as he heard her scream decreased in volume as she went sliding down.

"My day just got better," he said to himself and got into the pipe himself.

REVIEW!

It's been a while since i updated... sorry about that.

Hope you had a great party on new year's eve!

And as usual, if you find any errors, let me know and i'll correct them immediately.

Chapter 34 – The Chamber

After twenty seconds of high speed traveling in a dark smelly nearly vertical pipe Harry was thrown out, but knowing what to expect he quickly cast a cushioning spell at the wall in front of him preventing him a lot of pain.

The same couldn't be said to the other two.

Hermione was holding her face in pain and Lillian was massaging her side silently muttering swear words.

Harry was surprised to see that the torches he had lit the last time he was down here were still burning strongly.

"You bastard," growled Lillian in pain while resisting the urge to burn him to crisp. "Why did you do that?"

Hermione too looked at Harry with such loathing that she forgot the terror that was coursing through her body just a few minutes ago.

"We were wasting too much time. It was the only way to get you moving," he said with a shrug. "Now if you're down trying to intimidate me with your glares, let's get moving."

Hermione's fear returned. "Go where Mary!"

Lillian sighed. She didn't want Hermione to be here. Hermione didn't know she was a Parselmouth and a fire elemental to boot.

She knew Harry had decided to bring Hermione along just to see her squirm and she could do nothing about it... yet. Bloody bastard, she cursed in her mind.

"Let's go," said Harry leading the way down the narrow path.

Suddenly Hermione squeaked and hugged Lillian tightly. "The floor," she said in a high pitched tone. "It's covered it bones!"

"Of course it's covered in bones," said Harry patronizingly. "The basilisk does need something to eat doesn't she?"

This time both the girls clutched each other tightly in fear.

"There's a basilisk down here!" they squeaked.

"Oh don't worry, I killed it last year," he added nonchalantly.

The two chose not to reply to that one and rather watch where they put their feet. Neither of them wanted to hear the sound of bones being crushed under their feet.

"So tell me Granger," began Harry conversationally. "Were you really worried about where Austin's whereabouts or were you too suspicious about her disappearances?"

"What's it to you?" asked Hermione defensively.

"Oh, I'm just curious that's all," he said. "Or was it that you were angry that she wasn't telling you about her sneaking out and you were too damn curious for your own good?"

"I don't have to answer you," she spat back.

"No Hermione, tell us," said Lillian. "I for one would certainly like to know what is it you thought when you decided to follow me."

Hermione looked hurt. "You actually think I was following you because I just wanted to be let in on your secret?"

"Were you?"

"No!" she cried indignantly. "I would never do such a thing. I swear I was just worried about you because ever since you've come back, you've not been yourself!"

"Oh," replied Lillian in a small voice feeling a little guilty for doubting her friend.

"So what did you expect to find?" Lillian asked curiously.

This time Hermione looked a little sheepish. "I thought you were crying or something and needed a friend."

Harry raised his eyebrows at that and Lillian stopped in her tracks stunned.

"You thought I was crying or something! Me of all people! Why?"

"I thought you were sad about your not existing in the other world and maybe you were emotionally hurt or something," she said sounding embarrassed. "You looked perfectly fine in class and all through the day so I thought you were letting it all out at night, alone."

Harry was trying hard not to burst out into laughter.

"Oh, Hermione," said Lillian with a smile and went and hugged her. (Harry gagged) "I'm fine, and every night I just go out to explore the castle and sometimes I find some empty classroom to practice the classes I've missed to catch up!"

Lies, thought Harry silently. She was practicing her elemental ability.

"We're here," announced Harry when they reached the wall.

"Is that a statue of Salazar Slytherin?" asked Lillian.

"Yes," was the short reply.

"And the woman?" she asked next.

"Probably his wife," muttered Hermione when Harry didn't answer her question.

"Open" hissed Harry in Parseltongue.

And just like before, the wall shimmered out of existence without a sound.

They entered the chamber cautiously.

Both girls looked around in wonder at the massive stone ceiling and the number of statues all around them.

"Certainly was obsessed with himself," said Lillian.

"I agree," said Hermione. "This place must be filled with statues of him."

Harry resisted the urge to throttle them and beckoned Lillian forward.

"What?" she asked.

Harry didn't bother replying again and instead dispelled the charm hiding the ring on her finger with a tap of his wand.

Hermione gasped. "Is that a ring on your finger!"

"No, it's her bones sticking out," said Harry sarcastically.

Lillian huffed in annoyance. "Yes, it's a ring Hermione. And that's part of the reason why we're down here."

Hermione was confused. She had no idea what was going on. Her mind was filled with so many questions that she didn't know which one to ask first.

Luckily Harry was thin on patience and decided to give her some food for thought.

"The ring your friend is wearing belonged to Salazar Slytherin and only a person related to Slytherin can wear it," he said making her eyes widen in horror and keep her mouth shut while she processed the information.

"Now why is this damn thing not coming out even now!" said Harry in frustration while holding Lillian's finger next to the statue where it had to be put in.

"How do I know!" snapped Lillian. "I've been trying to get the bloody thing off ever since I put it on!"

"Well you wouldn't have to if you had decided against putting it on."

"You really think I wanted this!" said Lillian angrily.

"Maybe!"

"Does this mean you're Slytherin's heir!" said Hermione suddenly.

There were simultaneous shouts of YES and NO at the same time.

Harry and Lillian were glaring at each other furiously when they heard Hermione giggle!

Both elementals turned slowly towards the bushy haired girl looking menacing.

"Is something funny Granger?" growled Harry.

Hermione continued to smile broadly. "Oh I'm sorry!" she said, still giggling. "But you two look so... so adorable while fighting with each other."

There was dead silence. While Hermione kept smiling at them Harry and Lillian stood as still as the statues in the chamber while their respective minds took time to understand the words that just left Hermione's mouth.

Harry was the first one to come out of his stunned stupor.

"I'll choose to ignore that," he said breathing heavily. Those words had certainly left him shaken. Never had he ever... EVER imagined that some dumb girl would say he looked freaking adorable while arguing with Freckles.

"Those words just left terrible scars on me," muttered Lillian. "And instead of sprouting nonsense Hermione, why the hell don't you HELP!" she said raising her voice.

Hermione bit her lip trying to hold in her laughter. But she hurried to Lillian's side before said girl would explode in anger.

She tried pulling it out but it had the same result.

"We've tried everything Granger," said Harry tiredly. "The bloody thing just won't come off."

Hermione frowned while her mind was racing for answers and suddenly it was like a bulb just lit in her head.

"Of course!" she cried out.

"What!"

Looking tremendously excited she took Lillian's hand in hers and gently pushed the ring further in before gently slipping it out.

"Holy mother of god!" said Harry softly. "How the hell did you think of that!"

Lillian was beyond shocked.

"Have you heard of the Chinese finger trap!" she asked them grinning broadly.

Harry shook his head in negative while Lillian's eyes widened in dawning comprehension.

"Why the hell didn't I think of that!" she said slapping her forehead.

"Because you're dumb that's why," snapped Harry. "What am I missing here!" he shouted.

"The Chinese finger trap is a toy," began Hermione. "It's like a rubber cylinder open at both ends. You put two person's index fingers in each end and tell them to remove it but no matter how hard you pull, it just won't come off!"

"And to remove it you have to push your fingers in to widen the hole," said Harry in realization.

"I told you she'd be helpful," said Lillian smugly.

Harry ignored the jab. "Slip the ring on the finger with the depression in it on that statue," he said pointing at the correct one.

With baited breath Lillian slowly levitated the ring and slipped it into its place.

And again, like before, the ring began to glow red before the statue sank into the floor revealing a door behind it.

"Place your hand on that handprint," whispered Harry feeling a thrill of anticipation run through him.

Hermione caught Lillian's hand before she could go. "Maybe you shouldn't," she said fearfully.

Lillian gave her a reassuring look and stretched out her palm slowly towards the door.

Harry meanwhile had his wand ready if she got blasted back.

Harry held his breath when Lillian placed her hand in place. Lillian too had her eyes closed but all of them let out a heavy sigh when the door slowly creaked open.

"Well that was dramatic," said Lillian with a relieved laugh. "For a moment I thought the whole chamber would explode!"

"Well this only cements the fact that you're related to Slytherin," said Harry.

"But she's a Gryffindor!" protested Hermione.

Harry sighed. "Argue all you want but at the moment I'd like to enter that room!"

"Ladies first," he said politely to the two girls.

Lillian simply rolled her eyes. She lit her wand and entered the room. Hermione followed her, though she looked terrified at the thought.

There was a loud gasp from inside before Harry could enter.

"Look at all these books!" said Hermione in delight.

Excitedly Harry hurried forward but as soon as he took a step inside the room he was blown back with tremendous force.

He slammed into the wall at the other end making a few cracks in it and slid down half unconscious.

Hearing the noise Lillian and Hermione ran out and hurried to Harry's side.

"Are you alright Harry," came the concerned voice of Lillian.

"Wha~?" was the intelligent reply as Harry's eyes drooped.

Lillian slapped him hard getting him to open his eyes.

"What happened?"

"Got blasted back," mumbled Harry.

His senses were coming back to him and the first thing that registered was that his back and cheek hurt like hell.

Wincing he stood up and blinked twice trying to get his bearings right.

"Why did you get blown back?" questioned Hermione.

"I don't know," said Harry. "But I'm going to try again."

He cast a cushioning charm on the wall and strode towards the door and again, as soon as he tried to step in he was blown back.

Lillian and Hermione looked at him questioningly not really understanding what was going on.

Even Harry had no clue why he was being rejected from the room when Hermione had entered without a problem.

"This is unbelievable," he muttered.

"Why weren't you able to enter?" asked Hermione.

"I don't know!" snapped Harry angrily.

Lillian looked at him with an amused expression on her face. "So what now?" she asked him.

Harry sighed feeling his anger disappear. "Now you and Granger go in there and bring whatever's inside outside."

"Do we look like we're going to do your dirty work," she said annoyed.

"It's important," said Harry shortly.

Lillian looked like she wanted to argue but one look from Harry changed her mind.

She nodded and signaled Hermione to follow her.

"Why are we listening to him again?" Hermione asked Lillian.

Lillian just shrugged. "Let's just get the books out."

Both the girls entered the room which had a single torch bracket burning. It was enough to illuminate the entire room which was not very big.

There was a single shelf in a corner and a table, chair and a strange black bowl with some silvery substance in it.

"What's in there!" they heard Harry yell.

"Nothing much," called back Lillian. "About fifteen to twenty books on a shelf, a table, chair and some weird black bowl."

"It's a pensive," said Hermione in awe. "I've only read about them in books."

Harry's head jerked up when he heard that. There was a pensive in there which most likely held the memories of Salazar Slytherin!

"Okay, bring everything out!"

A minute later Hermione came out holding the bowl like it were a new born baby and Lillian was behind her levitating all the books in front of her.

The minute Harry laid eyes on the books his began to vibrate and a single word passed through his head.

"Evil."

This was the real thing, thought Harry. The few original copies of the dark arts books created by evil.

Harry took a step closer to the books and he could practically feel the foulness emitting from the books.

There was only one thing to do them.

"Put them down," he said softly to Lillian.

Lillian directed the books in front of him and put them down. Hermione put the pensive down carefully and ran towards the books looking excited but Harry caught her and pushed her away roughly before drawing his wand.

"Incendio!" said Harry clearly causing all the books to burst into flames.

"What are you doing!" shouted Hermione in horror while Lillian just looked on, shocked.

Hermione ran forward and was about to stop the flames when her wand shot of her hand and into Harry's.

"It's none of your concern," he said firmly.

"Those books could hold precious knowledge!" she shouted, distressed.

"Those books contain unimaginable dark magic," he said.

"You can't destroy them," said Hermione angrily.

Before Harry could reply, a stunning spell erupted from Lillian's wand and hit Hermione.

Harry raised his eyebrows at Lillian who just raised her eyebrow's at him and turned back to look and the books crumble and turn to ash..

"There's nothing else inside right?" he asked.

"Just an empty shelf and an empty table," she replied. "Are we done here?"

Harry nodded. All the books had been reduced to a pile of ashes. He took picked up the black pensive and told Lillian to bring Hermione along without waking her.

Lillian removed the ring from the statue which had risen back up and followed Harry out of the chamber.

"I have a theory as to why you couldn't enter the room," said Lillian suddenly as they walked back to the entrance.

"Hmmm?"

"Maybe Slytherin had something against your ancestors and prevented anyone of their blood from entering his private domain."

"That's an interesting theory," said Harry casually. Actually the same thought was running through Harry's mind as well. Him being unable to enter the room had only reinforced his theory that his family had some dark secret that they were hiding and it was the same secret which James Potter had refused to learn.

"Do you think it's possible?" asked Lillian snapping him out of his thoughts.

"If that's true then it might also mean that anyone except for me can wear that ring and enter that room."

Lillian's heart skipped a beat. "So it could mean I'm not his descendent."

"I guess so, maybe you should make Granger try it on once to make sure," replied Harry. "We're here," he added when they reached the entrance.

"How do we get up?"

"Stand next to me and keep Granger close to you," he said.

Once they were directly under the pipe Harry closed his eyes and concentrated.

Lillian's eyes widened when the ground around them began to crackle and form a thin layer of ice.

Suddenly the ice began to rise taking them along with it. To her it felt like a miniature earth quake in the which the ground she stood on was steadily rising. She half expected to hear a ting like an elevator when they reached the bathroom.

Lillian gave a sigh of relief. "I guess we can go back now."

"You might want to wake Hermione," said Harry grinning. "I don't think she's going to be pleased with what you did."

"You think!" she said sarcastically and drew her wand and pointed it at Hermione. "Ennervate!"

Hermione awoke groaning and Lillian helped her to her feet.

"What happened?" she asked groggily.

"Granger!" called out Harry suddenly.

"Wha~?"

"You were really helpful down there but I am sorry for this," he said, not sounding sorry at all.

And before either of the Gryffindor's could realize what was going to happen, Harry had drawn his wand and sent a memory charm her way.

Lillian was horrified. "WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT FOR!" she all but screamed.

"Secrets are not meant to be shared Lillian," he said firmly. "Granger will be fine. I just erased her memories of the chamber and meeting me and replaced them with her thinking she was consoling you."

Her anger disappeared as fast as it came and was replaced with confusion.

"Consoling me?"

"She thinks you've been crying in here," he said with a grin. He glanced at Hermione who was just beginning to be aware of her surroundings.

"I'll leave you to deal with her! Cheerio!" he said.

"No! Harry wait!" she cried desperately but Harry was gone.

"It's alright Mary, I'm here for you," said Hermione sympathetically.

"Huh?"

"Just let it all out and you'll feel a lot better," she said placing her hand on Lillian's shoulder.

Lillian felt like wringing Hermione's neck. "Oh shut up Hermione!" she snapped at the girl and walked out of the bathroom in a huff.

Confused Hermione hurried after the angry elemental. She couldn't understand why Lillian wouldn't talk to her.

"Mary wait!" shouted Hermione. "I just want to help!"

REVIEW!

Small chapter. Next one will be big.

Next chapter Harry's reaction to Voldemort's attack and a meeting with Dumbledore. Plus more info on his training with Penny.

A quick summary at the request of the readers.

. The story starts of with a brief scene showing a man whom we all know to be Nicolas Flamel working on a potion. An instrument alerts him about the presence of two new elementals in the world . and it is sort of his job to enlighten them about their powers and what they can do when the time is right.

. On the night of Voldemort's defeat Harry is left at the footsteps of the Dursley's residence after Albus Dumbledore puts a block on his magic and erects the most powerful wards in existence around the neighborhood. (Albus is NOT a bad person. Manipulative, yes. He placed a block on Harry knowing the child was powerful and could cause lot of problems around him due to accidental magic.)

. For the next five years Harry grows up being mistreated and bullied by Dudley and his gang.

. Harry keeps having dreams about magic and things that seem impossible but on his 6th birthday a more vivid dream changes everything.

. Dudley and his friends begin to beat up Harry and when Dudley is about to kick Harry in the face, Harry has a burst of accidental magic and blows Dudley. Harry is terrified and runs to the park and makes an effort to calm himself. It is then he realizes that blasting Dudley back may not have been an accident.

. Not knowing anything about magic Harry tries to use his power but does not have any success for more than a month much to his frustration and anger. In my story wand less magic is impossible but because of Harry's power and because he tried to channel his magic unknowingly at such a young age he finally succeeded in levitating a piece of paper for barely two seconds.

. It took Harry three long years to gain some sort of control over his powers and with that he decided to fight back and used his magic to threaten the Dursley's and had a relatively normal life until his Hogwarts letter arrived.

. Because of the newfound freedom Harry had, he becomes slightly arrogant and thinks nothing can harm him because of the power he has. Also due to the poor treatment he received at the hands of the

Dursley's, he becomes cold and distant and doesn't have any friends.

- . The only time Harry acted really childish was when he met McGonagall for the first time and was really excited about entering the wizarding world.

- . McGonagall also brings along Lillian Austin, a muggleborn witch along with Harry to Diagon alley. Harry and Lillian don't get along somewhat (lol). {NOTE: Lillian does NOT look like Lily Evans Potter (please don't compare the two!) and does NOT have red hair but black!}

- . On their visit to Ollivander's the holly and phoenix wand chooses Lillian to the wand maker's surprise and the Elder Wand chooses Harry. Here Dumbledore gives the elder wand to Ollivander because he was happier with his own wand.

- . Ollivander then explains both the wands histories to the two and after a demonstration of Harry's wandless ability he makes Lillian promise not to tell anyone about Harry's wand and his ability and warns Harry to keep it a secret. Lillian is awed by Harry's power though she keeps it to herself.

- . Harry boards the Hogwarts express on September 1st and meets Blaise Zabini who becomes a good friend of his.

- . On arriving at Hogwarts Harry is sorted into Slytherin and Lillian into Gryffindor.

- . Harry does not get into the Quidditch team after his first flying lesson.

- . He does not attend the Halloween feast feeling a deep sense of loss and wanders around the castle and bumps into Lillian. They sit and talk and Lillian says her mother died on Halloween too, the same day Harry defeated Voldemort (*HINT*HINT*). Then the troll attacks and is about to strike Harry with a death blow when his wand comes to his rescue and tell him to use a curse. Harry does so and then loses consciousness.

- . When Harry loses consciousness his mind is pulled into his magical core by his wand to talk to him. Here the wand explains the

true history behind the wand. But because of the block Dumbledore put on Harry, the wand, which has a core of its own, had to force its way through the block to help Harry. Because of that the spell which Dumbledore used on Harry being volatile in nature mixes with Voldemort's soul which is stuck in Harry and begin to spread slowly devouring Harry's magical core which would eventually result in his death.

. Later during Christmas Harry and Lillian have fight for which their punishment was to share a room until the end of the Christmas holidays. Dumbledore wanted them to learn to get along but obviously it didn't work.

. Lillian, Ron and Hermione figure out everything about the philosopher's stone and decided to stop Snape from stealing the stone. Lillian runs into Harry while Ron and Hermione are held up by Neville. Lillian convinces Harry to accompany her even though Harry is completely against it and wants to go to Snape's office first. Harry then meets Quirrell and Voldemort. Quirrell tries to kill Harry but is burned to ash when he touches Harry.

. Slytherin win the house cup and thus ends Harry's first year in Hogwarts.

. During the summer before the start of his second year Dobby comes to prevent Harry from going to Hogwarts. At that time Harry was desperately looking for a way to remove the block on his magic which was killing him and sudden inspiration struck him after reading a book on the legend of elves and he asked Dobby if he could remove the block on his magic. Incredibly Dobby says yes and removes the block placed on him along with the piece of Voldemort's soul in him no longer making him a horcrux. Because of the time Voldemort's soul was present in Harry, some of its powers were absorbed by Harry's magic thus giving him the ability to speak to snakes. Also his ruthlessness can also be blamed on Voldemort's soul E.g.: when he attacked the Dursleys.

. Harry goes to Gringotts and finds out about his family vaults after innocently inquiring about his bank balance. The goblins do not treat him like royalty but like any other customer. Harry visits vaults and later has a short meeting with the Weasleys and Lillian.

. Ginny is sorted to Slytherin much to the shock of the Weasley's and pretty much the entire school.

. Harry tries out for the Quidditch team and becomes the new seeker. He shows Blaise his water ability and Blaise enlightens him about elementals and Harry finally finds out what he is.

. During the dueling club Harry is paired with Lillian and they fight. The duel is easily won by Harry but then it turns out Lillian is a fire elemental and she loses control. Harry is forced to use his element to push her back and after a great effort, he manages to subdue her flames.

. Lillian and Ron use polyjuice to enter the Slytherin common room and find out Harry is a Parselmouth. Even more shockingly it turns out Lillian is one too! (Cliché isn't it!) It is not revealed how Lillian can speak the snake language.

. Harry is taken to Dumbledore's office after Fred and George are petrified instead of Justin. Dumbledore tells Harry he does not think he is the heir but wants to talk to him because he found a book belonging to Harry filled with dark curses. Harry and Dumbledore have a long chat which makes Harry lose his temper and almost lose control of his element.

. After Harry's detention with Lockhart, the defense teacher is escorting Harry back to the common room when they encounter a possessed Ginny Weasley. She kills Lockhart and then duels Harry who after using his element to kill the basilisk destroys the diary and gets badly wounded in the process.

. When Ginny/Tom uses the killing curse the headmaster is alerted and is ready to go and investigate but Fawkes for some particular reason stops the headmaster and tells him to wait. (Hmmm.... Wonder why?)

. Back at the Dursley's place Marge makes Harry lose his cool and he attacks them viciously. Petunia in fear shoots Harry in the shoulder. He escapes and barely makes it to the playground before losing consciousness. Sirius finds him and takes him to Grimmauld Place.

. Harry awakens and is ready to kill Sirius but he restrains himself and lets Sirius tell his side of the story. After much pleading on Sirius's part Harry finally believes him.

. On the Hogwarts express when the dementors come aboard, they barely affect Harry. He doesn't feel cold like the rest and he does not pass out. But he does hear a woman screaming from afar. The dementors do not affect Harry because being the master of the elder wand, the wand places a barrier around Harry's mind (The shields are not very powerful but they are enough to prevent a gentle probe).

. Harry enters the chamber of secrets and finds a hidden room but is unable to enter it for some reason.

. After charms class Harry stops Lillian and wants to talk to her. Unfortunately Hermione who was running to catch up with Ron and Lillian while putting her time turner in was tripped by Draco and the time turner breaks at Harry and Lillian's feet sprinkling them with time dust. Harry, not knowing what it was uses a cleaning spell and suddenly everything changes. They are transported to an alternate universe.

. They end up in the original Harry Potter world.

. Because they left their world things begin to change. Peter Pettigrew leaves Hogwarts when he hears about Harry's disappearance and Lucius Malfoy also decides it's time to look for his lord and bring him back to power.

. Harry finds out the Mona Lisa is intact in the world he is in and decides to steal it with the help of Sirius. They manage to do so and after examining it they use Harry's blood and a silver stone emerges from it which is a portkey to the Potter's ancestral home.

. Lillian finds out her element is acting unstable because she is hitting puberty.

. Dumbledore in Harry's world finds out a way to bring Harry back and sends a letter through the dimension portal as a test, but because of the unpredictability of the portal, the letter ends up with the other Dumbledore a year before Harry and Lillian end up there which means he all along knew how to send the two back but chose not to for reasons of his own.

. Voldemort is resurrected using an ancient dark ritual sacrificing Barty Crouch's soul and takes over his body and two weeks later Sirius Black is interrogated under the influence of veritaserum and is declared innocent.

. Dumbledore sends Harry and Lillian through the portal and they come back to their own world at the same time they left.

. The Flamel's take care of them and train them for as long as they were stuck in the other world and then send them back to Hogwarts.

. At the end of their training Harry and Lillian have a duel in which Harry holds back considerably to test Lillian's capabilities. He underestimates her and gets wounded before using runic magic to trap her and stun her. He does not use his full power because he doesn't want to reveal what he has learnt with Perenelle Flamel.

This is a summary of what has happened up till chapter 33.

If anyone feels they want to make some changes to this summary and make it better, they can PM me their version of the summary or post it on the review board and I'll make the changes if it's good.

Also sorry about my absence, 70% of the next chapter had been completed two months ago but the next 30% I just haven't been able to write. But now it's almost complete and the new chapter should be up in a week.

Cheers Raul.

Chapter 35 - Harry and Albus

Harry Potter walked silently in the dark corridors making his way to his very secret room with a satisfied smile on his face.

He didn't feel an ounce of guilt for modifying Hermione's memory at all. In his mind she rather deserved it for being too nosy. Added to that he didn't want anyone knowing where the chamber of secrets was and most importantly he didn't trust her big mouth to stay shut for long.

His heart was thumping hard and fast because of the excitement and thrill he felt holding Salazar Slytherin's pensive and getting the chance to see what the founders were like and finding out whether history was right or wrong about the history of Salazar Slytherin.

"It's been a while Harry darling!" came the sweet and melodious sound of Ariel the stone mermaid which concealed his room.

Harry just rolled his eyes and kissed her. He no longer felt embarrassed doing that.

Giggling the mermaid jumped aside and Harry entered the room.

He placed the black pensive on his table and sat on his bed feeling very drained all of a sudden. He wanted to just lie down and sleep but the excitement of viewing Slytherin's memories kept him awake.

A hoot alerted him of Hedwig's presence at the edge of the bed with a letter tied to her foot. One glance at the elegant handwriting and Harry knew it was from Sirius.

He removed the letter while giving the owl an affectionate pat and put it aside. He'd read it later.

But first things first.

From what he remembered about pensive one had to touch the surface of the liquid memories to view them. Feeling the excitement begin to bubble inside him, Harry moved to his table and slowly stretched his fingers into the pensive until it touched the memories.

But nothing happened. Ripples emerged from the place he put finger in and nothing else.

Frowning Harry tried again but there was no change.

"Don't tell me I can't even enter his pensive!" he said with a groan and his excitement turned to disappointment and frustration.

"Damn it all to hell!" he shouted in anger. Cursing under his breath Harry headed to his book shelf looking for the book in which he had read about how a pensive works.

"Ah-ha! Here it is," he said. "Forbidden and Forgotten Runes."

He pulled out the small tome and skipped to the section regarding penses.

"Making a pensive requires great care and skill. It takes a little over three years to make one and... blah, blah, blah," muttered Harry as he scrolled down the page looking for something to help him. "Wizards with great skill can sometimes embed their own characteristics into the pensive allowing only a descendent of same blood to enter. Such pensive's cannot be accessed by any other person unless given a key word by the creator of the pensive."

Harry stared at that paragraph with complete defeat in his eyes.

He just couldn't believe it. It was simply too much to handle. After having to go through so much trouble to get Lillian to the chamber, then having to put up with Hermione, then being unable to enter Slytherin's private room and now not being able to view those memories!

Words couldn't describe what Harry was feeling right now.

Sighing he summoned the compass Nicolas had given him to see if the reading had reduced but to his dismay it had increased by five percent. Wasn't burning those books supposed to reduce the reading!

Harry slowly backed away from his desk and sank his head into his pillow and closed his eyes.

"Please let tomorrow be a better day," he thought before drifting to sleep.

Unfortunately the next day was going to be another trying day too for it was going to bring news of Voldemort's latest devastating attack.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

It was half past eight when Harry's eyes finally opened from a blissful sleep. Yawning, he dragged his body out of bed before his eyes spotted the time on his watch.

"Aww, damn!" he cursed loudly.

It was almost nine by the time he was ready and he ran out of the room and sprinted all the way down to the great hall. Usually when he slept in his private room he always made sure to be back in the common room before six in the morning to avoid suspicion.

Unfortunately yesterday's events had left him quite exhausted and now he was going to receive a lot of questions from a lot of inquisitive idiots. Hopefully Blaise would have covered up for him.

So when Harry reached the great hall he was surprised that no one at the Slytherin table bothered to even glance his way.

Taking a moment to catch his breath he slowly headed to where Blaise was seated and on his way he noticed the entire school was down and all of them had their noses buried in the daily prophet and those who didn't were glaring at the Slytherin table.

He also noticed that some of the Slytherin's had gleeful looks on their faces and Malfoy was exceptionally happy.

The entire staff was gathered too and Harry realized that something bad must have happened and he knew it had to do with the sudden increase in the reading of his compass.

"Did you see this Harry?" asked Blaise when Harry took a seat next to him.

"See what?" asked Harry apprehensively.

"The dark lord attacked muggle London last night," he said. "More than 400 people are said to have been killed."

"What!" gasped Harry.

"Yeah," said Blaise solemnly. "But that's not all. Muggles were able to record the whole incident and the whole country and world was able to see what happened."

"He attacked in broad daylight risking the exposure of our world!"

"The Prophet says that was the idea of the attack. All the magical ministries all over the world have been working overtime to modify god only knows how many peoples memories and the muggle government is saying that it was a fake video tape... whatever that means."

Harry was horrified at the thought of the exposure of their world to muggles. A little voice at the back of his mind was saying he should be horrified at the loss of life too.

"What are the muggles going to do now?" asked Harry.

Blaise shrugged. "I guess the Minister Bones might have convinced the Prime minister not to declare war on us. But another attack on them and they will be well within their rights to retaliate."

"Retaliate without a fixed target?" said Harry with raised eyebrows.

"That's why it's so scary," said Nott suddenly in his soft yet bitter voice. "They could attack anywhere at any time without any thought to whether the person is innocent or not. They will be looking to spill blood. That's all."

"So we're going to be stuck in two wars soon," said Harry with a snort.

"Looks like it," said Nott.

Harry looked towards Malfoy and was disgusted to see him laughing with Flint and most of the other Slytherin's while reading the article.

Tearing his eyes away from them Harry stood up. "Let's get to class," he said motioning the other two to join him.

But in class Harry could not concentrate.

He could not help but wonder if he should have done something to stop the dark lord. It was his responsibility wasn't it? But how could he have known of the attack. And even if he did could he have stopped Voldemort? Was he strong enough to take on the dark lord? Sure he had his elemental power to back him up but Voldemort had decades of experience and dark magic to back him up.

So if there was nothing he could have done then why did he feel there was a bottomless pit of regret in him?

"Mr. Potter!"

The voice was like a crack of a whip in the dark to Harry and he was jerked out of his thought process.

"Yes, Professor Lupin?"

"Can you please enlighten the class about what we were just discussing?" Lupin asked sternly.

"No sir," replied Harry.

Lupin was thrown off guard by the reply but managed to compose himself. "What do you mean no Mr. Potter?"

"I was day dreaming," said Harry causing the Slytherin's to start laughing.

Lupin frowned in disapproval. "Ten points from Slytherin and detention with me tonight at 9 'o' clock."

By the end of the last class which was transfiguration, Harry had three detentions and had lost over fifty points for his house.

He simply couldn't bring his mind to not think about Voldemort. He had even thought about taking the fight to Voldemort by finding his base and attacking him. He was confident that he could take

everyone out with his element but he also knew it was too rash a plan and anything could go wrong so it was dismissed immediately.

And now he was on his way to the great hall when he was ambushed by three students whom he really didn't want to meet.

Ronald Weasley, Dean Thomas and Seamus Finnegan.

All three just stood there watching him seriously. Harry didn't know what they wanted and nor did he care. He just wanted to go out of the castle and bring his mind to rest.

Keen to get away from them he tried walking past them but they blocked his path.

Harry narrowed his eyes in annoyance. "What do you three want?"

Naturally Ronald was the one who spoke up. "We want to know where your allegiances lie."

Harry was startled by the question.

"Excuse me?" he asked incredulously.

"You are the boy who lived. When we read about you know who's attack, we couldn't help but think who is going to stop him," said Dean.

"And yours was the first name that came into our minds," said Seamus.

"But you're in the house of snakes and we all know that almost everyone in that house supports you know who. But you could be different because you're the boy who lived," said Ronald. "So we need to know if you're with us or against us."

Of all the things to come out from Ronald Weasley's mouth, this was the last thing he expected. He felt terribly amused but resisted the urge to laugh at them. He respected the fact that they actually came to talk to him despite their hatred for him and his house.

"Would you ask me the same question if I weren't the bloody boy who lived?" Harry asked them in return.

He was replied with a strong 'no' from all three of them.

"I thought not. I will not answer your question unless you treat the Slytherin's with respect and not hatred," he said. "Not everyone from the Slytherin house is a dark wizard."

"They are," spat Ronald. "And so are you if you don't tell us whom you're siding with."

Anger bubbled inside Harry listening to the red heads dim, narrow minded thought process.

"I am against you, Ronald Weasley, that's for sure. So get out of my way before I make you," hissed Harry losing his patience. He had enough on his mind as it is.

All three Gryffindor's took a step back in fear.

"Move," growled Harry drawing his wand.

"No," said Ron, trying to be brave. "If you're going to side with he who must not be named then we have to stop you!"

Ron drew his wand but Harry had, had enough. Making it look like he was using his wand, he wandlessly pushed them away from him and summoned Weasley's wand to him.

"Please don't piss me of," said Harry irritably. "Your pathetic attempts to intimidate me do not work and stop acting like you're the epitome of goodness in this world."

Sighing, he threw Ronald's wand at his feet.

The Gryffindor's glared at Harry but made no attempt to curse him.

"You should remember that Voldemort killed my family.

Would you follow someone who killed your parents?" he asked them. "Stop trying to be cool and start using that puny brain of yours," he said and swiftly walked away.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Harry's mind was finally at ease. He was sitting under one of the huge banyan tree near the lake watching the other students running and laughing wearing thick clothing to protect them from the chill of December.

Occasionally a few of them would glance weirdly at him wondering how could he just sit there wearing a shirt and pants but Harry didn't care.

Weather like this was heaven for an elemental like him.

He was enjoying the atmosphere when he sensed someone sit down next to him.

"Hi Freckles."

"How many times must I ask you not to call me that," said Lillian exasperatedly.

Harry looked at her and started laughing.

"What's so funny!"

"I can barely see your face under all that clothing."

Lillian rolled her eyes. "Well unlike you, I hate this season and I'm doing whatever I can to make myself warm."

"Why not stay near the fireplace all day?"

"I needed some fresh air," she replied.

"You mean your fellow Gryffindor's have been annoying the crap out of you," he said with a grin.

"You got that right," she muttered. "Hermione seems to be watching my every move like a hawk. She has good intentions but they're a pain in my arse. The rest of the house thinks my friendship with you is unhealthy and apparently you're using me for nefarious purposes!"

Harry snorted.

"And I haven't forgiven you for obliviating Hermione either," she added.

"Like I care," drawled Harry. "She deserved what she got for snooping around."

"She did turn out to be helpful you know," said Lillian lightly defending Hermione's actions.

"Yeah, yeah whatever," said Harry. "I didn't want anyone to know about the chamber. I was even planning on obliviating you too, you know."

Lillian's mouth dropped open in shock. "You wouldn't have!"

"But I changed my mind," said Harry grinning.

"Potter," she said pointing her finger at him in anger, but the effect was lost as she couldn't bend her fingers as they were covered in three layers of thick woolen gloves. "Have you ever wiped my memory!"

Harry pretended to think hard. "If I have I don't remember it."

Lillian huffed. "You're a dick you know that?"

"I do," said Harry solemnly.

"God! It's useless to insult you too!"

Harry started laughing. "Man Freckles, you're just too easy to wind up!"

"Laugh it up you dork," she said grumbling.

Both elementals just sat there looking over the lake.

"I suppose you read the daily prophet today," said Lillian suddenly.

"Blaise told me about it," replied Harry darkly.

"But did you read it?"

"I didn't want to."

"According to the prophet Voldemort was controlling darkness and used it to destroy the bridge and killing everyone around him," she said quietly.

Harry knew what she meant.

"Has the reading increased?"

"Yes," said Harry softly.

"So what are we going to do about it?" she asked him.

Harry sighed and stood up and looked her with an unreadable expression on his face. "I don't know," he whispered.

"I'll see you around Freckles," he said and turned back to the castle. It was seven and Filch and his ever faithful cat, Mrs. Norris would be coming to shoo everyone back to their common rooms.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

After Harry left the grounds he didn't go back to the common room but was wandering around the castle.

It seemed every time he was in a closed place his mind would repeatedly slither back to Voldemort and right now he was wondering what would happen if Voldemort continued using such magic.

If that was the case than he knew that it wouldn't be long before true evil was unleashed upon the world and he honestly wondered if he could actually fight that kind of a monster.

It took three wizards high on power to bring it down and Harry had the potential to reach to the strength of just one of them so statistically he didn't stand a chance.

But the main question that was running through his head was that could he best Voldemort in a one on one fight.

That thought kept running through his head constantly and when passed by the gargoyles guarding the headmaster's office the answer struck him like a bolt of lightning.

He needed help.

But could he bring himself to ignore his past confrontations with Dumbledore and actually talk to him? Tell him the truth about his wand and about what was about to be unleashed on the world?

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He had to. He might not be in a position to be able to do much but Dumbledore sure was. But in exchange the headmaster was the one he was going to duel to find out where he stood.

The fog that had been shielding his mind for the entire day suddenly lifted and Harry turned towards the gargoyles with a light smile on his face.

"I wish to meet headmaster Dumbledore," he told the gargoyles politely.

There was no visible moment on the gargoyles but Harry could feel the magic shift in them.

A moment or two later the gargoyles jumped aside and Harry strode in stepping on the revolving staircase that led to Dumbledore's office.

"Come in Harry," said Dumbledore before Harry could knock on the ancient door.

Shaking his head in amusement Harry entered the office.

"Ah welcome Harry," said Dumbledore. "Please do take a seat."

Harry obliged.

"May I ask what brings you to my office?"

Harry confidence faltered for a moment as he wondered how he should begin.

"Is there something you want to tell me Harry?"

"Yes sir, there is. But I'm just wondering where to start," said Harry.

"The beginning is usually the best," said Dumbledore with a smile.

Harry rolled his eyes. "In this case there are a lot of places to start from," he muttered. "Professor about Voldemort's attack," he began.

The smile faded from the aged headmasters face. "A terrible tragedy," he said softly.

"Is there any truth to what the prophet is saying about him using a strange power?"

Dumbledore sighed. "I'm afraid it is and I do not know how he obtained it, it has all of us stumped."

"I think I might know," said Harry.

Dumbledore frowned. "What do you mean?"

Harry summoned his wand and placed it on the table.

"It has almost everything to do with this," he said seriously.

The headmasters white eyebrows shot up. "I don't understand."

"Do you remember the day we almost cursed each other?"

"How could I forget," said Dumbledore lightly.

"The deathly hallows are nothing but a story Professor," said Harry making Dumbledore's eyes go wide. "The true story is a bit different from the one everyone else has heard."

"Do explain more clearly Harry."

"They are hallows are real sir, but they do not make you the master of death and they aren't gifts from death either."

"Then what are they?" asked Dumbledore confused.

Harry took a deep breath. "They are gifts given by evil when the three brothers defeated it."

"Gifts from evil?" said Dumbledore disbelievingly.

Harry grinned warily, "I guess it does sound really lame but it's the truth. My wand told me."

"Your wand told you? Harry you're not playing games with me are you?"

Harry shook his head and continued.

"This is not a normal wand. It's a very special wand which evil was forced to give to the eldest brother as a gift for sparing its life. The second brother was given the resurrection stone and the third the cloak of invisibility.

These were the things which evil gave them in exchange for its life. Because of their greed for power they let live a creature which would one day come back to power and destroy the world as we know it."

"My wand says the brothers represented the good in the world and that creature represented evil. But I think it was just a fight for survival which the creature truly won. The brothers are dead and the creature will soon be back in this world."

"Harry," interrupted Dumbledore. "Please slow down and tell the purpose of you telling me this fascinating story."

"Purpose!" said Harry fiercely. "The purpose of me telling you this fascinating story is that Voldemort is a vessel for this creature. The power he used to destroy the bridge was not his but of that creature! The more he uses dark magic the more aware the creature becomes!"

"The more aware the creature becomes!"

Harry groaned in annoyance. "How do you think dark arts came into existence?" he snapped.

Dumbledore opened his mouth to say something but Harry stopped him.

"That creature is the dark arts! I don't fully understand how it works but to get its powers back it created the dark arts. Normal magic comes from your magical core but the dark arts are something that you summon from a different dimension!"

"Different dimension?" said Dumbledore frowning as he tried to make sense of what Harry was saying. And then realization struck him like a sledge hammer being slammed into the side of his head.

"You mean that using dark arts fuels this creature and when a certain point is reached it will use a vessel to come back into this world!"

"Yes!" said Harry pleased that Dumbledore finally understood.

"But how!" wondered Dumbledore aloud. "Where does all the power come from if the creature was left powerless!"

"After the creature was defeated it sought a way to restore itself but could find none," said Harry leaning forward. "Out of all three brothers the youngest was the only one who realized what a terrible mistake they had made and tried to correct said mistake by finishing the creature off."

"But he couldn't," said Dumbledore finally connecting all the pieces.

"Exactly! The creature even though stripped of all this powers after his duel with the brothers did have a few abilities left. It began possessing humans and began corrupting their souls in order to fuel himself. But it wasn't enough, the process was too slow and it was never enough to sustain him."

"Corrupting their souls and then consuming it like a Dementor, a dark creature," said Dumbledore thoughtfully.

"Not exactly," said Harry, though he did wonder at the back of his mind if Dementors were another creation of evil. "It was able to use access its magical core by taking control of another wizard's core and that gave it a terrifying idea."

Harry took a deep breath and looked into Dumbledore's eyes.

"It decided to sacrifice its consciousness to create his brand of magic," he said. "Do you understand what it did?"

"Sacrificed its consciousness to create dark arts," muttered Dumbledore thinking deeply. "And he had the power to take control of another magical person's core to fuel his own..."

Dumbledore gasped suddenly, "That means the dark arts are merely a form of his soul! A person who uses the dark arts fuels his core and loses his own."

"And when its core is fueled enough it will regain consciousness and re-emerge through a vessel," added Harry grimly.

"And that vessel is Voldemort," said Dumbledore slowly.

"Yes. Because of the extent to which he has immersed himself into the dark arts, he has begun to tap into the creature's core itself. The more he uses its magic, the faster it becomes conscious."

Dumbledore intertwined his fingers and leveled his gaze at Harry's wand.

"So this means that the deathly hallows was just a story to cover up this truth," he said, his voice filled with disappointment.

"It was a story made up by the youngest brother to keep the truth alive but hidden," said Harry with a shrug.

"But why did the wand choose you Harry?" asked Dumbledore quietly. Was this the power the dark lord knows not he wondered at the back of his mind.

"The wand would only choose someone with a greater potential than the first brother and no one else," he said lightly feeling a bit proud of himself. "And the one with the wand is the only one who has the

slightest chance of defeating the creature," he added with a wry smile.

Dumbledore looked at Harry with his eyes full of pity.

"This is not a burden someone as young as you should bear Harry," he murmured.

Before Harry would have gotten irritated if Dumbledore or anyone else had said that or even shown pity on him. But now he didn't care. He had accepted his fate and often called it destiny to make himself feel better.

"Too late for that," muttered Harry. "So do you now understand sir?"

"I have understood what the dark arts truly are and what will happen if Voldemort continues to use dark magic. But there's one thing I don't understand," he said.

"What's that sir?"

"What do you want in return for giving me all this ahh.. information," he said with a smile.

Harry laughed. "You saw right through me headmaster," he admitted. "The real reason I came here is because I want to test myself against someone who has stood firm against Voldemort."

Dumbledore raised his eyebrows. "You wish to duel me?" he asked with mild amusement.

"Whom else can I ask without them thinking I'm crazy?"

Dumbledore shook his head warily. "Harry," he began. "I don't think you should be worrying about dueling Voldemort now."

Expecting this sort of thing from Dumbledore Harry dug his hand into his pocket and removed the compass and placed it in front of Dumbledore.

"What this?" he asked curiously.

"It's a compass measuring how conscious the creature is," said Harry. "Currently it rests at thirty seven percent."

Dumbledore didn't say anything so Harry continued.

"When it reaches one hundred percent all hell will break loose on this world," he said.

"So that means we have enough time to stop it from happening," said Dumbledore.

Harry shook his head in negative. "Yesterday, before Voldemort attacked it was sitting pretty at twenty percent. And before he came back to power it was just seven percent."

Again Dumbledore didn't visibly react but this time Harry knew the man was slightly shook up.

"Do the math sir. If things continue the way they are, it will be little over a year and a half before the compass reaches its peak. And I need to be ready to fight if I have to survive and win this war sir."

"Not just you," murmured Dumbledore. "Every witch and wizard capable of holding a wand will have to be ready to fight for their lives."

Harry nodded solemnly.

Dumbledore stood up abruptly startling Harry.

"Sir?"

"We don't have a lot of time Mr. Potter," chided Dumbledore smiling, "Let's see how well you can handle a wand."

"Now!"

Dumbledore frowned. "When else did you expect?" he said, his eyes twinkling.

Harry just shook his head and blinked his eyes and then stood up.

"Good," said Dumbledore and beckoned Harry to a door hidden behind his bookshelf.

Harry's eyebrows shot up on entering the room. It was a massive dome shaped room whose purpose which Harry could easily guess, was to duel.

Dumbledore walked to the other end of the room and faced Harry who had his wand in hand looking determined.

"Any rules professor?" asked Harry.

"Yes," said Dumbledore. "I don't want you to hide your abilities. If you want to be able to duel with Voldemort you will have to refine every last weapon in your arsenal."

"I wasn't planning on hiding any," replied Harry.

"Good. Then let us begin," he said and drew his wand. "In three, two, one!"

When Dumbledore began his countdown Harry had already begun to gather magic at his feet and when he heard the one, he flashed behind Dumbledore with his wand glowing red in readiness for a stunning spell.

So Harry was very very surprised when he found himself being yanked back like someone had just pulled on his shirt and then being spun like a top while having his body completely bound in tight ropes and then being strung upside down from the ceiling.

Upside down and still rotating slowly he looked into the smiling face of Albus Dumbledore.

"How did you know?" said Harry. Blood was rushing to his head making him a little dizzy.

"Experience," said Dumbledore, "Even though I didn't know where you disappeared too my body reacted on its own."

Harry grimaced. "You think Voldemort would have reacted in the same way?" he asked while planning a counter attack in his mind. There was no way he was going down so easy.

"Definitely," said Dumbledore, "But he would most certainly underestimate you in a one on one battle."

"As are you," said Harry summoning his element and freezing the ropes and breaking through them with ease.

Flipping in the air Harry landed gracefully on his feet and let loose a powerful cutting curse at Dumbledore's wand arm.

The curse was swatted aside and Dumbledore jumped back with a strange gleam in his eyes.

"A curse that powerful without wand moment and silently cast to boot. It seems that you've been practicing real hard."

"Thank you," said Harry with a tilt of his head and slashed his wand in a downward motion sending a pink colored curse at Dumbledore who in turn conjured a brick wall which crumbled to ash on contact with the curse.

Harry's heart started beating faster knowing the real duel was going to begin soon as professor and student began to circle each other.

"Decollous!" shouted Harry suddenly, firing the decapitation hex at the headmaster while simultaneously summoning his element and freezing the entire length of the floor.

Harry did not let up in his assault. Just as Dumbledore avoided his hex, he raised ice spikes from the bottom in an attempt to stab the headmaster.

But in the blink of an eye, the spikes were transfigured into cloth. "No letting up," thought Harry and began to constantly bombard Dumbledore with all sorts of objects made from ice and each one was either transfigured into something mundane or deflected away.

"Either he's seeing everything in slow motion or he's really fast!" thought Harry.

There was another pause in the duel Dumbledore managed to dispel all of Harry's attacks.

"Your spells are powerful Harry, but you're still holding back," said Dumbledore.

"Maybe it's because you refuse to return fire."

"I'll return fire if you manage to get a hit on me," replied Dumbledore. "But the way things are going, I doubt you'll be able to come within 5 feet of me."

Harry's irritation spiked at hearing that. Sure he had never beaten Penny in a duel but he sure had made her work hard to beat him at times and he was going to show the old man what he was made off.

"Confringo!" yelled Harry and began running towards Dumbledore.

"Confringo, confringo, confringo!" yelled in succession as Dumbledore deflected the curses. But that was just a distraction.

As Harry closed the gap between the two, he suddenly raised his left hand and blasted a powerful jet of ice cold water at the headmaster.

Dumbledore barely managed to raise a shield against the elemental attack and he grunted when it impacted his shield. The jet of water suddenly split into two and moved around the shield and slammed into Dumbledore from behind.

Gasping Dumbledore was thrown forward and he quickly rolled out of the way to avoid the jet. But Harry was not going to let that happen!

He was going to show Dumbledore the mistake of thinking he could take on an elemental without attacking.

The water further split into four jets and rushed at the professor who stood up swiftly and conjured five thick wooden boards and surrounded himself with them to fend off the water jet attacks.

Harry smirked as Dumbledore didn't notice the water pooling beneath his legs and just as fast as the water was released by Harry, it was converted into ice and easily pierced through the wood trapping Dumbledore in a cage of ice, with his feet stuck to the ground.

To ensure that the headmaster didn't blast the ice cage out of existence or transfigure it, Harry had tiny sharp needles made of ice grow out the ice columns trapping Dumbledore and had them stop just a centimeter away from the headmaster's body ensuring that if he tried to move, it would be a very painful result.

To top it all off, everything happened in less than 15 seconds.

Dumbledore was about to flick his wand but Harry spotted the moment and had one of his needles prick the professor's hand drawing blood and making the professor drop his wand.

Smiling victoriously Harry walked towards the headmaster.

"Why do you not take me seriously headmaster?" asked Harry mockingly.

Dumbledore shook his head sadly. "It is you who is not talking to me seriously."

Harry narrowed his eyes, "I don't think you understand the situation you are in professor."

To Harry's surprise Dumbledore chuckled. "Ah there's that Slytherin arrogance," he said shaking his head.

"Stupefy," muttered Harry, but to his shock the curse just passed through Dumbledore and the man faded away into nothingness.

"You still haven't touched me yet Harry," said Dumbledore softly from behind Harry.

Eyes wide, Harry turned sharply letting loose a cutting curse but like before the curse passed through Dumbledore and the professor faded away.

"Illusions?" muttered Harry questioningly.

"Not quite," said Dumbledore, this time standing a few feet away from Harry.

"But you I never saw you cast the spell on yourself," said Harry as his eyes darted around trying to spot the real Dumbledore. "And it takes several wand moments and time to cast such a spell."

"I didn't cast it on myself but I did cast a hallucination hex on you when I tied you up. I'm not that stupid that I would take on an elemental such as you without protecting myself," he said giving a smile which infuriated Harry.

"And you said you wouldn't return fire," Harry said scathingly.

"And you believed me," shot back Dumbledore.

Harry closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"Closing your eyes in a duel Harry?" said Dumbledore sounding amused. "Not a good..."

His voice was drowned in a sudden blast of hail and water which erupted from Harry which went flying in all directions.

Hallucinations or not, the real Dumbledore was forced to raise a shield against the hail storm which Harry had summoned.

FLASHBACK

It was another training session and another day filled with pain and bruises for Harry.

He was blindfolded and was constantly being pelted by rocks and Penny expected him to dodge said stones without being able to see them!

"This is pointless," said Harry tiredly.

"No its not," replied Penny, "You just have to concentrate on the feeling! How do you feel when lift that stone with your magic?"

"I feel it rushing through my blood to do as commanded."

"Now tell your magic to spread! Try to feel your magic touch the rock and determine its location for you!"

"I can always feel my magic lifting objects with my eyes open! I need to have eye contact with an object to be able to move it!" said Harry in frustration.

"Why are you limiting yourself Harry," snapped Perenelle. "First of all, you can do what no wizard or witch could ever do and now you're saying that you don't have the capacity to evolve this ability? I hear a loser talking boy."

"I like to see you try it then!" yelled Harry in anger.

"Unfortunately I can't," hissed Perenelle. "I'm going to push you harder and harder until you do what I want to see!"

Helplessness filled Harry. "I can't do this!" he said desperately, not wanting to undergo another round of pain.

"Too late," said Perenelle grimly and she flicked her wand blindfolding Harry again.

Another flick of her wand and a dozen small and sharp stones lifted of the ground.

"I have told you what I want Harry. It's up to you to come up with a solution, but until then we're going to keep doing this until we reach a point where you don't even have the strength to blink."

Penny felt terrible doing this but she had to be cruel to Harry if he had any hope of surviving the coming war.

And so the gruesome training continued. Harry was constantly pelted with stones as he tried to use his magic to detect them coming at him.

He could feel the magic brimming with power inside him but he just could not get it to form a proximity ward of sorts around him like Penny wanted! Also it wasn't like he wasn't trying to do it. Sure he was trying real hard but it just wasn't happening!

Slowly time passed by and blood kept dripping out of Harry's body as each stone Perenelle sent at him cut threw his skin or left painful bruises.

8 hours later Perenelle stopped. Harry had collapsed and wasn't moving.

"Are you alive?" asked Penny kicking him lightly while munching on a cheese burger.

"Please stop," came a broken whisper.

"Oh! You can still talk?"

"I can't do this anymore."

"You know something Harry?" said Penny, finishing up her cheese burger. "I've found that in magical beings, when the body is pushed to the brink of death, their magic does anything in its power to save it from death. And if the wizard or witch in question has great power, then their magic somewhat responds to their... hmm how to put it? their dying command!"

Harry pushed his body up and looked at her with horror in his eyes.

"You're there, but not quite," were the words he heard before a spear was thrust through his left shoulder pinning him to the ground.

The pain was unimaginable.

And then the spear was yanked out and Harry screamed.

Penny grabbed Harry and dragged him to his feet. "IF YOU WANT IT STOP THEN STOP IT!" she shouted and put the blindfold back on and pushed Harry away.

The spear was thrust into his body again but this time an inch away from the first hole punched in his body.

Another scream tore through Harry's mouth as he backed away desperate to escape.

The spear pierced him again in the same place and his shoulder was literally hanging from his body.

"Please stop just stop it," pleaded Harry in his mind, blind to the world. "Please stop, please stop, please stop," he kept chanting in his mind between the pain and the tears.

"Please stop," he said out loud sobbing and fell on to his knees.

It was only then he realized that Perenelle had indeed stopped. His breath coming in short gasps he used his left hand to remove the blindfold looked up.

It was raining hard and through a haze of pain he saw Penny standing a few feet away looking at him strangely.

"Let me in Harry," she said gently but her voice seemed very far away to him.

"Whaa..?" he croaked out.

"Go to sleep Harry, everything's going to be fine," she whispered.

END FLASHBACK

Smiling Harry began to spread his magic around the room and detected Dumbledore holding up a shield at the far end of the room.

He directed the hail to focus majority of its force a little distance away from Dumbledore tricking the headmaster into lowering the power he was putting into his shield and Harry at that exact moment had a huge block of ice slam into the shield shattering it and directed another small ice shard pierce the headmaster's hand.

Dumbledore was shocked! Not only had Harry found him but he had also managed to hurt him!

"I got you Professor," said Harry panting.

Dumbledore looked at his hand and then back at Harry with a frown on his face. He then looked around the room and saw the damage done to the room which was slowly repairing itself.

The floor was filled with water which reached up to his knee which was saying something considering the size of the room and also there were miniature icebergs floating in them!

"You could have just given me a tiny cut instead of sticking a needle in my hand," said Dumbledore finally.

Harry grinned. "It feels good to have drawn blood from you."

Dumbledore noted that Harry still had his wand at the ready. "You can put your wand away, the duel is over."

"You said that if I drew blood you'd fight back!"

Dumbledore smiled. "It took you so much time and effort to just draw blood, imagine the difference if I fought back."

Harry was furious.

"But before you start voicing your protests hear what I have to say."

Harry nodded stiffly.

"You asked me to tell you if I thought you could take on Voldemort right?"

"Yeah."

"I think you can."

Harry was stunned. Clearly this was not what he was expecting to hear. "Why?"

"I was ready for you to attack that is why I could counter it. Voldemort will be expecting you to be a weakling in front of him and will never believe that you attack him or even hurt him. That is why I think that I you take him by surprise and attack first if you ever met him head on, he wouldn't know what hit him."

Harry stunned expression turned to one of glee.

"But I have a question to ask you Harry," said Dumbledore.

"What?"

"Are you hiding anymore abilities?"

Harry smirked, "Let's just say my arsenal does not just consist of elemental powers."

"I assume you're referring to the speed at which you moved?"

"Part of it," admitted Harry. "But sir, I still want to have a proper duel with you."

"I suggest even better," said Dumbledore. "Starting tomorrow I want you to come to my office after dinner and I can teach you things that would help you fight the dark lord."

"Brilliant!" exclaimed Harry.

"Then you better get some sleep my boy," said the headmaster chuckling.

Harry nodded and left to get some well deserved sleep leaving Dumbledore to his thoughts. "The boy is so powerful Fawkes," he said to his phoenix. "His will is strong too."

"We now have a beacon of hope."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Miles away in a house of gold a woman was sitting near a lake surrounded by a mountain of files.

Nicolas Flamel watched from a distance as his wife searched for hours through the family tree records that they had wondered what it was that she was looking for.

He saw her eyes widen and saw sadness etched into her face as she turned towards him.

Concerned he hurried to her side wondering what was wrong.

"What happened Penny?"

He knelt next to her as a tear leaked from her eye. Sniffing she handed him an extremely old portrait and asked to look at it.

"This is a portrait of you and your sister," he said carefully.

"Did you know her eyes were as blue as the sea?"

"Yes, honey. I remember clearly," he said gently.

"Now look at her face and look at this photograph."

He recognized the girl in the photograph and then his eyes widened in realization.

"No," he whispered in shock.

"Yes," said Perenelle. "Lillian Mary Austin is a descendent of my sister.

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Or you could say our niece."

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REVIEW!

Sorry for the great delay. I'm finding it increasingly difficult to write but i do manage time sometimes.

If you find any mistakes please do let me know and i'll correct them as fast as i can.

Also if you want to see the progress of the story i'll be posting it occasionally on my profile.

Cheers ... Raul

P.S: HARRY AND LILLIAN ARE NOT RELATED IN ANY WAY!

Chapter 36 – Ancestry revealed? Part 1

-X-X-X-X-X-

Ministry of Magic

The new minister for magic, Madam Bones seated behind her desk carefully observing the man the ministry of France and sent as their representative.

Madam Bones was flanked on both sides by the head of the auror division Rufus Scrimgeour and the head of the department of mysteries Alexander Croaker.

"I believe I told this was to be a meeting with your minister, not some unknown person," said Madam Bones coldly.

"Our minister has better things to do than answer summons from you, Madam Bones," said the man smoothly, his voice heavily accented. "However if you wish to meet the minister urgently then I will be happy to arrange a meeting at our ministry."

"You know the situation in our country right now and you know damn well the reason I wanted to meet him here!" she snapped angrily.

For the past week they had repeatedly asked for aid from the French but they were consistently been ignored until Madam Bones had lost patience and sent Patricia Selwyn, the head of the department of external affairs to the French ministry to request for aid and a meeting with the minister.

But they had blown her off saying the minister was too busy with their own affairs but he would come down to London as soon as possible to meet with Madam Bones. And now they had sent this Mr. Gasquet instead.

"We are aware of the situation Minister, and we really don't see why you need our help," replied the man coolly.

"We need your help because, we no longer have the manpower to keep the muggles unaware of what is going on and prevent more attacks from the dark lord!"

"A difficult problem indeed minister," said Mr. Gasquet inclining his head. "But correct me if I'm wrong, the previous minister had seen fit to ignore us when we had a mass murderer on the loose and he also refused to let us carry out an operation to capture the murderer when we found out he was hiding in this country."

"I'll correct you then," cut across Madam Bones icily. "That murderer of yours was caught by our aurors and he turned out to be a mentally unstable man who had killed some distant relative of your minister because that relative had gotten that man fired from his job because he didn't recognize him!"

Mr. Gasquet suddenly found a spot behind the minister to be very interesting.

"Be as it may, I think the real reason your minister is being so troublesome is because of a deal that went wrong when Fudge was in power."

"Then you should know the damage your ministries arrogance has cost ours!" said Gasquet furiously.

Madam Bones closed her eyes cursing Fudge for the umpteenth time. "I understand your unwillingness to help us because of Ex-minister Fudge's incompetence, but I'd hoped your ministry would be mature enough to put those mistakes in the past to tackle the menace that is Lord Voldemort."

Mr. Gasquet appeared pleased and Madam Bones knew that there would be a price to pay if they needed more help. They could have asked other countries for help but their magical communities were small and their law enforcement units smaller. The French were the second largest magical community in the world but had the best auror force.

"This is a list of our demands," said Gasquet. "If you comply, we will send our entire team of obliviators here plus some of our best aurors to help you keep your streets safe."

Madam Bones took the parchment and her expression slowly turned red with fury upon reading the list but kept her mouth shut and quietly handed the list to Unspeakable Croaker.

"So that's why you requested me to be here Gasquet," said Croaker with dry amusement.

"Think of it as a cost for what your ex-minister has done to us."

"Desperate times call for desperate measures minister," growled Rufus. "I think it best we give them what they want."

"Though it pains me to say this, but we have no choice," said Croaker. "These artifacts and research materials mean nothing if we are all dead."

"Then we have a deal?" asked Mr. Gasquet eagerly.

"How soon will your obliviators be here?" asked Madam Bones.

"Within the hour minister," he replied quickly.

"I want them here in 30 minutes along with your minister. He owes us for sending a worm like you in his place," she said. "We will need them to get to work immediately. The dark lord's latest attack left hundreds of muggles dead along with hundred more survivors to spread rumors about what they saw."

"I will not waste any time then," said Mr. Gasquet.

"Rufus, please make sure Mr. Gasquet swears an oath to deliver what he has promised us."

"Yes, minister," said Scrimgeour and escorted an outraged Mr. Gasquet out ignoring his protests.

Once the man had left Madam Bones turned to Croaker.

"You want me to conceal our special portkey's in the artifacts don't you?" he said.

"Yes," she replied. "Once this is over I want them back. They are far too valuable to be lost."

"And the research they want?"

"Leave out the parts where the breakthroughs were achieved. Give them the end result and but make sure they never figure out how it was done."

"Yes Madam Bones," he said.

"And Croaker."

"Yes ma'am?"

"Have we found out which of our aurors report to Dumbledore's order?"

"Unfortunately no, his agents are good at what they do. But I'd hoped you'd decide to let them be. After all their aim too, is to stop Voldemort."

"I know," she said heavily. "But I'd hoped Dumbledore would stop operating outside our authority and work with us instead."

Croaker gave the minister a penetrating look, looking for words to put her mind at ease. This would be a perfect opportunity to gain more funding and increase the functioning of his department he thought.

"There is a project which our department came up with to turn the war in our favor," he said carefully. "But we were never allowed to go ahead with the project because of the erm... risks it involved."

Madam Bones narrowed her eyes. She knew what Croaker was talking about and had from time to time prevented it from being implemented, though Croaker didn't know that.

"You know how illegal it is and the ramifications if the truth were to reach the public, not to mention how immoral it is."

"It may be immoral yes," replied Croaker. "But it would also mean fewer deatheater's on the streets."

The minister sighed and began drumming her fingers on her desk considering what Croaker had in mind.

"How many of your men will be involved?"

"No more than five. All of them are exceptional at retrieval missions and the veil of death will be a perfect way to cover up the deaths."

"And I suppose you will be using veritaserum to interrogate them?" she asked.

"We will use our strongest dose. If they are found to be innocent then we will wipe their memories and leave them where we found them. They would have no knowledge that the ministry was ever involved," said the unspeakable confidently.

Madam Bones still felt a little uncomfortable with going through with Croaker's plan but she knew if the ministry kept doing things within the law, the dark lord would have no trouble taking over her job.

"We might have to brief Dumbledore about this. It would worsen the ministries relationship with him if we accidentally picked up one of his spies."

Croaker nodded, happy that she had agreed. "So we can proceed then."

"Yes, there will be no paper work and but I want an oath from you that you will regularly update me on your progress and you will not do anything without approval from me first," she said sharply.

"An oath minister? Don't you think that's a little excessive?"

"No I don't," she replied coldly. "A mission without paperwork is bound to slip out of control and I don't want that to happen. Do you understand unspeakable Croaker?"

"I do minister," he said quietly. He then drew his wand and swore that he would not do anything without the approval of the minister when it came to the mission of capturing deatheater's only.

"So you can start with compiling a list known deatheater's and bring it to my desk so we can start the elimination process."

"Yes ma'am."

Also, have we found out what the goblins are up to?" she asked wearily. "We wouldn't want them to start another revolution at a time like this."

"At this time we don't know what they are up to," he said slowly. "They fired all their human employees two nights ago and I'm sorry to say this, but they also have been gathering arms."

"And why are you telling me this now!" she asked, her temper rising.

"I got this Intel just a few hours ago and didn't think it was necessary to burden you with it until we knew the reason behind their actions," said Croaker calmly.

The minister let out a tired sigh. "Keep me updated Croaker," she said. "And ask my assistant to find and send Arthur Weasley in."

"Weasley?"

"He has proven himself to be extremely loyal to Dumbledore in the past and I am sure his is a part of Dumbledore's order."

Croaker nodded and walked out of the office quietly. He knew what they were about to do was highly illegal but war is war, he thought grimly.

It was time to start hitting back hard.

-X-X-X—X-X-X-X-

Hogsmeade

It was the last day of school before the holidays started and the students had been allowed to visit Hogsmeade before they left for home.

"Oh there goes a Double D!" said Blaise in excitement.

"How can you tell?" asked Harry curiously. "You can hardly notice them in robes."

"And in those robes they look like they could be a modest C," he said grinning.

"Ah! I see," said Harry, the light bulb in his mind suddenly glowing bright.

Harry and Blaise were sitting under an old banyan tree a little distance away from the three broomsticks and Blaise was trying to teach Harry the art of predicting the bust size of a woman.

"What about her?" said Harry, pointing to one of the sixth year Hogwarts girls.

"Oh that's Lisa," said Blaise. "She's a Hufflepuff and I think she's a 32 B."

Harry grinned at Blaise's knowledge about the women of Hogwarts. "You know, if you had a girlfriend, she'd break up with you in less than 2 days."

"Why is that!" asked Blaise indignantly.

"You'd keep staring at other hot women and keep describing their... 'Ahem' dimensions to her. Can you name even a single girl who likes to hear a boyfriend talk about other girls?"

"If I had a chick, then I would like you to know that I would pamper her rotten."

Harry snorted, "Yeah right."

"You're one to talk," said Blaise, "didn't you come here with Daphne?"

"Oh yeah, I gave her some excuse and told her I'd meet her at four at Honeydukes."

"Why?"

Harry just shrugged. "I'll be going back with her though," he said.

Blaise's eyes widened in realization, "You're just want to make out with her!"

"Yeah," said Harry blushing a bit. "I kind of enjoyed the first time... and erm... I don't think she'd mind it too much if we did it again."

Blaise smile was getting broader by the second and Harry refused to look at his best friend.

"You sly bugger! You're just using her!"

"I'm not using her! We're just enjoying... the... the feel of each others lips on the other," said Harry.

"Do you like her?" asked Blaise.

"No, not that much," he said.

Blaise's eyes filled with tears.

"What's wrong!" asked Harry mystified.

"I just can't believe you're using her for pleasure," he said sniffing.

"You don't approve?"

"Are you kidding! I'm so damn proud of you!" he said, tears falling freely and threw his arms around Harry hugging him tight.

"Blaise get off!" yelled Harry and with the assistance of a little magic, he managed to push his tall friend away from him.

After Blaise calmed down he remembered what had happened the last time Harry had kissed her.

"Hey what about that problem you had with your body temperature and all that?" he asked Harry.

"Oh I got that sorted out," replied Harry. "If want to know it went haywire for a bit because I was growing up."

"You're still growing up genius," said Blaise sarcastically. "Or is this the limit of your growth!"

"Not like that idiot," said Harry annoyed. "I mean it was like hitting puberty."

"Oh... oh Okay. So you got it under control now?"

"Pretty much," replied Harry.

They went silent for a bit just enjoying the cool atmosphere.

"I wish witch's learnt to dress up like muggle women," said Blaise suddenly.

"What? Why?"

Blaise sighed. "Look over there. That's Alicia Spinnet and she's a muggleborn."

"I see her."

"Look at her! Look at her clothes! The way her jeans hug her arse and that tight T-shirt defining all her curves! She's got amazing tits!"

"She looks like she's a C," said Harry hesitantly.

"A 34 C most probably," he said gloomily. "Maybe I should design clothes for women," he added brightening up.

Harry laughed. "I think it'd be better for them to roam about naked instead."

"Hmm... even better," said Blaise.

Sighing Harry got up and dusted the dirt off his clothes. "Well I'll leave you to your perverted thoughts. I've to go and meet Daphne," he said.

"I'll come with you."

"Suit yourself."

Around five past four Daphne turned up with Tracey and they were accompanied by another red haired girl.

"Hey Harry, Blaise," said Daphne. Tracey just nodded at them.

"Had a fun time at that womeny store?" asked Harry.

"Actually we were at the Witch's corner," said the red head.

Harry looked at her with a frown. She looked familiar but he couldn't remember how he knew her. "I'm sorry, do I know you?" asked Harry politely.

"That's Susan Bones Harry, she's a 36...", started Blaise but he was cut off when Harry kicked him hard.

"Bloody hell, that hurt Harry!" cried Blaise.

"Oh I'm sorry Blaise, I thought I saw a bug crawling up your leg," said Harry glaring at him.

"An imaginary bug Harry?" asked Tracey, her eyebrows raised.

"Don't worry about it, pleasure meeting you Susan, shall we go Daphne?" Harry said quickly with a touch of impatience.

"What's the hurry?" asked Tracey with a smirk. "Want to spend some quality time with Daphne?"

"Tracey!" said Daphne mortified.

"Actually Tracey," said Harry folding his arms, "I intend to."

"Oh," replied Tracey effectively shut up.

"Nice," whispered Blaise smiling broadly.

There was another few seconds of awkward silence and awkward staring.

"Well," said Daphne slipping her hand in Harry's. "I guess we'll see you later. Bye Suzy, Tracey."

Once they were out hearing distance Daphne looked at Harry curiously and asked, "So why did you really kick Blaise?"

"He was about to tell us her size," he replied uncomfortably.

"Her size? What do you mean?"

"How do you know Susan, by the way?" asked Harry, desperate to change the topic. He certainly did not want to discuss breast sizes with his date!

"We've known each other since the age of 5," replied Daphne. "Her mother and mine were friends during their time in Hogwarts."

"That's interesting," said Harry with a laugh.

"Why?"

"I always expected Slytherin's to be friends with just Slytherin's and no one else."

"Susan's mother and mine were in Ravenclaw," said Daphne rolling her eyes. "My dad was a Slytherin."

"And you ended up being a Slytherin, your dad must be so proud."

Time passed by in such fashion with Harry and Daphne chatting. They spent some time in Honeydukes tasting different types of sweets before it was finally time to get back to the castle.

On the way back both Harry and Daphne by accident sat in a carriage with Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil. In an attempt not to look at the two Gryffindor's Harry busied himself trying to identify other Hogwarts students. Harry spotted Lillian with her short black hair which was now sporting a few green stripes get into a carriage with Weasley, Granger and Longbottom. He also saw Susan Bones get into a carriage with her Ravenclaw friends and Blaise had joined Malfoy and his goons in another carriage.

Once all the students were inside the carriages set off with a tense atmosphere in their carriage. The two gossip queens of their year were eying Harry and Daphne with interest and Daphne was trying to kill them with her eyes. It was very ineffective thought Harry.

Mercifully the ride was over soon and Daphne literally dragged Harry into the castle.

"What's the hurry?" asked Harry in amusement.

"I cannot believe those two!" she burst out all of a sudden.

"Huh? They didn't even say a thing," said.

"Oh they didn't have to say anything," she spat out. "It was all written in their eyes. Just you wait, by tomorrow the rumors about us would have spread through out Hogwarts!"

Harry wanted to say 'like I care' but held his tongue.

"You know," he said instead. "There's an empty classroom right here."

"What?"

Harry took a deep breath, "Do you want to... you know..."

"Oh... oh!" she said blushing.

Harry closed the gap between them while gathering his courage and suppressing the other voice in his head which was telling him to turn and run.

Daphne's heart rate increased when Harry stepped closer to her. She too was looking forward to making out and was just waiting for Harry to make a move first.

"Gladly," she whispered before placing her lips on his.

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About half an hour later Daphne returned alone to the common room looking angry.

"Hey Daph," said Tracey "You okay?"

"Yeah I'm fine," she huffed and sat on the sofa folding her arms.

"Where's Potter," asked Millicent.

"Do I look like I care," snapped Daphne.

"What happened!" asked Draco looking interested. Some older students also leaned in wanting to hear some gossip.

Daphne just threw her arms up in frustration. "Am I bad looking?" she asked.

"Of course not," replied Blaise in an instant drawing amused looks from the people around him.

"If she were two years older I would die to get into her pants," muttered a sixth year quietly to his friends.

"Thanks Blaise," said Daphne. She had not heard the sixth year. "Well after Hogsmeade that bastard and I went into an empty classroom and we made out."

"Nice," whispered the boys around and the girls nodded solemnly listening to her every word.

"And then after a while I asked him if this meant if I was his girl friend and do you know what he said!"

"What?" asked Tracey.

"That he wasn't interested in that kind of sappy stuff!"

The girls gasped out loud.

"I mean we've gone on two dates, made out three or four times and when I ask him if we should start seeing each other he just blows me off!"

"Potter's got balls, I'll give you that," said Pucey sniggering.

"How was the snog," asked Tracey trying hard not to laugh.

Daphne look of anger melted into regret. "It was great," she said. In her mind Daphne was thinking if she hadn't asked him that damn question she could be still having a great snogging session with Harry.

"Draco, will you kick his arse for me?" said Daphne sniffing. Her anger had dissipated and the hurt of rejection had set in.

"What!" squeaked Draco.

"Beat the shit out of that arrogant piece of shit!"

"Err... I don't know Daphne," said Draco awkwardly. "I mean he's my friend and I erm wouldn't want to jeopardize my friendship him."

Blaise snorted. "I can count the number of words you've spoken to Harry all year on one hand let alone two!"

Draco glared at Blaise and Blaise just smirked. He knew Draco was just scared of Harry and the Malfoy heir knew that Harry could destroy him with ease in a duel.

"Where's Harry anyway?" asked Tracey. She didn't want to hurt Daphne but she was with Harry on this one. Daphne was a year elder to them all and was a tad more mature when it came to things like having a relationship with someone.

The only reason she was in her third year and not fourth was because her birthday was on the 3rd of September and Hogwarts was very strict about their age rule.

"I don't know and I don't care," said Daphne with a sigh. "I'm going to bed," she announced and left the common room.

The small crowd which had gathered around Daphne slowly dispersed into smaller groups after she left. The drama was over and it was back to discussing Slytherin politics.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Headmaster's office

"Concentrate Harry," said Dumbledore softly. The headmaster was sitting in his high chair with his wand out and Harry was sitting opposite him trying his hardest to clear his mind.

"Legilimens"

Harry felt the familiar feeling of a needle poke at his mind. He focused on keeping his mind empty of all thoughts and it worked for

about 5 seconds before his memories started flashing in front of his eyes.

Dumbledore immediately withdrew.

"That was a great improvement Harry," said the headmaster smiling. "You were able to fend me off for 2 seconds longer."

"It would have been just a second if my wand weren't providing a little protection to my mind," said Harry disappointedly.

"Occlumency is a very, very difficult art to master," said Dumbledore. "You can't just imagine a wall around your mind and prevent your mind from being read."

"I know, you've told me that before," said Harry dryly. "But no matter how much I try and no matter how much advice you give me, every time I try to not think of anything, something pops up no matter what. It's impossible to not have any thoughts roaming in your head!"

"And that is exactly why mastering occlumency is considered to be beyond the capabilities of a normal witch or wizard," said Dumbledore. "I could teach you innumerable curses and deadly magic, but if you face an opponent who has mastered legilimency and occlumency, you will lose no matter what."

Harry's shoulders slumped.

"You have mastered both haven't you?"

Dumbledore nodded, "And so have Professor Snape and Lord Voldemort."

"Alright," said Harry gathering his wits. "All I have to do is not think. That's the key isn't it? Not to think?"

"Everyone has their own methods Harry. You can choose your own."

"Right," breathed Harry.

"But remember this Harry, once you achieve this state of the mind, something will happen to you and you must under no circumstances panic," said Dumbledore seriously.

"Not panic?" asked Harry confused. "Why? What will happen?"

"You'll see if you ever reach that stage," said Dumbledore. "Now let's get back to practicing."

Harry nodded and closed his eyes in another attempt to empty his mind.

"Legilimens"

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Harry left the headmasters office a little over an hour later with a terrible headache. He had made no progress and the task seemed to be getting harder and harder with every attempt.

But Harry wasn't going to give up. No, he had learnt when he was six years old that his path to success was not giving up.

He was going to keep trying until he succeeded.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Grimmauld Place

Three days had gone since Harry had returned home and he had sulked continuously for three days and counting.

"Hey Harry," said Sirius. "You're up early."

Harry ignored Sirius and sat down at the table grumpily.

Sirius sighed. "You're still mad?"

"No I'm not mad," replied Harry. "I'm just annoyed."

"Same thing," said Sirius with a snort.

"No its not, if I were angry I would have cursed that damn clumsy auror and I would have cursed you too for turning this into the head quarters of that damn phoenix club."

"I'm surprised you're acting so bratish," said Sirius idly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you always act so mature and all, one would just think you would understand why I offered for my house to be made headquarters. But like any other kid of your age, you too get mad when people enter your room without permission," he said.

Harry glared at his godfather whose lips were threatening to break out into a smile.

"I'm not like other kids," said Harry childishly.

"Morning you guys," said a sleepy looking Tonks entering the dining hall.

"Morning Tonks," said Sirius.

"Damn auror," muttered Harry.

"Kreacher!" called out Sirius.

The once pathetic looking and now some what cleaner elf popped into existence and bowed deeply. "Yes master?"

"Bring us some breakfast will you?"

The elf nodded and popped away.

"How are the Weasley's?" Tonks asked Sirius.

"Oh they're fine, just a little shook up though.

"Hmmm? What happened to the Weasley's?" asked Harry interestedly.

"Their house was attacked by deatheater's but the wards we put around them held long enough for them to escape."

"They were attacked! Any of them dead?"

Tonks frowned. "You sound very hopeful."

"Well I wouldn't be shedding any tears for them," Harry replied with a smirk.

Tonks looked away from him in disgust.

"What happened now?" asked Sirius. Tonks and Harry surprisingly didn't like each other. Harry didn't like her because she was too clumsy and had spilt milk on him the first time they met and Tonks didn't like Harry because he had insulted her hair and called her a fat arse.

"She tried to molest me last night," said Harry deadpanned.

"I did not!" said Tonks outraged. "I just accidently entered his room and then I fell on him."

Sirius raised his eyebrows. "Really?"

"Actually it was your godson who did the molesting."

"Excuse me!" said Harry.

"He squeezed my breasts and pushed me off!"

"Those were your breasts? Huh, I just thought it was the extra fat on you."

Tonks stood up angrily and rolled up her sleeves. "You want to fight midget!"

"What are you going to do? Sit on me? Nymphadora!"

"How dare you!"

"Alright enough," shouted Sirius. "Tonks, are you arguing with a thirteen year old?"

Tonks huffed and sat down angrily.

"And Harry, please don't fight with every order member you don't like! Yesterday Kingsley wasn't amused when you called him a bald headed bastard."

"He is one for trying to order me up to my room," shot back Harry.

"Well you can imagine how bad things are going to be from today then," muttered Tonks.

"What do you mean?" asked Harry.

Sirius sighed. "Now Harry, I want you to calm down first."

"What does she mean!"

"The deatheater's burned down the Weasley's home so they're living here from today," said Tonks. "In fact they're sleeping upstairs as we speak."

Harry mouth open and shut several times and he was finding it very difficult to breath!

"Harry?"

His face was slowly turning blue.

"Breathe Harry!"

"The Weasley's are living here?" Harry finally choked out.

"And I'm sure you can co-exist," replied Sirius rising up from his chair and hurrying over to Harry side.

"The red headed bastard is living under this roof!" Harry choked out again.

Sirius placed his hands on Harry's shoulders and forced him back into his chair.

"I know you hate them Harry, but you have to realize there s a war going on! And there's enough room in our house for them and us to live peacefully!"

Unfortunately Molly Weasley chose that exact moment to enter the room.

"Molly!" exclaimed Tonks, "Shouldn't you be resting?"

"Molly smiled wearily. "I couldn't sleep knowing our house is being destroyed by deatheater's."

Tonks hugged Mrs. Weasley. "How are the kids?"

"The twins and Percy didn't sleep too but Ron and Ginny somehow managed to shut their eyes for a while."

"It's going to be alright Molly," said Sirius comfortingly.

"Thank you for letting us stay here Sirius," she said sniffing. "It was very kind of you."

"Get rid of them Sirius!" hissed Harry furiously. "I don't want their damn tears to fill up this house!"

"Have a heart Harry!" whispered Sirius. "Err... why don't you call the kids down Molly, I'm sure they're hungry."

Harry's eyes widened in horror. "Do want another war you damn dog!" whispered Harry.

"Stop thinking about yourself for a moment and think about them and don't think of them as Weasley's, think of them as a family who just lost their home!"

Tonks meanwhile hadn't missed the conversation between Harry and Sirius and stuck out her tongue at Harry just to infuriate him.

Harry's blood pressure rose and he lifted a plate nearby to throw it at the now green headed auror.

Sirius snatched the plate out of Harry hand and glared at Tonks. "Molly do you mind if I have a word with Tonks here?"

"No, go ahead Sirius, I'll just go and get the kids."

Harry just watched silently as Sirius dragged Tonks away berating for acting so immature and as Molly Weasley left the room to bring the rest of the Weasley's down.

Him in a house with three Gryffindor's who hated him as much as he hated them? There was definitely no way there was going to be peace.

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Kreacher meanwhile had brought some delicious looking pancakes along with some bread, butter and eggs.

Harry didn't bother to wait for anyone and began to eat. All that anger had left him very hungry.

Just as he was through his third pancake he heard voices coming down the stairs.

"This house is neat mom!" came the voice of one of the twins.

"Yeah, the rug on the floor feels like heaven and I think that chandelier was made of pure gold!" said his hated enemy Ronald Weasley.

"Be quite kids," scolded Mrs. Weasley, "You are all guests here and I expect you to behave yourselves."

"Whom does the house belong to mom?" asked Ginny.

"Sirius Black," replied Molly as they entered the room.

"Oh cool! Pancakes!" exclaimed Ron. He hurried over to the table and began piling his plate.

The others though had noticed Harry sitting at the other end unlike their brother.

"Oh hi Harry," said Ginny with a smile and pulled out a chair and sat next to him.

Ron looked up in shock. "Whass fe foin er!" he said spitting food all over!

He got a rap on his head by his mother for that. "This house belongs to him too so I expect you to be polite to him!" she said sternly. "Now behave!" she said again left.

"On second thought, things might not be so bad," thought Harry while a smile grew on his face.

Embarrassed Ron looked away from Harry and began eating his food quietly. The twins took a seat opposite to Ginny eyeing Harry carefully while Percy sat opposite Ron.

"Sorry about your house," Harry said to Ginny. While he hated the other three, he didn't have any problem with their sister.

"It's alright," said Ginny sadly, "Houses can always be rebuilt."

"We might have spotted some of your friends parents out there though," said George.

"I hope you said hi from my side," said Harry coolly.

The twins didn't respond to the jab but their ears turned red in anger.

"Stop it George, Fred. You know it's not his fault they attacked us," said Ginny.

"I bet he knew about it though," muttered Ron.

"Hmmm, I do remember Draco saying something about it," said Harry looking thoughtful.

Fred stood up angrily. "I don't care if it's not his fault, what's pissing me off is that he's not sorry!"

"Sit down Fred," said Percy sternly. "Ginny, get away from him and come sit here."

"Yeah, sit down Fred," sneered Harry. "You should remember you're living in my house and I absolutely don't like raised voices."

Ginny sighed. "Stop it you two," she told the twins. "Please don't antagonize them Harry," she said. "And I thought you would have learnt to ignore what us Slytherin's say," she added looking at her brothers angrily.

Scowling the twins took their plates and headed over near Ron who was quietly observing the byplay.

"And since your sister asked so sweetly, I promise not to talk to you," said Harry smiling.

He then stood up and placed a kiss on her cheek. "Nice to see you Ginny," he said and walked out of the room leaving behind four speechless Weasley's and a deeply blushing Weasley.

"Ginny!" gasped Ron.

"He just did that to anger you all," she said hurriedly not wanting a fight.

"So much for his promise," growled George.

"He promised not to talk to you," replied a still red Ginny. "And being the Slytherin he is, he won't pass up an opportunity to get your tempers to raise."

"Damn Snake."

-X-X-X-X-X-

As it turned out the Weasley's weren't the only ones to be attacked that night. Voldemort and his men had launched simultaneous attacks on several important ministry members including Madam Bones. The minister and her niece had escaped but a number of good aurors lost their lives including Susan's father. Her mother was grievously wounded but she was well on her way to recovery.

A few other deatheater's had picked out a random muggle neighborhood and had killed everyone in their sleep. A number of muggles were missing too, probably captured by Voldemort for a slow and painful death.

All this was in retaliation to the law which Madam Bones had recently passed. 'All wizards or witches branded by the dark mark were to be subjected to interrogation under the influence veritaserum.'

It had been passed so fast that it didn't give people like Lucius Malfoy, Nott, Macnair enough time to run and they were captured and held in a cell in the ministry itself with a Dementor guarding them each.

Also the project which the head of the department of mysteries, now called Project Cleanliness was bearing fruit too. Out of the few hundred people they had interrogated, they had caught about 10 unbranded deatheater's and those who were unredeemable had been thrown through veil of death without any pity the others a choice, either spy for them or rot in Azkaban.

Several teams of obliviators were patrolling the streets of muggle London and were making sure that the truth about their existence wasn't revealed.

A lot of members in the Wizengamot were calling for the shutting down of Hogwarts because of the war but Dumbledore firmly maintained that Hogwarts was the safest place to be and also proposed that families whose life was in danger could take up temporary residence in the castle itself. This idea was met with a positive response and a lot of families had started living in the castle already.

And now after the attack on the minister, it was near impossible for unauthorized workers to get into the ministry of magic without setting siege to the place.

Diagon Alley was faring no better. People now hardly ventured there and if they did, they made sure they bought enough goods to last them for months. There were posters of wanted criminals everywhere along with several pamphlets flying about listing a set of important instructions along with the emergency floo address of the auror department.

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Meanwhile in Malfoy Manor Voldemort wasn't staying idle. Last nights attacks were not as productive as he had hoped and his fury was felt by all his followers.

And loosing his supporters was doing nothing to calm his temper as Avery screamed louder and the dark lord's curse grew stronger.

A few seconds later the curse was lifted and Avery who kept twitching on the floor was dragged away by two deatheater's.

"SHUT UP!" screamed Voldemort suddenly and the already terrified deatheater's looked nervously at one and another wondering who their lord was talking to.

"I SAID SHUT UP!" he screamed again, his black eyes staring at nobody in particular. He took a deep breath and looked at his most trusted lieutenant, Bellatrix Lestrange.

"Bellatrix, gather up all the strongest of my men and prepare them."

"Yes my lord," she said bowing.

"The ministry is doing all it can to hide my existence from the muggles. But with our next attack there won't be anything to hide anymore and soon those pathetic creatures will learn to kneel before their new lord," he said as his face twisted into an ugly smile.

"Crouch!"

"Yes milord," said Crouch junior kneeling before Voldemort.

"Have you made any progress on the wards around Hogwarts?"

"We have identified some of the simpler wards and have found a way to disable them. But the further we go, the more dangerous and obscure the wards get," he said. "Feathers was burnt to crisp because of one misstep."

Voldemort narrowed his eyes. "I expect you to figure out a way to bring them down by the beginning of the next term."

"Yes my lord," whispered Crouch. He stepped forward and kissed the hem of Voldemort's robes before swiftly leaving.

"Have you figured out how to break your husband out of his prison yet Narcissa?" he asked the blond witch coldly.

"A plan is still being worked out my lord," said Mrs. Malfoy.

"Tut tut, I expect better Narcissa," he said, his eyes boring into hers. "After all he is your beloved husband isn't he?"

"Y-yes my lord."

"Now get out," he hissed. "All of you."

"Why don't you use the torture curse on her my dear Tom."

"WILL YOU KEEP SHUT!" screamed Voldemort again and his deatheater's literally ran out of the room.

Every time Voldemort used dark magic, the voice in his head would start talking to him and it was talking more and more as each day passed by and it was driving him mad.

"Use my power Voldemort and you'll grow even more powerful," said the voice with a chuckle.

Voldemort looked around for someone to kill but then remembered he had ordered them out.

His scream of rage was heard by the deatheater's still remaining in the house and they ran faster to get away.

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Grimmauld Place

It was nearing night fall and Harry was sitting glumly in his room. He was still finding it extremely difficult to clear his mind and so far he hadn't had any success when it came to that. Also it was difficult to practice when there was no one prodding his mind so he didn't know whether he was doing good or not.

Plus later that day he had heard even more bad news. It seemed that due the danger of muggleborns being attacked, Granger and her parents including Lillian and her father had moving to Grimmauld place until powerful wards could be erected around their houses.

"You in there Harry?" said Sirius knocking on the door.

"Yeah."

"Come downstairs then, Molly has prepared some delicious looking food and I'm sure you don't want to miss it."

Harry sighed. He remembered her cooking alright. And no, he certainly was not going to miss it.

He opened the door and came out surprising Sirius. "That was fast," said Sirius in surprise. "I half expected you to through a fit!"

Harry shrugged. "My stomach needs food," he said.

The dining table had been magically expanded to fit all the inhabitants of the house. And Harry grimaced upon hearing the amount of noise being generated.

Mr. Weasley was sitting with Percy and Mr. and Mrs. Granger talking excitably with them. Lillian and sitting with Hermione and Ron and she nodded slightly in his direction. Sirius headed towards the twins who were talking to each other in low voices.

Harry sat besides Mr. Austin, Lillian's father as the rest of the places were occupied and he had no intention of sitting with the twins.

"So you're Harry huh?" said Mr. Austin suddenly.

"Yeah I am," replied Harry. "Frec... I mean Lillian told you about me huh?"

"Yes she did. And I remember you accompanying that Professor from your school. You were quite short and thin back then."

"I guess I grew up then," said Harry. "What did Lillian say about me though?" he asked curiously.

"Oh she says a lot of things," replied Mr. Austin with a laugh. "But more or less she says that you're a scumbag with a good heart."

Harry frowned. "Well she's a dumb blonde who acts before she thinks."

"Well she's not blonde and she's certainly not dumb," replied Mr. Austin smiling. "But I do disapprove of her current hair style."

Harry looked at her and noticed that she had added a pair of orange stripes to her hair.

"It does make her look ugly," said Harry.

"I think it looks cool and funky," said Sirius joining in. "And I think you like her."

Mr. Austin burst out laughing at the expression on Harry's face.

"I think she likes you too but it might take some time for her to realize that," he said.

"You both are mad," said Harry in disgust. "And I think I've just lost my appetite."

"Oh come on Harry, it was a joke!" said Sirius laughing.

"It wasn't funny!"

After they had eaten their full Sirius led most of the kids out to help him throw away some Black heirlooms.

Hermione and Lillian decided to check out the Black library and Harry decided to settle down in his favorite while listening to the adults talk.

The Grangers were sitting nearby listening to Arthur Weasley explain the situation in the wizarding world while Donald Austin had taken a seat next to Harry.

"That chair looks comfortable," he said taking out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

"It is," agreed Harry, "No one sits in it but me."

"You got a light?" he asked Harry.

"No, but I have a wand."

Harry took out his wand and lit a small flame long enough for Mr. Austin.

"Does your daughter know you smoke?"

"She does, but she knows I only smoke when I'm stressed out."

"So what do you do for a living Mr. Austin?"

"I work in an insurance company," he replied.

"Oh, okay," said Harry and he went back to staring at the others around him.

A few minutes passed by and a few order members passed by to take some rest from whatever it was that they were doing.

"Could you light another one for me Harry?" asked Donald having finished his first cigarette.

"Sure," said Harry.

"Your parents aren't here?" asked Donald suddenly. "I'd love to have a chat with them."

Harry looked at the man in surprise. "Lillian didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"They died when I was one. They were murdered by Voldemort."

"Oh! I'm sorry," he apologized. "My wife died when Lillian was one."

"I know. It was a car accident wasn't it?"

"Lillian told you?"

"We exchanged a few stories."

"Then she must trust you because she hates to talk about it," he said smiling sadly.

"How did the accident happen?" asked Harry. He knew it was insensitive of him but that hadn't stopped him before.

"Hmmm... it was Halloween I think," said Donald. "We were passing through a small village when suddenly there was a sudden great blast of wind which lifted our car right off the ground and we went rolling until it crashed into a tree."

"A blast of wind?"

"It was sort of a bluish kind. The authorities at the hospital told me that a power station had blown up nearby and it was an electromagnetic pulse that hit us."

"Wow," said Harry, his eyebrows raised. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," replied Lillian's father. "I've made my peace with that chapter of my life."

"Which village was it though?"

"Hmmm, I think it was called Godric's swallow or something like that," he said taking a long drag.

Harry sat up straight at that. "I'm sorry what!"

"Godric's something was the village's name? Why?"

"N-no reason," stammered Harry and he quickly got out of his chair.

"Where are you going?"

"Just off to bed," replied Harry. "Goodnight Mr. Austin."

"Call me Donald or Don for short."

Harry just smiled and hurried out of the room to look for Sirius.

He found Sirius in the Black tapestry room with the rest of his school mates. They were busy blasting names of the tree.

"Can I talk to you Sirius?" asked Harry.

"Sure what's up?"

"In private!"

"Wait up kids," he said. "We've still got a bunch of other names to blast off."

Harry pulled Sirius into the opposite room which held a bunch of trophies and quickly locked and silenced the room.

"What's wrong Harry?" asked Sirius looking concerned.

"I've got a question for you," said Harry.

"Shoot."

"Imagine you killed a wizard."

"What!"

"Just listen!" snapped Harry. "Now imagine a wizard or witch is killed, is it possible that when they die their magic sort of explodes?"

"Sure," replied Sirius. "Voldemort is a perfect example. When the killing curse bounced off you he didn't die but instead he was blasted out his body and his body along with his magic exploded almost bringing the house down on you."

"Then how did he get his magic back?"

"Who knows," said Sirius with a shrug. "Probably some dark ritual."

"Now what if there was a person close by when it happened. Could he or she be affected?"

Sirius looked thoughtful. "Well I suppose it could affect them. Muggles and adult wizards probably wouldn't be affected but it could affect children."

"How?"

"A child's core is very volatile, so if they were in an area when such a blast took place then their cores could grow to become stronger or in case of muggle children, it could awaken their magical abilities."

"If the wizard had some special abilities could those abilities be transferred?"

"I don't know. It might depend on their closeness to the blast site. Are you wondering about your Parselmouth ability?"

"Sort of," replied Harry. On the inside he was tremendously excited. This could explain everything about Lillian. How she could speak Parseltongue and maybe she was born a witch but because of being near a magical blast site, her core had evolved and made her a fire elemental.

It could explain how he became an elemental too.

"Don't worry about it Harry," said Sirius snapping Harry out of his high speed thought process.

"Huh? Worry about what?"

"About your Parselmouth ability."

"Oh yeah, sure. Thanks Sirius," said Harry and hurried back to his room. He needed to think.

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It was close to 1 am in the night when Lillian felt someone shake her.

"Wake up," whispered the voice.

"Lemme sleep," she said groggily.

"Freckles wake up!" whispered the voice again shaking her harder.

It was then she registered the voice and the name it had called her and she sat up like a bolt smashing into its head in the process.

She fell back on the bed clutching her head while Harry had fallen off the bed clutching his head in pain.

"What the hell are you doing here!" she said angrily.

"Your head is hard as hell," said Harry standing up.

"So is yours," she snapped. "Now what are you doing here!"

"Need your help with something," he whispered.

"With what?"

"I'll tell you when you get dressed."

"Tell me first and then I'll come," she whispered back.

Sighing Harry raised his lit wand in her face. "Just get dressed Freckles," he said. "I can see your tits through that gown."

"What!" she gasped and quickly looked down in horror. Harry was right, in the light it was easy to see through her night gown.

"You!" she growled angrily but Harry had already leaped back sniggering.

"Just get dressed and come out!"

Five minutes later Lillian had hastily pulled on some jeans and put a shirt on.

"You look hideous," commented Harry.

"This better be good Potter," she said glaring, but the effect was lost as she yawned.

She followed Harry to his room and he directed her to sit on the bed while he began rummaging through one of his drawers.

"Got it," he announced turning back towards her.

"Got what?" she asked sleepily.

"This is a portkey to my ancestral home," he said, showing her the triangular device.

Lillian blinked twice.

"What?"

"I said this is a portkey which will take us to my ancestral home!"

Her mouth dropped open in surprise. "So why are you showing it to me?"

Harry sighed. "Consider it like a symbol of my trust."

"Huh?"

"I want you to come with me," said Harry grimacing. This was very hard for him to do! "Be my back up or something like that."

Lillian frowned. "Is this some kind of a trick? Sort of revenge for sticking that sign on your back?"

"That was you!" gasped Harry.

"Okay I suppose its not," replied Lillian wincing.

"That was NOT funny!"

"It sure was," she said grinning.

Harry took a deep calming breath remembering the purpose of calling her.

"Anyway, all I was trying to say is that I want you to come with me."

Lillian folded her legs and looked at Harry with still lingering suspicion. "Why? I'm sure you would rather do this sort of a thing on your own."

"Why can't you just accept my offer without any questions!" asked Harry exasperatedly.

"I know you wouldn't."

"Alright," said Harry with a sigh. "Alright fine."

Lillian gestured at him to go on.

"Today I was talking with your father and came to this startling conclusion that you trust me... completely and I realized you knew everything about me and still haven't told anyone including your best friends so I thought you would consider this as a symbol of my trust towards you."

It took Lillian a few seconds to process that.

"Wow," she said. "Thanks I guess."

"So you want to come or not?"

She jumped of the bed grinning, "I'd love to!"

"Great! Now just place your finger on this and we can leave," he said showing her the portkey.

After she had placed her finger on it Harry looked at her solemnly.

"What?" she asked him.

"There's something else I need to tell you."

"What," she asked, a feeling of dread filling up inside her.

"I know how you can speak Parseltongue."

"WHAT!"

"Domus," said Harry grinning from ear to ear whisking them away into a vortex of color.

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To be continued...

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REVIEW!

As usual if you find any errors in the chapter do let me know and I'll correct them as fast as I can.

Also now you know how come both Harry and Lillian are elementals.

Another thing to remember is Lillian is not a horcrux. She was already magical when she was born. Harry was a horcrux but he is no more. He can still speak Parseltongue because the piece of Voldemort was there in him for so long that some of its powers have been embedded in him forever.

P.S: 50% of part two has been completed

Cheers Raul

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Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter and nor the characters in it except for the characters created by me.

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Chapter 37 – Ancestry Revealed? Part 2

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The two landed hard on the ground after a rough ride and immediately Lillian rounded on Harry her eyes blazing.

"What did you mean when you said that!"

"Whoa easy there," said Harry laughing. "There's spit flying from your mouth."

"Explain NOW!" she yelled.

"Where are we?" said Harry instead looking around.

They were surrounded by a thick white fog and couldn't see anything more than a foot away. There was no wind blowing and no sound either. It felt like they were in the middle of nothingness and they would have believed they were floating too if they weren't able to feel the hard ground beneath their feet.

Lillian conjured a ball of fire in her hand to look ahead. "We seem to be standing on a footpath," she said.

Harry took a step forward and the fog seemed to part gently revealing more of the path.

Slowly they started moving forward and the fog kept moving away with every step they took.

"What did you mean when you said you know how I can speak Parseltongue?" asked Lillian again. This time quietly and calmly.

"Your mother died the same night as my parent's right?"

"Yes, what does that have to do with this?"

"The car accident happened very close to the house in which my parents were killed and where Voldemort was defeated."

"Huh?"

Harry then explained all that he had discovered after talking to her father and Sirius to a very confused Lillian. And after Harry had finished his explanation Lillian was at a loss for words.

"So do you think it's possible?" Harry asked her observing her closely.

"I, I don't know," she said. "It all seems a little surreal to me."

"I know it sounds kind of outlandish but if you think about it, it does make sense."

Lillian shook her head and gave a small laugh. "I don't want to believe it even though it sounds very possible," admitted Lillian. "I feel kind of dirty knowing I became a witch because of Voldemort's magic."

Harry shrugged. "I don't think of it like that," said Harry. "Just think of it magic and nothing else. Think of it was a gift of magic."

Lillian rolled her eyes. "That's sounds super lame Harry."

"If it makes you feel better that doesn't matter," he said smiling.

"I guess this is another thing we have in common," she said.

"I hope there's nothing... WOW!" Harry's sentence was left incomplete as they came across to huge wrought iron gates. There was a large intricately designed 'M' in the center of each gate.

One was hanging off a single rusted hinge and the other was half open. It was a picture one associated with classic haunted houses.

"These must be bigger than the gates at Hogwarts," commented Lillian.

Harry tried to push one of the gates open wider but instead it came crashing down with a loud clang and broke into two pieces.

Harry and Lillian looked at each other amused. "Wonder how old they must be to break by your touch," said Lillian.

"Really old," said a grinning Harry. He could feel the excitement building in him. "Come on, the house must be just ahead."

And sure enough about 10 meters further the fog suddenly cleared and before them stood a small castle which seemed to be at the end of its life. It looked to have about four to five floors and if compared to Hogwarts it was maybe smaller than a quarter of the school. The moon hung above it making its haunted look more profound.

The castle wall was broken in several places and out of the four towers it seemed to have had only one was intact.

"Think they'll be any scary ghosts in there?" asked Lillian.

"Let's find out," muttered Harry lighting the end of his wand.

The front door of the castle was lying in pieces and when Lillian directed her ball of fire inside they both jumped back and held on to each other in shock!

Lying right beyond the broken pieces of the door was a skeleton with almost worn out clothes and it had a sword stuck through its head.

Almost immediately the shock wore off and they let go of each other and pretended it didn't happen.

"You know, I thought your ancestral house or rather castle would be the right word would be something grand!" said Lillian disappointedly, "Not some place which looked like it was about to fall apart and had corpses all over."

"I thought so too," said Harry dryly. He really didn't know what to make of the place.

CRUNCH.

"Urgh," said Lillian, "I think I just stepped on a skull!"

"Those might be my ancestors you know," said Harry. "Don't crush them!"

"Yes boss," she said, amused.

They now proceeded slowly and cautiously through the entrance way and came across a few more skeletons. Some had their skull parted from them and others seemed to have their ribs crushed.

"Aren't there any torch brackets here?" said Harry, shining his light on the walls.

"Found some," said Lillian and lit one with her fire. As soon she lit one, the other brackets starting flickering to life illuminating their way forward.

Now that there was some light, they felt like they were in the sewers but thankfully without the smell. There were patches of moss growing on the walls lots of broken rotting furniture everywhere.

They carefully maneuvered themselves around the corpses and saw the corridor widen ahead of them. It was a huge hall and had more bodies lying all over. Some were decapitated and some were missing several limbs.

The walls were most black indicating that a fire might have raged through the room. There was a lot of broken glass around which seemed to be once part of a beautiful chandelier. Also there a lot of pottery and curios lying around which looked like one touch would turn them to dust. At one corner of the room there was a large table which was surprisingly intact.

"Either all these people killed each other or there was some one how had a very serious issue with your ancestors," said Lillian.

"Let's keep looking," said Harry.

"Look for what!"

"Anything that will give us a clue to tell us what happened here."

"A massacre is what happened here," grumbled Lillian.

They entered the next room which seemed to be a burnt down library. They found some stairs leading upstairs and decided to explore the higher landings first but they were broken midway.

"So how do we go up now?" asked Lillian.

Harry just rolled his eyes and placed his hand at the foot of the staircase. Slowly the floor and the stairs started to freeze and not before long, in place of the broken stairs there was now a staircase made of ice.

There was smoke rising from the ice and added with the dim lights from the torches it gave the stairs a very enchanted look.

"Careful not to melt them," Harry told the fire elemental as the made their way up.

"Show off," muttered Lillian rolling her eyes.

The next floor was massive too and it had at little over 10 rooms.

There was one room which seemed to be a weapons room, another was just a large empty room, another room where there was just ash and after careful examination it seemed they had once been portraits.

The next floor and the two floors above that also seemed to pretty much the same, the only difference being there were lesser bodies the higher they went.

"Harry let's just get out of here," whispered Lillian. "All we've come across are about 50 skeletons, all who seem to have been killed very creatively.

"There's got to be something," said Harry frowning.

"Well there's nothing! This is the last room and there's nothing! We've probably been searching for an hour or two and in another three people will start waking at your real home!"

Harry ignored her. "Let's go downstairs," he said. "There were more rooms we didn't search and I'm pretty sure there's a basement too or dungeons as a matter of fact."

Sighing Lillian followed him down. She didn't complain more because she knew Harry was just trying to find out more about his family and the reason why there were so many dead bodies here. She couldn't imagine how Harry might be feeling right now.

Once downstairs they found the kitchen and another staircase which seemed to be going down.

Harry turned it into ice as it looked like it would collapse if even one foot was placed on it.

When they went downstairs they were shocked at what they found. There were no bodies down there but there were numerous metal handcuffs hanging from the wall at regular intervals and the floor seemed to be stained with dry blood too. There were no bodies but they knew what kind of a room this was.

The mystery that was the castle suddenly seemed to becoming clearer to the two.

"It seems like there used to be slaves here," said Lillian carefully observing Harry.

"And it looks like they revolted and killed every one of their masters," said Harry grimly.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be," said Harry with a laugh. It was true; he wasn't feeling bad at all! "If my ancestors were such kind of people, I'm glad they're dead."

"That's not why I'm sorry," said Lillian. "I'm sorry because I know this was not what you were expecting to find and as a matter of fact neither was I."

Harry gave her a half hearted smile. "Come on," he said. "I spotted a couple of other doors leading out from the entrance hall."

The last room they came across was another huge dome shaped room which seemed to be like a ball room for hosting big occasions.

"I guess that's it," said Harry with a sigh. "But now I know why this place was kept such a secret by my family."

"What do you mean?"

Harry then told her about Sirius and his mission in Paris and how they found the portkey in the Mona Lisa.

When Harry finished his story Lillian burst out laughing. "I knew you two were lying that day," she said. "And if we hadn't gone to that world you would have never found this house too!"

"Makes you think all of it was preplanned doesn't it?" said Harry.

"I don't believe in fate or destiny," said Lillian firmly to Harry but Harry's attention was elsewhere.

"Harry?"

"Do hear that?" he said softly.

"Hear what?"

"Listen!"

She did and then she heard it. It was the sound wind makes when blowing through a small space. A shrill whistling sound, but it was very low and easy to miss.

They started walking silently trying to find the source. They found it next to the entrance of the ball room right next to the door.

"This is it!" thought Harry excitedly.

Heart pounding Harry placed his hands on that section of the wall and pushed.

Harry exchanged a glance with Lillian when the wall moved back and started shifting sideways revealing a well lit corridor in front of them.

There were two doors on either side of the corridor and what seemed to be a large portrait at the end of the corridor.

Harry could hardly keep his excitement contained as he walked towards the portrait. Lillian held his hand in anticipation and Harry didn't complain.

The portrait was of an extremely beautiful woman wearing a green gown. She was sitting on a gold chair with her hands folded on her lap looking at a mirror in front of her. She wore a kind smile and she looked innocent, elegant and captivating.

But her reflection in the mirror was different. Her eyes were slightly narrowed and her lips were thinner. The smile she had in it was one of sadistic pleasure which made her seem both beautiful and dangerous.

"I haven't had visitors in decades."

The two elementals jumped back in fear again and this time fell on their back sides. They certainly weren't expecting the portrait to talk on them after finding nothing magical in the house.

The lady stood up and looked at them interestedly. "You're just children," she said. Her voice was sweet, melodious and enchanting.

Having regained their composure the two stood up and moved closer to the portrait.

"Who are you?" asked Harry.

"I was the lady of this house," replied the woman. "And my name is Vivian."

"I'm Harry and this is Lillian," said Harry and Lillian just waved weakly.

"My granddaughter was named Lillian," said Vivian, "But she was much more stunning than you," she added.

Harry's eyebrows shot up and Lillian's eyes narrowed.

"That's, err very interesting," said Harry, "But could you tell us what happened to everyone in this house?"

Vivian looked at Harry closely, "You are my descendent," she said, a delighted smile growing on her face. "I'm glad that my blood still lives on."

"So could you tell me the history of our family?" asked Harry hesitantly.

"What do you want to know?" she asked leaning back in her chair. Harry was finding it very hard not to stare at her.

"Let's start with you," said Lillian. She was starting to dislike the portrait and had a burning itch to burn it down.

"Was I talking to you little girl?" said Vivian coldly.

"Let's start with you," said Harry hurriedly not wanting any unnecessary interruptions. "I mean were you born in this house or did you get married to someone in it?"

Vivian laughed. "I told you I was the lady of the house. I was one who started this family before they were exterminated."

"Exterminated by whom?" asked Harry, eager to know the truth. He conjured a chair for him and for Lillian to sit knowing that this would probably take a while.

Vivian raised an eyebrow. "That was good spell work," she commented.

"Thank you."

"Well since you're the first visitor I've had in decades I'll tell you the story about the rise and fall of the house of the McDougan's."

"McDougan's?"

"That is your last name, is it not?" asked Vivian sitting back in her chair.

"It's Potter," replied Harry.

"So she changed her name after all," she muttered in disgust.

Harry didn't interrupt. Both he and Lillian looked at her with rapt attention. They could sense that this was going to be interesting.

"I was born an orphan," began Vivian. "My father had died in battle and my mother in child birth. Till the age of 4, my aunt took care of me until Queen Morgana came and decided to take me under her tutelage."

Lillian gasped out loud. "Are you the same Vivian who enchanted Merlin!"

Vivian laughed, "Looks like my name hasn't been forgotten!"

"Holy Christ," said Harry in shock. "According to history, you went on an expedition with him to learn magic and came back alone."

"Let me tell the story dear Harry," she purred softly. "Now as I was saying, Morgana took me under her wing and started teaching me all about magic. She had several children studying under her and her plan was to build an army strong enough to overthrow King Arthur.

I was the most brilliant, the strongest and the most beautiful of her students," she added with pride. "But I had an ambition, an ambition to become the strongest of witches and wizards. Queen Morgana's silly dream was not about to get in my way."

Vivian flicked her long black hair behind her and gazed at the two with cold blue eyes. It was amazing how life like the portrait was.

"Morgana knew that if she had to destroy Arthur, she needed to get rid of Merlin. So when I was seventeen she decided to send me to get Merlin away from Arthur.

Merlin had a weak spot for young beautiful girls like me and with a ring which Morgana had given me, Merlin soon became my pet," she said with a giggle.

"It was very amusing to watch a man of his stature reduced to following a young gorgeous girl and obeying her every word."

Harry and Lillian were completely captivated by her voice and story.

"Merlin wanted to marry me and make love to me but I told him I would do so only if he taught me everything he knew about magic.

So Merlin, I and a few maids travelled up north to the mountains where over the next three years he began to teach me all he knew." She paused for a moment and observed Harry and Lillian's expressions.

Looking satisfied she continued. "This castle you are in was conjured by him you know," said Vivian.

"The night Merlin declared he had taught me everything he knew, he threw a grand party to celebrate the completion of my education and that was the night he also decided to ask my hand in marriage.

It was very romantic," she said lowering her voice. "He went down on one knee and presented me with the most beautiful ring you could possibly imagine."

Vivian sighed and leaned back into her chair. "Poor Merlin, I do wish he lived."

"How did you kill him?" whispered Harry.

"I almost forgot the best part," said Vivian smiling. "When he proposed, I of course said yes to honor our agreement. It was pointless to give him poison or try to kill him with magical prowess because he had enough skill to detect any poisons and enough experience to block any attacks. So I had to improvise. I put the poison in my mouth and had the antidote put in my wine and then I kissed him," she whispered.

"A long passionate kiss which lasted long enough for me to slowly slip the poison from my mouth to his mouth without him realizing it. And then I took a sip of my wine and watched him choke to his death."

Her voice had gone so low that Harry and Lillian had to lean forward to hear her.

"It was unfortunate," she said, her voice reaching normal volumes again. "But it had to be done."

"Why?" asked Lillian. "Why do you have to kill him?"

"The enchantment on the ring which made him fall madly in love with me would have never gone and I didn't want an old love sick man begging me to make love to him where ever I went," she said sharply.

"And then what?" asked Harry. He wanted to know everything!

"With the knowledge I had? I could do whatever I wanted! But first I decided I wanted a child. A child who would ensure that my legacy grew on and I would never be forgotten.

But whom to chose as the father?" she said. "At first I thought Arthur would be the perfect person to father my child but I decided against it as he didn't have any magic in him. So I chose Sir Lancelot, a knight in Arthur's court."

Vivian sighed. "I can still feel the touch of his mouth upon my breast and the wonderful feeling I experienced when he buried himself in me."

Harry and Lillian were determined not to look at each other at this point. Both had turned red and knew looking at each other would just be extremely awkward.

"He was handsome; he was strong and had great magical strength which sadly he never knew off. With his qualities I knew my child would be a god amongst wizards and witches."

"Did you enchant him too?" asked Lillian.

"No I did not," replied Vivian. "No man would ever say no to me. All I had to do was walk into his room and ask him to make love to me and we made wonderful love. I must confess I've had a lot of men but none compared to Lancelot, he certainly knew how to please a woman. Not even King Arthur could match him in that area."

"You slept with King Arthur!" gasped Lillian and Harry simply stared at the portrait with his mouth open.

"Well Arthur I had to enchant. He was very loyal to his wife.

Even though I had no interest in him, it seemed very appealing to me to sleep with a king," she said smirking.

"Was his wife loyal to him?" asked Harry with interest.

"Lancelot was a very charming man too," replied Vivian answering their question.

Harry and Lillian finally looked at each other. Both had an expression of awe.

"Wait what happened after that!" asked Harry.

"When my son was born, Arthur had died and the kingdom had fallen into chaos. Morgana tried to take over the land but it was easy for me to kill her and stop her march."

"You killed Morgana too!"

"She was getting in my way," replied Vivian coldly without a hint of remorse. "Slowly I took over most of the kingdom and it was a time where witches and wizards ruled comfortably over the non magical folk.

My son grew up just as I expected him to and soon our family grew just as our power over the land grew. This portrait of mine was made when I was 26 and I died when I was around thirty five I think."

"You died? How?"

"My portrait contains the memories of all I had done prior to that so I do not know. But from what my children told me, it was some sort of illness which they could not cure no matter how hard they tried."

"So the evil queen died," commented Lillian.

Vivian narrowed her eyes. "I was not an evil queen but I was a queen alright," she said. "I let the people live peacefully as long as they obeyed my laws."

"So what about the slaves?"

"Those who disobeyed were punished accordingly," she said coolly.

"That's just cruel," said Harry in disgust. "So what, then the slaves revolted and killed everyone?"

"Of course not," said Vivian laughing "As if they could do such a thing!"

"My son continued my rule and he made sure that my name was said with reverence throughout the land. But then he died too and there were none like him or me to keep our legacy going. The family grew too corrupt and too power hungry.

The only thing that was going for them was that every time someone took the name McDougan, they would remember my son and me and would bow down respectfully so no one ever opposed them."

"But then came that man," she said with a sigh. "I don't know how he found this castle but when he did he left none alive but one. I do not know what my descendents did to him but what he did was an act of revenge."

"Who was he?" asked Harry.

"He said his name was Salazar Slytherin," said Vivian. "And he left a sixteen year old girl by the name of Alice McDougan alive and I think she was the one who led him here. It would appear that she changed her name to Alice Potter after she left this house."

Both elemental's mind had stopped working at the mention of name Salazar Slytherin.

"Slytherin was the one who killed everyone in this castle?" asked Harry with a quiver in his voice.

"I sure they deserved it," said Vivian cruelly. "After my first son died I did not care if this bloodline lived or died. But now I am glad it did because you look like a boy with immense power. Perhaps you could restore my legacy."

Harry laughed. "I doubt people would like to know that I am descended from the woman who was responsible for the death of Merlin."

"So Slytherin was responsible for killing all your ancestors huh," said Lillian. "I wonder why he left the girl alive though."

"Vivian said she could have led him here," muttered Harry. "Maybe she hated her family and wanted to escape. Just like Sirius wanted to escape his family."

"And when she did she changed her name to Potter she might have started a new life for herself," replied Lillian thoughtfully. "But I would have never have imagined that your families history could be so twisted!"

"Wait a minute," said Harry turning back to the portrait. "What happened to Merlin's body?"

This time the picture of Vivian in the mirror turned towards them. "Why he's resting right beyond this portrait," she said cruelly.

"No way," whispered Harry.

"I didn't want to burn or bury his body so I enchanted his body and placed it in a coffin in this very house as a reminder to my family of my great achievement!"

"C-can we see it," asked Lillian. She had held on to Harry's hand again holding it tightly.

The Vivian in the mirror smiled and smoothly the entire portrait swung aside revealing a dimly lit room with a single coffin inside.

Each step they took felt a mile had been crossed and they stopped at the entrance. Harry tightened his grip around Lillian's hand and the stepped inside together.

There he was, the great wizard called Merlin. Once student under the youngest brother who fought the creature known as evil. The greatest wizard known to wizard kind.

You would think he was simply resting in that coffin which was made of stone.

His face was oddly wrinkle free and he had long white hair with a beard which was about half a foot long. He looked nothing like

anyone would have imagined him to be. He seemed both young and old and he was dressed in black robes.

Harry and Lillian felt overwhelmed to be in the presence of such a man. Harry extended his hand and lightly touched the man's face.

"He's warm," he said in surprise.

"I never thought I would be seeing the body of Merlin," whispered Lillian. "I would have never imagined it in my entire lifetime."

They gazed at the body for a few more minutes in wonder and waited for their heart rates to go back to normal.

"Shall we go?" asked Harry after a while.

Lillian nodded. But before she left she conjured a red rose and placed it between his hands. Harry too conjured a white rose and placed it next to the red.

Both didn't want to turn their backs on a man like him so they walked out backwards and as soon as they were out the portrait shut the entrance.

"Beautiful and sad isn't it," said Vivian.

Harry nodded. "I guess we'll be going now," he said.

"Do come and visit sometime," said Vivian. "Even a portrait needs some company every decade or so."

"I will try too," said Harry wearily. "Also what is there behind those doors?"

"Treasure," replied Vivian. "We were a rich family. Slytherin destroyed everything in the castle but he was never able to find this room."

"Then how did you know it was him who destroyed everything?" asked Lillian.

"I had another portrait in the portrait room upstairs but that was burnt by him silly girl."

Lillian opened her mouth ready to respond with fury but Harry pulled her away.

"Oh Harry," called out Vivian.

"What?"

"How does it feel to know you're descended from the woman who had the power to kill Merlin?"

Harry paused to think. "It feels oddly brilliant," he admitted. "Others might be horrified but it feels amazing to know there is such a legacy in my blood."

"I glad," whispered Vivian and with that said she returned to her original position in the portrait.

"Want to see the treasure room before we leave?" he asked Lillian who was still glaring at the portrait.

"I just want to burn that damn evil bitch," replied Lillian. "Who does she think she is! Calling me a silly girl."

Harry started chuckling.

"Why are you all smiles scarhead," she snapped.

Harry just rolled his eyes and opened the door to the treasure room.

It was nothing special. There were just humungous piles of gold everywhere and lots of plates and goblets made of gold too.

The other room was also filled with gold but had several beautiful swords and shields.

Harry thought of sending it to Gringotts but then decided against it. They had been safe here for centuries and nobody could come here except for him.

"Shall we leave now?" asked Lillian.

Harry nodded and the pair left the small castle and headed out to the broken gates.

It was at that point Harry realized they didn't have a way to go back to Grimmauld place.

"Err... Freckles?"

"Ya?"

"This is a one way portkey. We don't have a way back."

Lillian's mouth dropped open. "Then how are we supposed to get back you moron!"

"Let me think," said Harry but inside he had no answers he hadn't learnt how to apparate nor how to create a portkey. How the hell were they supposed to get back!

"Hold it," said Lillian suddenly. "I think I can take us back."

"Really! How?"

"My elemental ability. I can transport myself with fire and I think I can take you along too!" she said excitedly.

"If you haven't forgotten, I am a water elemental. Fire doesn't do anything good for me."

"It'll be alright," said Lillian impatiently. "When we were at the Flamel's, Nicolas taught me how to teleport myself and he made me practice taking him along too!"

Harry looked doubtful, "You sure you won't burn me?"

"Of course not," replied Lillian. "The first few times I burnt myself and Nick but then I got the hang of it and I've had a lot of practice since then."

Harry still looked doubtful.

"We don't have a choice you know," said Lillian. "You don't have a way back. I do and it's almost five in the morning. We have to get back now!"

"Where are you going to teleport us?"

"Your room obviously," she said. "No one in the right mind would be there now."

"You sure you can take us?"

"YES!"

"Alright then," said Harry with a sigh. "What do I do?"

"Just hug me."

"Hug you!"

"YES!" she said exasperatedly.

Slowly Harry went forward and awkwardly placed his arms around her.

"You have to hug me tighter or I might not do it right," said Lillian in a small voice. She was suddenly feeling really weird about this too.

So Harry wrapped his arms around her tighter.

"You know having your tits pressed up against my chest was not exactly what I had in mind," he said uncomfortably.

Lillian glared at him. Their faces were just a few inches apart.

"Having your thing pressed up against me was not what I had in mind either but we don't have a choice do we," she said angrily.

"No we don't," said Harry with a gasp. He was suddenly finding it difficult to breath. "Can we please go now?"

"Let me concentrate," said a blushing Lillian.

A fire enveloped the two and Harry was glad to see it wasn't burning him and then just like that there was flash of fire and their surroundings disappeared temporarily and when Harry opened his eyes they were standing in his room in Grimmauld place.

He immediately let go of Lillian and took at least 5 steps away from her.

"We are never doing that again," he said letting out a sigh of relief.

"I feel weird," murmured Lillian and then just fell forward.

Harry sprung into action and caught her before she hit the floor.

"Hey Freckles," he called in concern, "You alright?"

Her eyes fluttered open and then shut again.

Harry rapped her twice on her face to get her to wake up. "Freckles! Lillian!"

This time she opened her eyes and slowly got to her feet. "I feel dizzy and exhausted."

"It must have been a really long distance for you to be this tired."

"I guess," she muttered and then promptly fell asleep on his bed.

"Freckles! Freckles wake up! Lillian, Mary!" he said loudly while shaking her too but she didn't wake up. She was out cold.

"Damn it!"

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REVIEW! That's two chapters in two days

So what do you think?

If you find mistakes please point them out.

Cheers RAuL

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Chapter 38 – Return of the Lord

Harry's occlumency training was not going well. Vacations were almost over and in the past two weeks he was yet to make any progress in the art of shielding his mind. The events that transpired in his ancestral home were in the past now and he needed to focus on his self training.

A few times Dumbledore would come and offer him some advice but much to Harry's frustration there had been no improvement in his skill whatsoever. Plus the headmaster telling him it was to be expected was not much of a motivator either.

With the number of people coming and going from the house, Harry was finding it very difficult to find time where he could practice his magic without the risk of being found out. It was easy to put up wards to prevent anyone from finding him but if someone accidentally came across the wards then questions would rise as to why the wards were there in the first place.

Apart from those drawback his vacation had been quite fun. For most part he enjoyed talking and teasing Ginny just to wind up her band of brothers.

The little Weasley, in the beginning, was a little shy but after a while she opened up and Harry found her to be a very engaging person. Lillian would sometimes join them and soon a little bond of friendship had formed between the three of them, a very, very little bond!

Also there had been no major attacks by Voldemort since the attacks on Madam Bones, the top ministry officials and the Weasley's which was somewhat of a relief and a concern to the public.

But the reason for the inactivity was that Voldemort had stopped using his magic for reasons unknown to his death eaters. And the ministry was eliminating death eaters with surprising speed.

Some were caught legally and most, illegally.

It was safe to say that at this point, the ministry had gained the upper hand in the war and Voldemort was steadily losing his men.

Presently, it was January the 2nd and most of the residents of number 12 Grimmauld place were lazing around in the living room bathing in the warmth the fire place had to offer.

Harry and Sirius were having a thumb fight. Lillian and Ginny were by the fire and Ginny was changing the colour of Lillian's hair every few minutes patiently waiting for the fire elemental to settle on a colour she liked.

Ronald and Mr. Austin were playing a game of chess, which the older man was loosing spectacularly. Hermione was helping Mr. Austin but it was of no use. Ronald was brilliant at the game, which was somewhat a contradiction since most believed he had no brain power at all!

The twins were hiding behind a sofa and were quietly changing the colour of Percy's clothes and making funny designs on them while Percy oblivious to that was in a serious conversation with his father (who was trying hard not to laugh) about the progress the ministry was making in the war.

Mrs. Weasley was in the kitchen with Hermione's mother and Tonks and was busy teaching them the various recipes she knew.

Mr. Granger and a few other order members were sitting on the dining table playing poker and so far it was Mundungus Fletcher who had the largest stack on chips beside him. There was also a ward around the table making sure none of the wives in the house knew what was going on at that table.

It was like no one had any worries and the ongoing war was all but forgotten. Leaving out Percy of course, who simply couldn't stop singing praises about the ministry of magic and his ambition to become the minister in the future.

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In another part of the wizarding world Lord Voldemort was in a deep state of meditation. He was determined to stamp the voice in his head out of him and gain control over the power that came along with it.

Right now he was systematically going through every memory in his mind looking for the source of the voice which was trying to control his mind, body and emotions. He knew that if the voice was part of his subconscious, he would find its origin in his memories but if it was not, he would have to look deeper into his mangled soul to find the solution to his problem.

He wasn't known as the most powerful dark lord for nothing and he would find a way to get rid of that voice. And once he did, he would have enough power to singlehandedly topple the ministry and take over the wizarding world.

All he needed to do was be patient.

Under the same roof was Draco Malfoy who frankly, was miserable. His father was under suspicion by the ministry but he had made sure there wasn't enough evidence to take him into custody. Unfortunately it was not enough to protect him from the new project undertaken by the department of mysteries. Every time he stepped out he was always on his guard and there was an instance where they had tried to capture him but he wasn't one of the dark lord's favourites for nothing. His mother was working hard to keep the insane followers of the dark lord under control while protecting her son at the same time. All that stress was taking toll on her and she was now sporting dark circles under her eyes. She had lost a lot of weight and the once beautiful woman was a pale shadow of her former self.

Draco was beginning to understand what his father meant when he said he would regret it if he served under the dark lord and was now desperately wishing for a way out of this hell hole.

"Why hello little Draco!" came the cackling voice of his aunt Bellatrix and Draco shuddered in fear.

"Mother!" he called out nervously. "Auntie Bellatrix is here."

Pureblood domination be damned if this was the life he was going to lead, he thought bitterly as his mother quickly rushed into the room and craftily led Bellatrix out without offending the psychotic witch.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

"The day has come," thought Harry joyously. It was time to go back to Hogwarts and he was already packed and ready to leave.

Since the Hogwarts express was shut down for obvious reasons, the ministry had provided students with a portkey to the Hogsmeade station. For those living close to one another there was a common portkey but since the number 12 Grimmauld place did not exist in the eyes of the ministry, the students in the headquarters were leaving for Hogwarts by floo.

"Can't I just leave already?" Harry asked Sirius impatiently.

"Mad eye wants you all to leave together," replied Sirius. "He thinks it's safer that way."

Harry rolled his eyes. "How does it matter? It's a one way journey with no stops on the way."

Sirius shook his head. "He says it's possible to be kidnapped while in the floo network so he's going to drop you off one by one."

"Talk about being paranoid," muttered Harry.

"He is in charge of security Harry. So it's pointless to argue with him."

Harry sighed. "Where the hell is everybody then? Aren't they supposed to be down already?"

"Mary and Hermione are sitting in the kitchen and the Weasley kids are still getting ready," he said smiling.

"How much time do they need!"

Sirius shrugged. "They're a big family."

Harry sighed again and sank lower into his sofa.

"Be careful at Hogwarts Harry," said Sirius suddenly.

"What? Why?" asked Harry frowning.

"I'm sure you know that Voldemort has gone AWOL for the past few weeks."

Harry nodded.

"Well his deatheaters are getting impatient and they want to please their lord. Do something to get rewarded or stuff like that," said Sirius seriously.

"So?"

"What better than gifting the boy who lived to Voldemort?" he said. "Snape told us in one of our meetings that a few deatheaters are recruiting some of your seniors in an effort to kidnap you."

"And they're doing it without Voldemort knowing about it?"

Sirius nodded.

"They'll do anything to gain his favour. So you better be careful. Don't accept anything from anyone and make sure your friends are your friends and not polyjuiced ones."

"Don't worry Sirius," said Harry. "I can take care of myself."

"You probably can," replied his godfather. "But all I'm asking you to do is be on your guard and don't under any circumstances stray outside the wards of Hogwarts."

"Got it," said Harry with a smile. Even though he knew he was strong enough to fight off any attempt made to kidnap him, it felt good to know someone cared for him, genuinely.

"What about the others? Don't they get the same warning?" asked Harry.

"Moody will be lecturing them," said Sirius. "I told Moody that I'd give you the warning myself."

Right then Moody came marching into the room followed by the entire Weasley family and Lillian and Hermione with their parents.

He noticed Lillian's hair came down past her shoulders and it was now a shade darker than light brown. "After three hours of switching colours she settles on brown," thought Harry with a snort. A little voice at the back of his mind added, "But it looks good doesn't it?"

Harry chose to ignore that.

"Are you ready Potter," he barked.

Harry nodded.

He glanced at Sirius and Sirius gave a slight nod confirming that he had told Harry to watch out.

"Alright then. Potter, into the floo you go. Austin will go next followed by Granger and finally the Weasley's," he growled. "Are there any questions?"

There were several grunts of agreement and Harry in the mean time had dragged his trunk and himself into the fireplace awaiting Moody.

"Good," he said gruffly and squeezed beside Harry in the fireplace. "Hogwarts!" he yelled and they disappeared in a blaze of green flames.

Harry was propelled out of the fire place in Dumbledore's office and he quickly got of the way to make way for his trunk. Moody followed after and Harry was annoyed to see that the auror had stepped out of the fireplace as cool as a cucumber.

"Did anybody try to grab you?" he barked.

"No sir," said Harry, dusting the soot from his clothes.

"Good. You can go to your common room now," he said and stepped back into the floo. "And Potter," he called.

Harry turned around to see what the mad auror wanted now!

"Constant vigilance!" he shouted while his magical eye started spinning furiously in its socket.

"I'll keep that in mind," replied Harry wearily and was thankful to see the auror vanish from the fireplace.

Not wanting to meet anyone else coming from Grimmauld place and eager to go and lay on his bed before the feast started, Harry quickly left the headmasters office. He knew his trunk would somehow find its way to his room.

-X-X-X-X-X-

After an hour of lazing the bedroom banged open and in walked in his best friend Blaise.

"You took my side of the room!" accused Blaise the moment he saw Harry.

Harry laughed. It felt good to be back.

"Are you sure Blaise?" he said pretending to be confused. "I saw a playboy on the other bed so I assumed that was yours."

Blaise glanced at the magazine and found that was indeed his. He frowned hard wondering if he had really forgotten which bed was his.

"Stop thinking so hard Blaise!" exclaimed Harry. "It's just a bed."

Blaise narrowed his eyes and then his face broke out into a grin. "I must be a little disoriented after that long portkey ride," he said. "It's good to see you."

Harry smirked. That was surprisingly easy! "Good to see you too," he said. "Where were you for it to take the portkey a while to reach Hogwarts?"

"Italy," said Blaise. "The moment the dark lord made his presence known my family packed their bags and left the country."

Harry frowned. It sounded cowardly to him but he didn't comment.

"It's better than having to choose a side," said Blaise reading Harry's mind. "I've told you before that the Zabini's like staying neutral."

"I'm not going to judge," said Harry hastily. "Thanks for the gift by the way," he added. "It was nice."

"You too," he said. "That Cosmopolitan gave me a lot of important info."

Harry grinned. "For a person who doesn't have a lot of girl friends you take surprising amounts of pain to make sure they're taken good care of."

Blaise raised his head high. "I was born to love girls, not just remain friends with them. Once I feel I'm knowledgeable enough to understand the psyche of a woman I'll start to romance them."

Harry rolled his eyes. "And how many girls do you intend to romance?"

"It could be just one or maybe even ten. But once I find the perfect girl for me, I'll never let her go," he said dreamily while Harry just rolled his eyes.

"You should have been born a girl!"

"There's no harm in being a sensitive guy," chided Blaise.

"Weren't you the one telling me that you were proud that I was just dating Daphne for the snogging?" questioned Harry, amused.

"I was proud because just a few months prior to that you were painfully oblivious to the hot girls that were around you," retorted Blaise. "A few times I even thought you were gay!"

Harry winced. "Let's go the great hall," he said quickly, not wanting Blaise to start about his ignorance in that department.

"What time is it?" asked Blaise.

"6:30," replied Harry. "The feast starts at 7:00."

On their way down they met up with the other Slytherin third years and Harry noticed that Malfoy had lost weight and his usual haughty, arrogant expression was no longer there. When they entered the great hall Harry was even more surprised to see another table next

to the Professor's table which was occupied by several people. It then struck him that they were the families who had taken sanctuary in Hogwarts.

Once everybody was seated Dumbledore rose and cleared his throat loudly.

Silence fell over the entire hall.

"Welcome back," he said, smiling under his beard. "I hope you had a good time with your families in these dangerous times."

He paused and gazed at all five tables.

"Due to the war, Hogwarts has granted refuge to those fear attack from the deatheaters and to those who cannot afford to place strong wards around their homes. The north and east wing of the sixth floor has been opened up to these families and they have promised to stay out of the way of the students during classes. If some of your parents are living in the castle then you can choose to stay with them or remain in your common rooms.

For all those of you feel Hogwarts is vulnerable to attack than let me assure you that not matter how hard Voldemort tries," Dumbledore ignored the gasps at the name of the dark lord, "he will not be able to enter this castle as long as I am here," said Dumbledore putting to ease some of the concerns several families and students had.

"Also please do not be lulled into a false sense of security since there haven't been any attacks by Voldemort," There were numerous gasps and shrieks this time around, "The danger is still present and will not disappear until he is defeated. So if you ever leave the castle for whatever reasons you might have, please be on your guard!"

Once again his eyes swept the hall.

"Thank you," he said and took his seat.

There was scattered applause after Dumbledore's speech and very sober atmosphere lingered after it but it soon changed to joyous and cheery when the food began to appear in front of them.

As usual the elves had made a feast worthy of a king and everyone dug in with relish.

Once they were all full and the food had gone Dumbledore stood up once more.

"Once again welcome back! Sleep well and control your bladders!"

If the feast hadn't lightened the atmosphere then that certainly did.

"I bet that was directed at you Blaise," sniggered Harry.

"You're the water boy not me smartass," shot back Blaise.

"Point taken," replied Harry grinning following the rest of the Slytherin's back to their common room.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Slowly the months began to creep by. At the beginning Harry thought that time at Hogwarts would snail past this term but it was quite the opposite. Between the frustrating occlumency sessions, massive amounts of homework and intense Quidditch practice sessions the days simply whizzed past.

The families living at Hogwarts were almost nonexistent to the students in the castle. They just showed up only during eating hours and later in the evening they would come out for a stroll by the lake.

The deatheaters were still quiet apart from the occasional muggle baiting which the ministry had kept firmly under control.

One would think that the people would take this as a good sign and get about their businesses again but all it had done was increase their fear. The silence from Voldemort had put everyone on the edge and they knew that any time this little break they were experiencing would blow right in their faces.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-

The month of February had set in and there was an air of excitement in the castle. The first reason being Valentine 's Day was around the corner and the second because the Quidditch final was getting

closer too, being scheduled on the 26th of the month between Slytherin and Gryffindor.

A very tired and dirty Harry was returning from the Quidditch ground after a particularly exhausting practice session when he ran into Daphne.

"Oh, hi Harry," she said with a smile.

"Your shirt seems really untidy," commented Harry with a grin.

"Oh that," she replied blushing. "I was with Adrian."

"As in the Ravenclaw fifth year?"

Daphne nodded while smoothening out her shirt. "So got any date for the 14th?" she asked him.

"Nope."

"Susan really likes you, you know," she said slyly.

"Does she now," asked Harry smirking.

"You want to ask her out?"

"If she's that interested then ask her to ask me herself," he said shrugging. "Now I'm really tired and would love to take a shower."

That said he turned around and started walking back to his dorm.

"Wait!" said Daphne and quickly caught up with him. "Don't you want a date for Valentines Day!"

"Daphne, I could care less about Valentines Day."

Daphne huffed. "I thought you would jump at an opportunity to go out with her. She is hot you know!"

Harry rolled his eyes. "Fine, tell her to meet me in the great hall at 9. We leave for Hogsmeade at 9.30 alright?" Frankly he didn't care at the moment and if a girl really wanted to go on a date with him he would just play along. . . . And enjoy the date too!

"Okie Dokie," said Daphne happily.

"You know, I figured you'd still be mad at me for dumping you," he said.

"Let bygones be bygones," she said, "Besides, it's not like we were in an actual relationship."

Harry grimaced. "Salazar," he said opening up the entrance to their common room.

"Harry! There you are!"

"Ginny, what is it?"

"Nothing," replied the redhead. "It's just been a while since we last spoke that's all."

Harry sighed. "I'd love to catch up and all but as you can see," he said gesturing at his clothes. "I'm very dirty."

"I do have eyes you know," she said rolling her eyes. "How about we talk later," she said while shifting her eyes towards Daphne and back to Harry quick as lightening.

"Sure," replied Harry narrowing his eyes. "I'll catch you later alright Daphne?"

"Bye Potter," said the dark haired Slytherin before heading over to the group of forth years by the fireplace.

"What's this about?" Harry asked Ginny as he was walked towards his dorm.

"Something I overheard, something important," she whispered. "I'll see you outside the common room at 10.00."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Far from the Dungeons, in the Gryffindor tower things were quite cheery.

Practically the entire house was being setup for blind dates for Valentines Day. At one side of the common room were the girls, third year and above of course. And on the other side were the boys, third year and above again.

"Alrighthyho people!" said Fred happily. We are ten dates down and many more to go. George please pick a name from the boys bowl!"

Behind him Colin Creevy was providing a drum roll.

"And Lee Jordan is the man!"

"And now for the lucky girl Fred."

"Well, well, well!" said Fred. "It's the lioness of house Lillian Mary Austin!"

"And now to seal the deal shall the man be allowed to kiss the woman," said George bowing towards Lillian.

Lillian grinned, "He is allowed," she said dramatically.

Jordan pecked her lightly on the lips to loud cheer from the common room.

"And the next girl to be picked isssssss... Patricia Stimpson!"

"Her date will be Percy Weasley," said George softly and the common room went 'ooooohhhhh'.

"Now will Prefect Weasley be allowed to kiss Prefect Stimpson?"

Stimpson blushed before agreeing much to Percy's delight.

"You shouldn't have turned down McLaggen Hermione," said Lillian laughing.

"Have you seen him!" she whispered back. "And plus I don't think this is right age for dating and all. We should be concentrating on our studies!"

"Bollocks Hermione," said Ron. "You're just scared that's all!"

"I am not!" she said in indignation.

"Are too."

"Am not and you're no one to talk Ronald. You kissed Lavender on her cheek when she puckered her lips at you!"

Ron blushed. "I didn't think it was appropriate that's all! Mary however didn't find it awkward at all!"

Hermione shifted her gaze back to Lillian. "Is there something you're not telling us Mary?"

"It was a peck on the lip! What's there to be awkward about!" she said defending herself.

"Does that mean that was your first kiss?" asked Ron curiously.

"Maybe," she said slyly. "Ask me no questions and I tell you no lies!"

"Lillian Mary Austin!" huffed Hermione.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

10.00pm, outside the common room of the Slytherin house.

"Ginny?" called out Harry.

"Over here."

Harry looked around and spotted her near a hole in the wall.

"A secret room?" he asked.

"I found it by accident and it's just a small room. Probably a secret broom cupboard," she said grinning.

"So what's this all about?"

At once her face went tense.

"I overheard Pucey and Flint talking," she whispered. "Talking about the You Know Who and... and you."

"Me?" asked Harry, his interest now peaked.

"They said that it's been months and the dark lord should be waking soon."

"Waking?"

"Yes," she said, her voice now turning fearful. "And they were talking about how to win his favour once he awakes."

Ginny looked down and began to wring her fingers.

"Ginny," said Harry softly. "What did they say about me?"

"I don't know if they were serious or not but they said they could gift the boy who lived to the dark lord," she said with tears in her eyes. "And then laughing, Flint says but not before the Quidditch final."

"Did they say anything else?"

She nodded.

"P-pucey said that gifting you to him as soon as he wakes will guarantee them a place in the inner circle."

Tears were slowly making their way down the redhead's cheek as she spoke.

Harry felt a little annoyed at the tears falling but he gently wiped away her tears and looked into her eyes. "Have you told anyone else about this Ginny?"

"I told the headmaster immediately," she said. "And he said that he'd take care of it and not to worry."

"Great!" thought Harry exasperatedly "Just what I need! More eyes being kept on me".

"Do you think he'd approve of you telling me this?" he asked her curiously.

"He said that it was up to me to decide," she said sniffing.

They fell silent as Harry's mind began to work. Sirius was right, he thought. There was going to be an attempt to capture him. The question was, should he take care of it now or wait for them to try!

"Thanks for telling me this Ginny," he said with a smile. "But you shouldn't worry. Trust professor Dumbledore."

Ginny nodded. "Please be careful Harry," she said. She then hugged him and left.

Harry just stood there looking bemused before shaking his head and leaving himself. He didn't head back to the common room but decided to go and meet Dumbledore. After hearing what Ginny had to say, his drive to master occlumency had increased even more.

Even if by any chance he was to be captured he would make his captors feel unimaginable pain before putting them out of their misery.

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Flashback

"Ready Harry?"

"Why don't you stop talking and start throwing bitch," said a blindfolded Harry with a smirk.

"You're going to pay for calling me that boy," growled Perenelle Flamel as she conjured what seemed to be a hundred sharp spears all around Harry.

Harry smiled. "Spears Penny? You trying to kill me or something?"

"Your sensing has improved if you know they're spears."

Harry grinned in anticipation and readied himself. Once he had felt his magic spreading out from his body, it had suddenly become easier to manipulate it. Before he could move objects by looking at them, but now he had the ability to spread his magic with his eyes closed and literally touch things with it.

"Here they come!" shouted Penny and hurled the spears at Harry.

When the spears were about 10 feet away from Harry, they seemed to run into an invisible barrier and clattered to the ground. A few seconds later Harry fell to his knees panting.

"That was harder than I thought it would be!"

"But it was much better and much stronger than I expected," said Penny in approval. "I can't believe it's taken you just three days to come this far!"

"Thanks, so are we done for today?"

"Not quite," she said, her tone turning grim. "You'll be leaving in two days and I have one final lesson to teach you."

"What's that?"

"Wait here," she said before disappearing.

She returned a few minutes later and was not alone. She was accompanied by two men, both who were in handcuffs and in prison clothes.

"What's this about?" asked Harry confused.

"Today Harry, you are going to learn how and what it feels like to kill."

End flashback

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

26th February, after the Quidditch final

The atmosphere in the Slytherin common room was subdued. The Quidditch final was over and the match had ended in a draw resulting in a Gryffindor victory. The Slytherin's needed at least a margin of 30 points to win the cup because they had been hammered by Rawenclaw barely managed to conjure a victory against Hufflepuff when Harry had disappeared while Gryffindor in turn had hammered Rawenclaw and Hufflepuff.

If it weren't for Harry the final score line would have read 300 to nothing but that's to the young seeker it read 150 points each.

Some blamed Harry for not catching the snitch sooner and some were grateful that he saved the house of the serpent the blushes.

The entire house was in mourning except for Harry who was being congratulated and comforted by Susan in an empty class room somewhere on the first floor!

Suddenly, deep within the contents of Harry's trunk, the device which Nicolas Flamel had given him was acting strangely. Instead of the reading increasing it was suddenly decreasing drastically and came to halt at zero percent.

At the same time, miles away in Malfoy manor, in a secluded room Lord Voldemort opened his eyes. His were no longer black, nor were they red but instead they were blue, they were back to their original colour.

He sat still for a minute letting his mind adjust to being back to the real world. He then slowly withdrew his wand and made sure his body was functioning normally after being in a coma like state for so long.

Once he was satisfied he pushed himself up and conjured a mirror to see what he looked like.

He was a little surprised at what he saw but not disappointed. He was still bald but he had lost his reptilian features and had regained some of his Tom Riddle features. Now if someone who had known him in the past saw him, they would be able to make the connection if they looked hard enough. The madness that was there in him was gone and to Voldemort, it felt like he was looking and thinking clearly after a very, very long time.

Remembering he was in Malfoy manor he headed to the living room and found it empty.

Smirking he lazily flicked his wand summoning Lucius to him. Upstairs Lucius Malfoy was fast asleep and received the shock of

his life when he suddenly felt something yanking on his feet and talking him flying downstairs.

"What in the name of Morgana!" he shouted as he was dragged on the ground of his living room before coming to a stop. He hauling himself up and drew his wand from his night robes.

"You dare to draw your wand against your master Lucius?" drawled the cold and strong voice of lord Voldemort.

Shocked Lucius looked into the face of his before quickly tucking his wand in his robes and dropping to his knees.

"My Lord," he whispered in shock and kissed the hem of the dark lord's robes.

"Show me your left arm Lucius," said Voldemort lazily. "It's time for our army to regroup and turn our dreams into reality."

"Something has changed in the dark lord... again," thought Lucius with a shudder as he rolled back his sleeve. He winced as he felt his mark flare with heat and pain.

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The house was soon filled with the sounds of apparation and each and every inner circle death eater quickly got into their positions.

"My loyal followers," began Voldemort in his smooth voice once his men had taken their positions. "The past few months have been long and dark. For me and for you."

He paused and surveyed his men.

"Dark for me because I was fighting with something inside me and dark for you because you had no one to guide you. But fear no more," he said, his voice dropping an octave.

He lips curled as he passed by Nott and Goyle.

"I sense that some of you are disappointed at my revival and wish that I had not awoken. It seems to me that you have forgotten our purpose, the reason we started this war. The reason we spill blood!"

Many in the group shifted uncomfortably while some stood straighter looking proud.

"Care to enlighten us Lucius?"

"We fight so that we do not have to live in hiding anymore my lord. We fight because we should not be afraid of our powers being discovered. We fight so that we take our rightful place at the top of the world!"

"I could not have put it better myself," said Voldemort. "Remember my men! There is no good or evil. There is only power. We are going to win! We are going to win this war of freedom and regain our rightful place in this world!" he said passionately.

All the deatheaters roared, the fire in their hearts ignited by their lord!

Voldemort smiled and raised his hands. "Tomorrow we shall let the magical world know of my return and my intentions! Tomorrow, is the dawn of a new era!"

The wizarding world was in for a rude awakening.

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REVIEW!

I wanted this chapter to have much more content but time to write is short and I felt like I should show you readers that YES I am alive :P

As usual if you find errors please do mention them in your reviews or PM me about them.

Cheers Raul

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